June 26, 1978

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THE NEW YORKER

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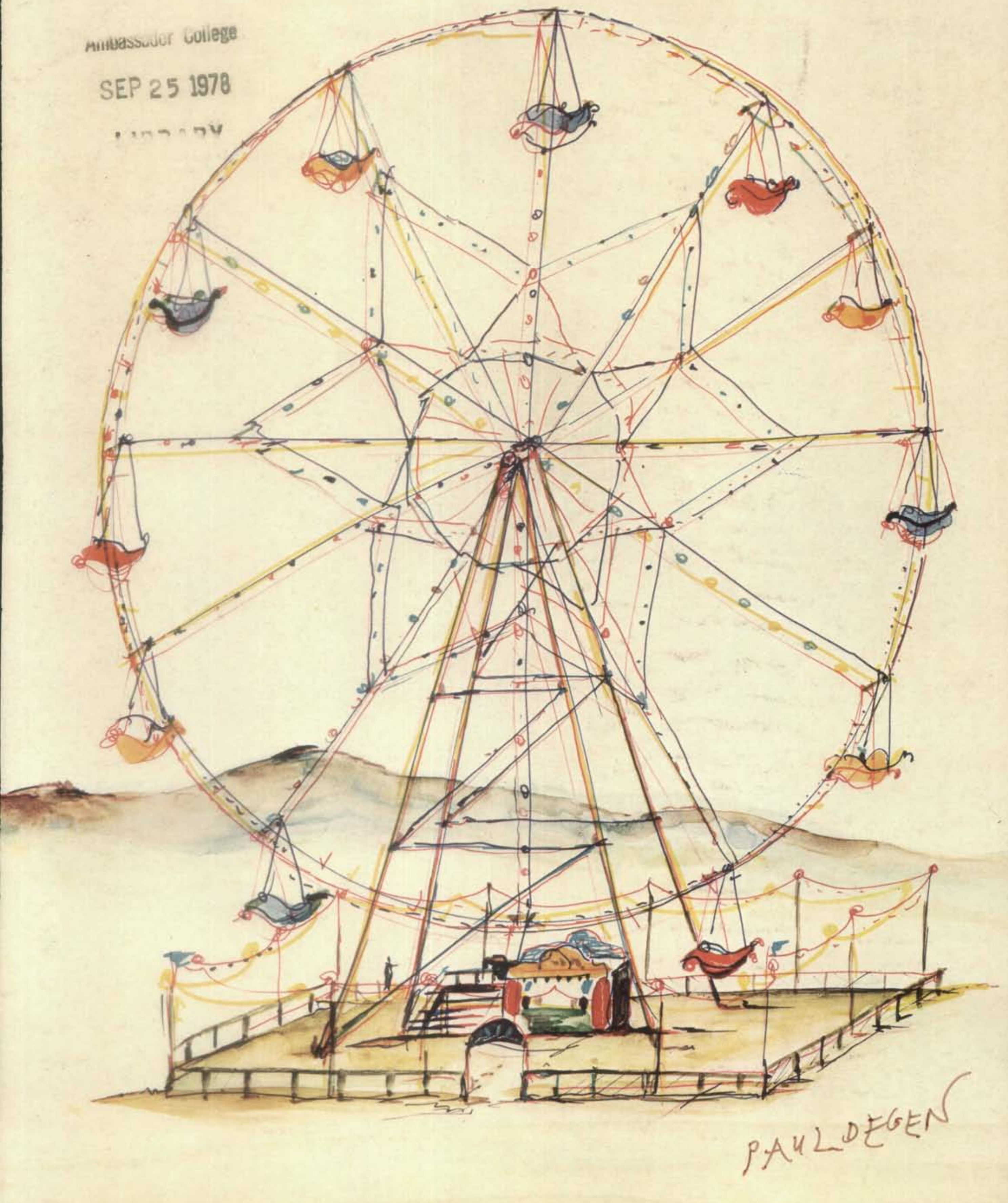

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NEW YORK MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN CHICAGO OAK BROOK BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

Ain't Misbehavin'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (5/22/78) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Catsplay—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Coolest Cat in Town—Joey Faye, Rowena Rollins, and Bill Britten in a musical with a book and lyrics by William Gleason, and music by Diane Leslie. Previews Wednesday, June 21. Opens officially on Thursday, June 22. (City Center Little Theatre, 137 W. 55th St. 246-8997. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing once more on

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Broadway, in the show she starred in back in 1964. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) with Mrs. Cryer playing a night-club singer and dedicated feminist who is auditioning her new act for her manager. For a number of reasons, the show is a disappointment after this gifted team's "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac," but it has many compensations all the same, among them the presence of the gifted Don Scardino as a member of the singer's company. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

My Cup Ranneth Over—A one-act play by Robert Patrick. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 11. Closes Friday, June 30.)

Once in a Lifetime—Hollywood in turmoil over the advent of the "talkies." This first collaboration by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a charming production, with John Lithgow and George S. Irving as a pair of nitwits who can do no wrong. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Show-Off—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

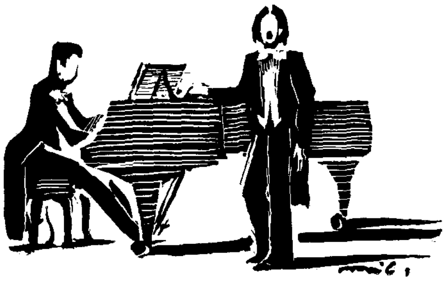
This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches—Edmund Wilson's play about a theatrical troupe in Greenwich Village in the twenties is consistently interesting even if you don't try to identify its characters with the Provincetown Players. The actors are beginners, and, considered as such, they do well by the dramatist. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Borough of Manhattan Theatre Company, 137 W. 22nd St. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, June 25. For tickets, call 691-7950, Ext. 840.)

Timbuktu!—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yale Repertory Theatre—Performances of Arthur Kopit's **WINGS**, directed by John Madden, will conclude the engagement. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday, June 21, at 7:30; thereafter, nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 2.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,544 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Dick Boccelli as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 22, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) ... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 21, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Thursday, June 22, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Friday, June 23, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Square Dance," and "Tchaïkovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: "A Sketch Book," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 1: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 7: "Scherzo Fantastique," "Other Dances," "In the Night," and "In G Major."... ¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 8: "In the Night," "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday, June 29, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "In the Night," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "Square Dance," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

Ballet Nacional de Cuba—With Alicia Alonso in the final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 21: "Les Sylphides," "Dolls," "Paso a Tres," and "Oedipus."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 21:

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 22: "House of Bernarda Alba" (première), "Pas de Quatre," and "Carmen."... ¶ Friday evening, June 23, and Saturday matinée, June 24: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday evening June 24: "Genesis," "La Peri," "Pas de Quatre," and "Carmen." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Monday evening, June 26 (a benefit performance at which Miss Graham will address the audience; for tickets, call 832-9166): "Seraphic Dialogue," "Night Journey," "The Owl and the Pussycat" (première, with Liza Minnelli, narrator), and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 27: "Appalachian Spring," "Ecuatorial" (première), "Night Journey," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 28: "Flute of Pan" (première), "Errand Into the Maze," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 28: "Diversion of Angels," "O Thou Desire Who Are About to Sing," "Flute of Pan," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 29: "Diversion of Angels," "Ecuatorial," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Friday evening, June 30: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 1: "Appalachian Spring," "Errand Into the Maze," "O Thou Desire Who Are About to Sing," and "Night Journey."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 1: "Seraphic Dialogue," "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Errand Into the Maze," "Lamentation," and "Diversion of Angels." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Rod Rodgers Dance Company—A six-performance engagement of a program of contemporary dance. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. Wednesday through Saturday, June 21-24, and Monday, June 26, at 8, and Sunday, June 25, at 7:30. For tickets, call 924-7560.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** leads his group, the Untouchable Factor, through Saturday, June 24. Tuesday through Saturday, June 27-July 1, drummer **RASHIED ALI**, the proprietor here, will take over the bandstand with his quintet. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniel directs Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-or-so-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Novella Nelson, a striking-looking young woman who sings standards and her own tunes in a highly stylized and dramatic manner, performs through Saturday, June 24. On Tuesday, June 27, singer Tony Azito will move in. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream septet, the Rising Sun, will be present through Saturday, June 24; Wednesday through Saturday, June 28-July 1, pianist **JILL MC MANUS** will work with a bassist. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies, the patrons here resemble the clean-cut, Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." **B. B. KING**, the great rhythm-and-blues guitarist, will be here with his guitar, Lucille, and his band through Thursday, June 22. Friday and Saturday, June 23-24, will be turned over to **DOC WATSON**, the legendary singer and stunning flat-picking guitarist from the North Carolina mountains, and his son **MERLE**. On Sunday, June 25, Ralph McTell and Bert Jansch, who are both British folkies, will share the stage; on Monday and Tuesday, June 26-27, rock-and-roll humorists Flo and Eddie—Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman to their moms—will perform; on Wednesday and Thursday, June 28-29, saxophonist Paul Winter will lead his current group; and on Friday, June 30, Formerly the Harlettes—Sharon Redd, Ula Hedwig, and Charlotte Crossley, who used to sing backup for Bette Midler, and who now have their own following—will arrive for a three-night visit. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of other people think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven: **JIMMY ROWLES** and **BOB CRANSHAW** are the resident musicians right now. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and music from Carnival. Dinner. Closed Mondays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, high-velocity jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **JIM MITCHELL** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **GENE GAMMAGE**, on bass and drums, respectively, have moved back into their old homestead, the Café Carlyle. They go on Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is playing from a set list that includes tunes by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. Weeknights, starting at nine-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Bobbi Baird, a bouncy, bubbly, occasionally strident young singer, has joined Larkins. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

Cassidy's, 303 E. 53rd St., near Second Ave. (755-8050)—Pianist Nina Sheldon plays jazz standards and Tin Pan Alley standards and often takes requests. She's versatile, too: on a recent evening, she sang as well as played the requested " 'Round Midnight." Miss Sheldon is accompanied by a bassist, and sometimes a saxophonist or a singer friend will sit in, too. Tuesdays through Fridays from nine to one; closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dinner in a pleasant room.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rearguard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist **RED RICHARDS** guides a traditional trio through the dinner hour and beyond. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth from nine to two through Saturday, June 24.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is headed by **WILD BILL DAVISON**. On Sunday, June 25, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a swing-inspired tenor player in his twenties, will lead a quintet. From eight-thirty. Dinner.

Fortune Garden, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-1212)—Pianist, singer, and Ellingtonia curator **BROOKS KERR** is in residence in the imitation-leopard-skin-carpeted lounge, with **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and with Greer and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** Thursdays through Saturdays. Swing tunes and good-natured banter from nine to one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**. Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, bassist Morris Edwards, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**LEE KONITZ**, the pensive, melodic altoist who is always worth hearing, is performing alone-together sets with pianist **HAL GALPER** through Saturday, June 24. On Monday, June 26, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will bring in a quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**JIMMY MC PARTLAND**, subbing for Roy Eldridge, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). The entertainment usually consists of progressive country bands. (Progressive country bands tend to be bands that write their own material and get high.) Sunday through Tuesday, June 25-27, **TRACY NELSON**, the queen of Texas vocalists, will be on hand; Wednesday and Thursday, June 28-29, will be given over to country-rock humorist Kinky Friedman, who passes himself off as a Jewish Texas cowboy. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's

Peugeot 604. Europe is no longer keeping the best for itself.

The 604 is the best Peugeot made. And one of the best European touring sedans ever made. Every inch of the Peugeot 604 says luxury. And says even more about the person who owns one... without shouting.

Its design is timeless. Its craftsmanship is impeccable. And yet, for all its sensuous luxury, the Peugeot 604 is one of the most practical cars you can buy. It gives you the comfort of a living room. And the handling you'd expect of the most exquisitely engineered sports cars in the world.

Throughout Europe the 604 is often enjoyed as a chauffeur-driven touring sedan. But here you can enjoy an even greater privilege than the privileged class. The thrill of driving it yourself.

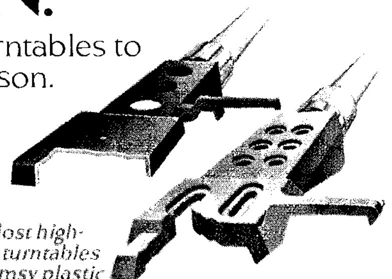
Peugeot 604. Europe is no longer keeping the best for itself. Now it's your turn.

PEUGEOT

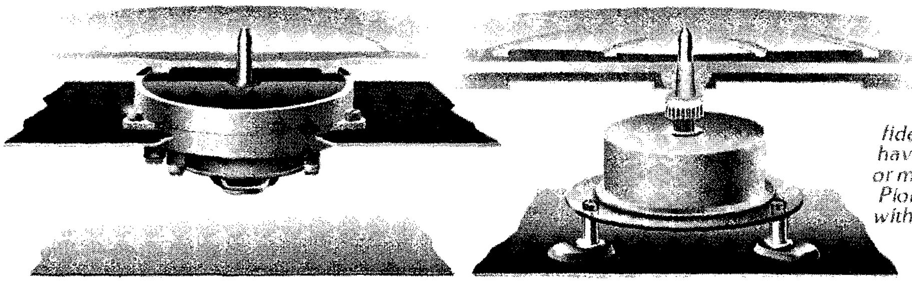
No one builds cars the way we build cars.

TO FULLY APPRECIATE PIONEER'S NEW DIRECT-DRIVE TURNTABLE, YOU HAVE TO TAKE APART THE COMPETITION.

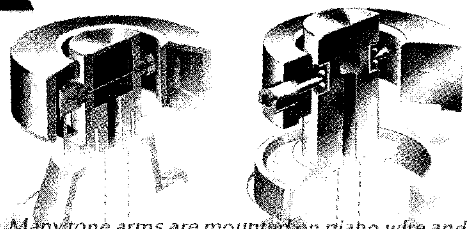
When you compare what goes into most $175* high-fidelity turntables to what goes into Pioneer's new PL-518, you'll find there's no comparison.



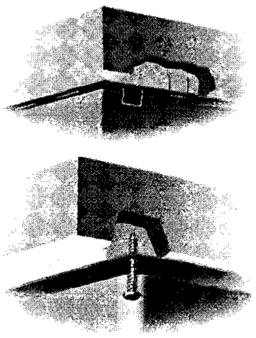
Most high-fidelity turntables have flimsy plastic or metal headshells that can distort the music. Pioneer's is made of glass fiber, a substance with far greater mass yet less weight, which is unaffected by resonance.



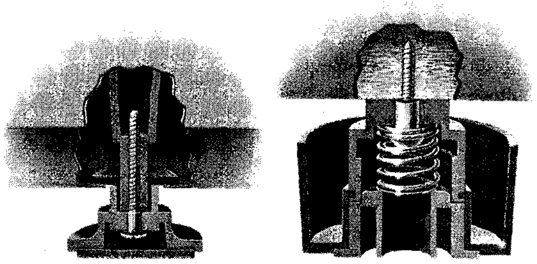
On many turntables, the motor is suspended from the base itself, where the slightest vibration can be picked up by the stylus. The PL-518's direct-drive motor is anchored to a metal plate beneath the base, where this is far less likely to happen.



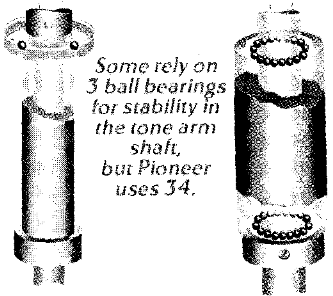
Many tone arms are mounted on piano wire and cheap plastic casings which vibrate. Instead, ours float on pivot bearings which are immune to vibration.



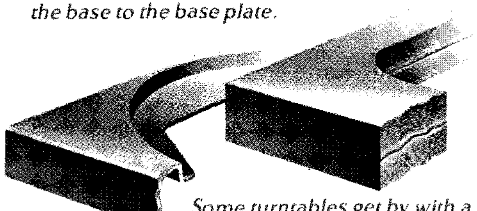
Some turntables are held together by staples, which can work themselves loose. Pioneer uses aluminum screws to seal the base to the base plate.



A lot of turntables have skinny plastic legs that merely support the weight of the turntable. The feet of the PL-518 are spring-mounted which helps reduce acoustic feedback. So you can play your music loud enough to rattle the walls without rattling the turntable.



Some rely on 3 ball bearings for stability in the tone arm shaft, but Pioneer uses 34.



Some turntables get by with a common plastic or sheet metal base which is susceptible to vibration and can cause acoustic feedback. Not the base of the PL-518. It's made of two solid blocks of compressed wood, which when joined eliminate feedback.

What you see here will tell you a lot about Pioneer's PL-518.

It'll not only tell you what kind of care and engineering went into it, but also the kind of exceptional performance you can expect to get out of it. Performance free of audible distortion, acoustic feedback and rumble.

Because at Pioneer, we believe that to get the most out of every piece of music, you've got to get the most out of every part of the turntable.

PIONEER We bring it back alive.

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85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist JACK SIX Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—IRENE KRAL (see page 78, this issue) is here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten to two. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Comic Chris Rush is here on Wednesday, June 21; Thursday through Saturday, June 22-24, DAVE VAN RONK, bearlike and scratchy-voiced, will sing and play songs by Mississippi John Hurt, the Rev. Gary Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell; and Thursday through Saturday, June 29-July 1, George Thorogood and his blues band, the Destroyers, will be on hand. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—SY OLIVER is in charge of a bouncy dance septet that is firmly rooted in the thirties (except for the Fender bass) and forties—even when it attempts the Watusi—and this is just fine here in Art Deco-land. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—CISSY HOUSTON, who used to be a backup singer for Aretha, is now on her own, and her act is a celebration of pure sixties' soul music. She's here with a tight, competent band through Saturday, June 24. On Tuesday, June 27, Helen Forrest will arrive to sing some of the tunes she made famous as a big-band singer in the thirties and forties. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—This jazz spot, like a poor relation, has been relegated to an out-of-the-way but elegant second-story room above the night club Ibis and its Vegas-style floor show. BOBBY COLE, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a vocalist with a hoarse, raspy voice, has settled in with what seems at first like a fifties' lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone" and "From This Moment On"—until he drops in "Wild Horses" by the Rolling Stones. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sidestreet, 314 E. 70th St., near Second Ave. (879-4220)—Guitarist GENE BERTONCINI and bassist MICHAEL MOORE are sequestered in this small restaurant Mondays through Wednesdays, from eight-thirty to one. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and backup work are as astounding as ever.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Double bassist, cellist, and, most recently, piccolo bassist RON CARTER directs his superb sidemen—pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer BEN RILEY, and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—Tuesdays through Saturdays. And it's apt to be crowded. Sunday and Monday, June 25-26, belong to a jazz-rock ensemble called Intercontinental Express. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY will be here on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. The duo—Norman Zamcheck and Suzy Williams—perform ragtime and slapstick rock. Suzy sings, mugs, and carries a coffeepot for a handbag; Norman plays barrelhouse piano and is the composer of many of their uplifting songs. Dinner.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands. Sometimes established performers, such as NRBQ, a New England rock-and-blues band, will drop by. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dinner.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece band on Sundays from seven to eleven, and jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN works with a trio on Tuesdays from nine to midnight. On Friday, June 23, the literally towering blues pianist, singer, and legend MEMPHIS SLIM, who is alive and well, and has been living in Paris for years, will move in with his drummer. Slim goes on at ten-thirty nightly, except Monday, June 26. Dinner in this large L-shaped room, which has been outfitted to look like a dark Victorian dining room.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Pianist ROLAND HANNA, flutist FRANK WESS, and the rest of the NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET play some first-rate New York jazz through Sunday, June 25; on Tuesday, June 27, pianist HORACE SILVER, as much a headmaster as a small-band leader—his former sidemen-students include Art Farmer, Louis Hayes, Hank Mobley, Woody Shaw, Joe Henderson, Charles Tolliver—will bring in his current crop. Mondays are claimed by the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. THE COUNTSMEN, a quintet fronted by ex-Basie sectionman EARLE WARREN, who plays alto sax and sings, and ex-Basie star DICKY WELLS, who plays trombone, perform every night but Monday from nine. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). HAROLD DANKO, the keyboard caretaker with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis outfit on Mondays, is on hand with a bassist. Music from nine to one. Closed Mondays. No music Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival—Herewith an abridged schedule of ten days of concerts that will be taking place in various halls around the city, on a Staten Island ferry, in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga. Stanhope is a fifty-five-minute drive from New York: Exit 25 from Route 80. Forget about Saratoga unless you're already there. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 23, at 8: Schlitz salutes Sarah Vaughan and her trio, plus the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Friday, June 23, at 8: The New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band. (Waterloo Village.)...¶ Saturday, June 24, at 5: "Twilight Jazz at Waterloo"—the music of Louis Armstrong and King Oliver, performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Company, including Vince Giordano, Pee Wee Erwin, Budd Johnson, Bob Wilber, and Katharine Handy Lewis. (Waterloo Village.)...¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: Ella Fitzgerald. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: "A Schlitz Salute to Jazz Latino," with Tito Puente and his Orchestra, Machito and his Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie, Cal Tjader, and Mongo Santamaria. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Saturday, June 24, at midnight: "Basie's Midnight Jam," played by Count Basie and his orchestra, with Joe Williams and other friends of the Count. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Saturday, June 24, at midnight: Ornette Coleman and the Cecil Taylor Unit. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Sunday, June 25, at noon: "The New Jersey Jazz Society Hosts a Jazz Picnic," with Doc Cheatham, Kenny Davern, Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Erwin, Marty Grosz, Bob Haggart, Milt Hinton, Cliff Leeman, Jimmy McPartland, Marian McPartland, Flip Phillips, Red Richards, Warren Vaché, Jr., Dick Wellstood, Bob Wilber, and others. (Waterloo Village.)...¶ Sunday, June 25, at 7: The Sonny Rollins quintet and the McCoy Tyner sextet. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Sunday, June 25, at 9: "Schlitz Presents an Evening with Betty, Dexter, and Max"—Betty Carter and her trio, the Dexter Gordon quartet, and the Max Roach quintet. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Monday, June 26, at 8: "We Remember Clifford—Tribute to Clifford Brown," with Max Roach, Nick Brignola, Junior Cook, Ted Curson, Harold Mabern, Helen Merrill, and others. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.)...¶ Monday, June 26, at 9: "Festival Get Together Dance," with Count Basie and his Orchestra, plus Roomful of Blues. (Roseland Ballroom.)...¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 8: "Schlitz Salutes the American Song," with Mel Tormé, Stan Getz, Jimmy Rowles, Gerry Mulligan, Irene Kral, Ruby Braff, Dick Hyman, and Alberta Hunter. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 8: Maynard Ferguson and his Orchestra and the Stan Getz quintet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Patti LaBelle and Maze (with Frankie Beverly)—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday and Friday, June 22-23, at 8.

Leo Smith and Barry Altschul's Quartet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, June 23, at 10:30.

Starship Encounters—Richard Hayman conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a concert of music from various SF films, plus a laser-light show. With William Shatner, narrator. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 24, at 2:30 and 8.)

Jeremy Steig & Eddie Gomez and John Scofield's Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 24, at 10:30.

Roswell Rudd and Hannibal Peterson—Public Theatre. Tuesday, June 27, at 10:30.

Kansas—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, June 28, at 8.

Sun Ra and His Arkestra—In a tribute to Fletcher Henderson. (Public Theatre. Wednesday through Friday, June 28-30, at 10:30.)

David Murray Big Band—Public Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, July 1-2, at 8 and 10:30.

Studio Rivbea Early Summer Concert Series—New music and new jazz in a ground-floor loft. Saturday, July 1: Hamiet Bluiett Ensemble. ...¶ Sunday, July 2: Don Pullen Quartet. (Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. 777-8656. Performances at 9 and 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Dennis Miller Bunker (1861-90)—A loan show of landscapes and portraits by a little-known

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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American artist who worked in this country and in France. Through Friday, June 30. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

EDGAR BUONAGURIO—This artist achieves richly textured canvases by, essentially, laying down numerous layers of different acrylic colors, allowing them to harden independently, and then working the whole thing over with an industrial sander. Through Saturday, July 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

MARTIN CANIN—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through July 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JEAN DAVIDSON—Abstract paintings incorporating bold forms and bold colors. Through Wednesday, June 28. (Galerias Paco, 26 E. 63rd St.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors, which sometimes seem narcissistic and sometimes seem self-hating. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Small, dark, and heavily varnished abstract paintings by the French Expressionist. Through July 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ALEXANDER WALSH—Expertly done watercolors, most of them depicting rather stark interiors inhabited by very small (or very large) contrasting conceits—a sailboat, a Colonial artillery piece and gunners. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MEXICAN ART—A two-gallery exhibit of works, covering twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and, at the entrance, an Olmec stone head nearly six feet tall. (Through July 22. Daily, 10 to 5:30.)... ¶ At the **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. (Through July 23. Daily, 10 to 5.) A single admission (two dollars) covers both shows.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by five new artists. Through July 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) ... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A show of figurative and conceptual works in many mediums by contemporary Latin-American artists. Through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A curtain of multicolored strings by David Roth; an angelfish seen in profile, together with four seen head-on (the latter don't take up much room), by John Wesley; and a colorful bed of what look like straws by Charles Arnoldi are among the works on exhibit. Through July 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **FAR GALLERY**, 22 E. 80th St.: An exhibit of paintings entitled "Six Artists and Their Models" includes figures by Ira Schwartz and Ronald Sherr, and compositions involving dramatic shadows by Masanobu Nihei. Through Friday, June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tinted surrealist drawings, done in silverpoint and goldpoint, by Manuel Ayaso; pencil still-lifes, mostly, by Laura Shechter; and photographically exact heads, nudes, and still-lifes drawn on hard, cold-pressed paper with a 6H pencil by George Staempfli, who runs a gallery down the block. Through Friday, June 23.... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through July 21. (Open Mondays.)... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: A ceramic snake with a human skull by Daisy Youngblood; a construction involving fabric, wire fencing, and ink splotches on a plywood background by Michael Luchs; and a collage incorporating wood, tar, Masonite, and linoleum by Donald Sultan are included in an exhibit here. Through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURE—Sixteen metal and stone pieces by Max Bill, Alexander Calder, Mark di Suvero, and others. Through Friday, June 30. (Reed, 120 E. 78th St. Opens at 1.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LEE ADLER—Recent oils and graphics, all of them abstractions that look like designs for heavy-duty machinery. Through July 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

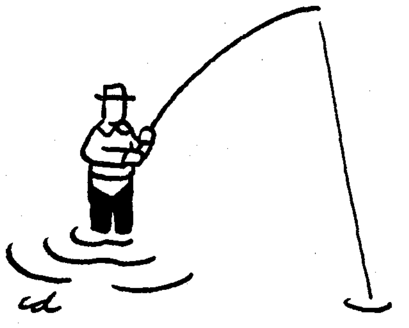
CHARLES SELIGER—Small abstract patterns painted with acrylics on unstretched linen canvas. Through Saturday, June 24. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

PATTI SMITH / ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—Delicate (but X-rated) colored-pencil drawings by the artist-singer. / Photographs of Patti Smith sheathed in gauze, for the most part. Through Saturday, June 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

H. C. WESTERMANN—A dustpan growing out of the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun made of laminated plywood is one of the works on display, along with three poster studies for his current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. This show through Friday, June 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KIM WHANKI (1913-74)—Abstract paintings from his last ten years. Through Friday, June 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists Bette Lazar and Peter Homitsky are among those exhibiting still-lifes. Through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four artists. Through July 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of new talent includes large abstract compositions made up of pale-colored intersecting circles and arcs by Ray Lewis; interiors showing mysterious passages through thick white walls by Dan Wittels; and scenes of frozen Alaskan wilderness by Loren Adkins, who lives sixty miles outside Juneau. Through July 15.... **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Rosenquist, Ruscha, and other experimenters from the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio in a show running concurrently with one at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Friday, June 30.... **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, including Janet Stayton, Joan Snyder, and David Hare. Through July 21. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Goodnough, Noland, Motherwell, and others. Through Friday, June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of still-life and flower painting includes a bouquet of coleus, anemones, and jasmine by Julien Binford; an arrangement of tropical flowers by Charles Coiner; and a greenhouse interior by Maurice Freedman. Through Friday, June 23.... **NOBÉ**, 250 W. 57th St.: Nineteen artists are showing works in the gallery's first-anniversary exhibit. Through July 29.... **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: In a show called "The Reality of Art," the visitor follows a strange progression from Bruce Robbins' seesaws and silvery ladders, past one of Richard Tuttle's wall dividers, to an eight-foot drawing by Christo of a section of his running fence. Eight artists are represented, and the works all seem related. Through July 20.... ¶ Upstairs are two hundred or so photographs by Howard Gross of art-world people with their eyes closed. Through July 6. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)



SCULPTURE—One work each by Arp, Archipenko, Nevelson, Noguchi, and Nadelman.... ¶ In a separate gallery, sculptor Mary Frank is exhibiting figure drawings made by slashing incisions in off-white paper with a razor and mounting the results on a fluorescent light box. The works are called Shadow Papers. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both exhibits through Friday, June 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Collages. Through Saturday, June 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

DAN FLAVIN—Drawings and prints made by the artist between 1972 and 1975, some of them blueprints for his light sculptures, others landscapes and still-lifes. An installation consisting of two columns of fluorescent rings of light—fourteen cool-colored ones on one side, and thirteen warm-colored ones on the other—completes the exhibit. Through Saturday, June 24. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—This architect made his first sketches of architectural monuments by copying out of his schoolbooks, and some of these early efforts, together with later sketches in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pencil, which were made during his travels in Europe and Egypt (the latest is dated 1959) are included here. Through Aug. 12. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

RICHARD KINNAIRD—Large diamond-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, July 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

STEVE POLESKIE—Another conceptual artist, but with a difference. This show consists of diagrammatic drawings of aerial stunts he plans to do, or has already done, and there on the gallery floor is the airplane he does them with—a tiny Pitts Special biplane. Through Friday, June 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

TANIA SCHREIBER—Compositions made up of huge triangles of primary colors by a woman artist who has been doing abstracts on the sides of New York buildings for fifteen years or so. Through July 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ALAN SONFIST—Two related exhibits. A display of wild flowers, grasses, and saplings—the artist's attempt to recreate a pre-Colonial forest—planted on nearly a quarter of an acre. (LaGuardia Pl. between Bleecker and Houston.)... ¶ Collages that combine photographs of forests with forest stuff—acorns, leaves, stones. Through Saturday, June 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BRAUNSTEIN-QUAY**, 139 Spring St.: Works by three Californians—Hanna Hannah, who paints swatches of strong color in a checkerboard pattern on a dead-white ground; Elin Elisofon, who draws with a needle and thread, and also wraps up small dead birds like mummies; and Whit Ingram, who makes wall hangings (he calls them sculptures) with strips of cloth. Through Friday, June 30.... **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: An exhibition of works by seventeen painters organized by Michael Walls, which points up individuality in monochromatic painting. With few exceptions (Valerie Joudon's two-tone arabesque, and shaped canvases by Marilyn Lankowsky and George Peck), the pieces are all essentially big flat areas of a solid color; the artist's hand in applying that color is what makes the difference. Through July 8.... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Drawings by seven contemporary French artists, among them Bernard Moninot, who is represented by detailed pen-and-ink drawings of imaginary dark-room equipment, and Wolfgang Gafgen, who specializes in pencil depictions of frazzled ropes.

Through July 12. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: A black-and-white wooden wall construction, called Ionic Loggia, by Don Gummer; a corner full of steel plates by Carl Andre; and drawings by most of the gallery regulars are included in this summer show. Through July 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: A show of works by artists who have not had solo shows here. Through Tuesday, June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

MAUDE BOLTZ—Geometric patterns painted on twelve-foot banners of nylon fabric. Through Friday, June 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

NED SMYTH—Multipart concrete sculptures posted around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

ARTHUR WEYHE—A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.)

NEW WORK / NEW YORK—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

SCULPTURE—Five works created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through July 28. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—A group of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

FREDRICH CANTOR—Bizarre tableaux that usually include a single figure harshly illuminated by strobe lighting or electronic flash. Through July 8. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

JERRY DANTZIC—Color prints of mesas, buttes, and bridges, in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

HARRY P. FISCHER—In 1901, this photographer opened a studio in Marietta, Ohio, and for close to fifty years he recorded events big and small that took place there—Theodore Roosevelt addressing a crowd at City Park, three men posing with their trophies after a deer hunt, a lone bride holding a bouquet. Through Saturday, June 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

PHILLIP LEONIAN / LYNN LENNON—Pictures of people walking. / Self-portraits. Through Saturday, June 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

STEPHEN SHORE—The Yankees in spring training by a photographer whose last previous assignment was to document Monet's gardens at Giverny for the Metropolitan Museum. Through Saturday, June 24. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

EDMUND TESKE / ANTON BRUEHL—Sepia-toned solarizations and multiple images. / Portraits (of Peter Lorre, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson); a series on Mexico in the thirties; and color prints made for advertisements. Through Saturday, June 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Photographs of moonlit deserted parking lots, quarry sites, airport runways, and industrial scenes by Robert Adams, Robert Levin, Elliot Schwartz, and Lewis Baltz. As a comment on all this, the gallery has mounted a lush nineteenth-century landscape by C. E. Watkins. Through Saturday, June 24. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works by Lisette Model, Jack Manning, W. Eugene Smith, and sixty or so other members of the Photo League, a New York-based organization formed in 1936 and dedicated to achieving social change through photography. It was blacklisted in 1947, and four years later it disbanded. Through July 9. (Open daily except Mondays.) . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**: Nearly two hundred prints made by contemporaries of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him—Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, de Meyer. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco by Louis Falco. Through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: New York street life during the first half of this century, depicted in photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive. Through Friday, June 30. . . . **VARCRC**, third floor, 22 E. 54th St.: Photographic blowups (the negatives are in the Library of Congress) of Caribbean life as seen by island visitors between 1880 and 1910. Through Aug. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

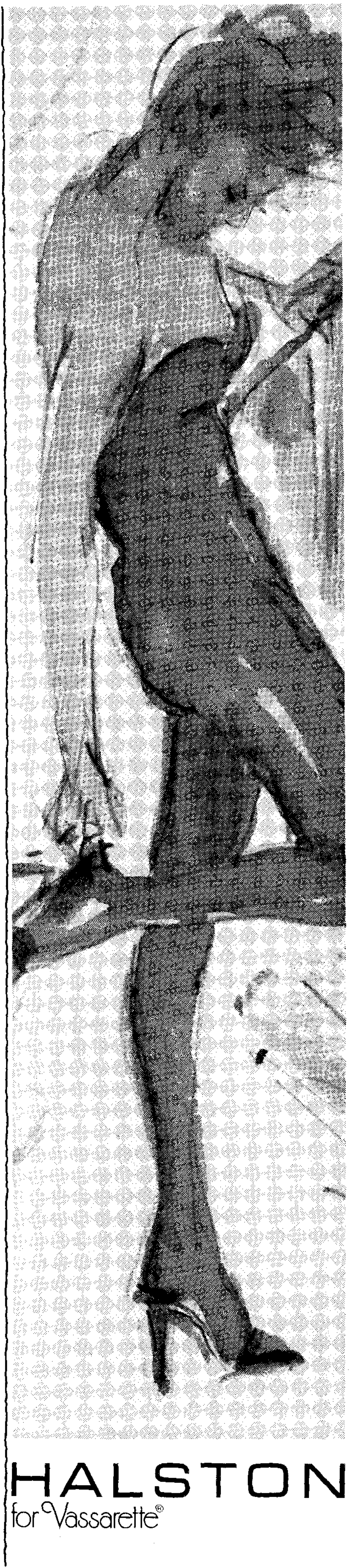
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Two hundred prints from the Alfred Stieglitz Collection. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through Thursday, June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri, whose collages are often composed of damaged linen, wood, metal, plastic, and other materials. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemme. Through July 4. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages and other works. Through July 9. . . . ¶ The H. C. Westermann retrospective offers samples of his versatility and quirky wit—models of crazy houses; a hammer handle with a head at either end, nested in a box within a box; a drawing, titled the Kamikaze, showing a cargo ship hurtling out of the sky toward a parked monoplane. Through July 16. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by modern-day artists (Joan Brown, Red Grooms, Alex Katz) who make use of car-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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toon elements in their paintings, drawings, graphics, and films. Through July 5. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It includes examples for ecclesiastical, household, and personal use. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Starts Thursday, June 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens; one simple pair is devoted solely to kimonos carefully placed on racks. Through July 9. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900.... ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures."... ¶ Books and manuscripts dating from 1400 to 1950 (first editions include "Treasure Island," "Cecilia," and "Charles Grandison") from the collection of Miss Tessie Jones. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows through July 29.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers). Through July 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 27—Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Gilbert Kalish, piano, in two all-Schubert programs.... ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, June 24, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano.... ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in four Mozart concertos, with Anthony Miranda and Sharon Moe, solo horn.... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Jessye Norman, soprano, and Jean-Philippe Collard, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet in an all-Beethoven program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Sunday, June 25, at 7: Andy Gibb.... ¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 8:15: Virgil Fox playing "The Bach Gamut."... ¶ Thursday, June 29, at 7: Kansas.... ¶ Friday, June 30, at 7: Kenny Loggins and Al DiMeola.... ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the Newport Jazz Festival—Saturday, July 1, at noon: Dee Dee Bridgewater, Gary Burton, Chick Corea, Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, Herbie Hancock, John Lewis, Sonny Rollins, Tony Williams, the All-Star Mingus Orchestra, Mike and Randy Brecker, and others.... Sunday, July 2, at noon: The Count Basie Orchestra, Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Maynard Ferguson and his Orchestra, Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd, the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra, Stan Kenton and his Orchestra, Buddy Rich and his Orchestra, and the New York Jazz Repertory Company. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets through June 30, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Newport concerts, call 787-2020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 25, at 1.

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, June 21-22, at 8:05.... ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, June 23, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25, at 2:05.... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday and Tuesday, June 26-27, at 8.... ¶ Detroit, Friday, June 30, at 8, and Saturday, July 1, at 2.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 21; the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 24; the Saranac, Sunday, June 25; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)... **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 24.

Soccer—**CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Three semifinal matches for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Argentina. Italy vs. the Netherlands, Wednesday, June 21, at 12:45.... Brazil vs. Poland, Wednesday, June 21, at 3:45.... Argentina vs. Peru, Wednesday, June 21, at 6:15.... ¶ Final match for the World Cup soccer championship, Sunday, June 25, at 2. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)... **GIANTS STADIUM,** the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Colorado, Wednesday, June 21, at 8:45.... ¶ Cosmos vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, June 28, at 8:45. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—James Reiss, June Jordan, Daniel Halpern, and others reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Monday, June 26, from noon to five. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—Final sales of the season—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, June 21, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including a collection of Tiffany lamps; from the estate of Charles E. Conville and from other sources.... ¶ Friday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 22.... **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, June 21, at 10:30 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, June 22, at 2: Illinois duck decoys from the collection of Bruce Matteson, together with paintings of wildlife by Mr. Matteson. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 21, from 10 to 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsey, and Pamela Reed in **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.** The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start Thursday, June 29, and will run through Sunday, July 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera Concert Productions—Final performances—**VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx: Wednesday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; conducted by David Stivender.... **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 25), "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinall; Gianfranco Masini.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, July 30. (First concert on Wednesday, June 21—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rose bushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Bicycling Tour—On Wednesday, June 21, Patti Hagan and Joe Bresnan will conduct a tour of Central Park's bridges. It will meet at Columbus Circle at 6:30 P.M.; rain date, June 22. For information, call UN 1-9696.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Martini
Masterpiece.
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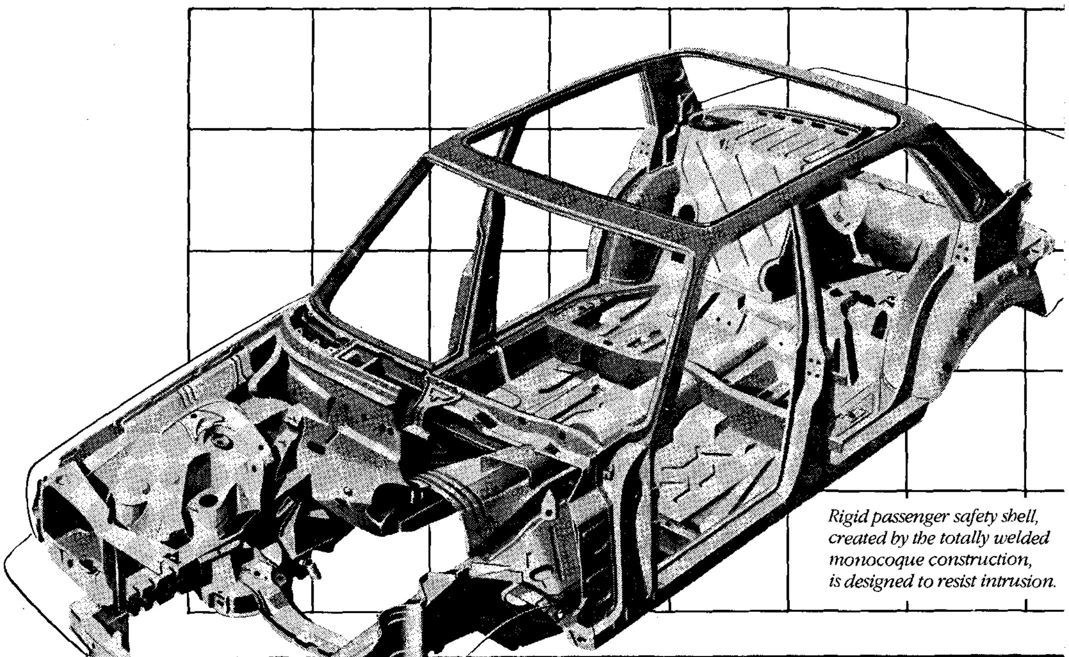
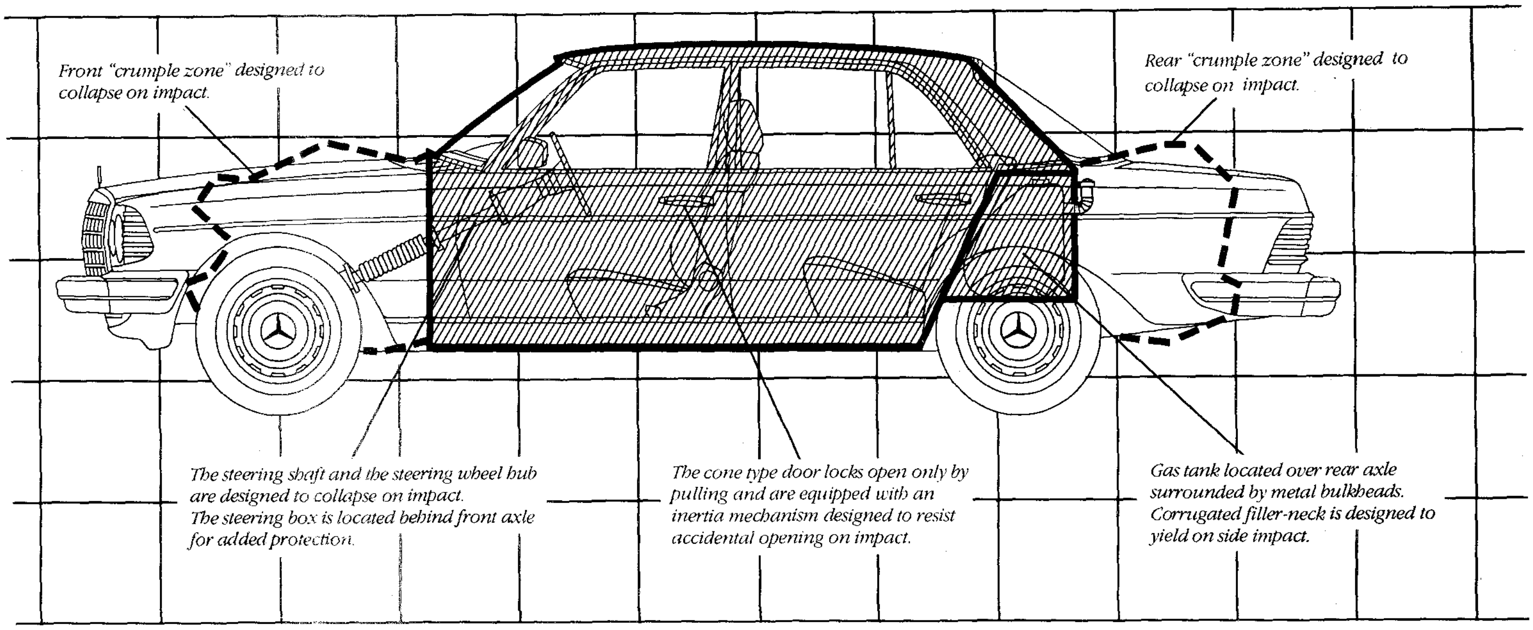
You may never need all 120 safety features in your Mercedes-Benz.
But it's comforting to know they're there.



Rigid passenger safety shell, created by the totally welded monocoque construction, is designed to resist intrusion.


Front "crumple zone" designed to collapse on impact.
Rear "crumple zone" designed to collapse on impact.
The steering shaft and the steering wheel hub are designed to collapse on impact. The steering box is located behind front axle for added protection.
The cone type door locks open only by pulling and are equipped with an inertia mechanism designed to resist accidental opening on impact.
Gas tank located over rear axle surrounded by metal bulkheads. Corrugated filler-neck is designed to yield on side impact.

Of the 120 safety features built as standard equipment into every new Mercedes-Benz, those designed to meet U.S. safety standards represent less than half. Those designed to meet Mercedes-Benz safety standards represent the rest.

The washboard principle

For instance, the engineers wanted to keep the car's taillights visible in foul weather. Solution: taillight lenses ribbed like washboards. Wind tunnel tests showed that most dirt and slush tend to collect on the outer surfaces – leaving the recessed grooves cleaner, longer.

Because a side impact *might* activate a push button and this in turn might pop open a door, the engineers designed push buttons out of the door handles of a Mercedes-Benz. They will open only by pulling.

The engineers even found a way to make the mouldings that frame the windshield work in the cause of safety.

They are actually designed to deflect rainwater away from the side windows as you cruise along in the wet.

The windshield wipers, on the other hand, are aerodynamically designed to sweep across the windshield *with* the airflow and thus resist "lifting," even in high-speed turbulence.

Seeing is surviving

Mercedes-Benz takes a dim view of styling that obstructs driver visibility; you can't avoid what you can't see. Result: a Mercedes-Benz driver is surrounded by as much glass as possible – in the sedans, for example, by a sweep of 85 percent unobstructed visibility.

Notice that the fuel filler flap of a Mercedes-Benz is placed far ahead on the right rear fender, almost above the wheel. No random act: it leads to a fuel tank mounted so deep inboard that it sits above the rear axle – as far from exposure to a rear-end impact as possible.

Strong law, stronger locks

You may be heartened to know that the door locks on a Mercedes-Benz conform not just to the letter of the law but to its spirit. They far *exceed* the strength demanded by U.S. federal law.

No law dictates it, but "crumple zones" at the front and rear of a Mercedes-Benz body are designed to yield accordion-like, to absorb kinetic energy in a heavy impact and lessen its effect on the passenger compartment.

The steering box in a Mercedes-Benz sits *behind* the front axle, for extra protection. The steering column is designed to yield and collapse on impact. The steering wheel itself is deformable and its flat, padded center is meant to help dissipate the effect of a heavy impact over a large area.

Every new Mercedes-Benz is safety-padded in the usual places, plus some unusual ones: e.g., the underside of the instrument panel and the knob of the shift lever. The engineers didn't want the glove-box door to pop open on an impact and become a menace to the front seat passenger – so the lock on the glove-box door isn't a push button but a *sliding* mechanism.

The search goes on

These are some examples of the 120 safety features built into every new Mercedes-Benz. Imposing as that number may seem, it is by no means a final one. Safety research and development at Mercedes-Benz have not stopped – and it is intended that they never will.

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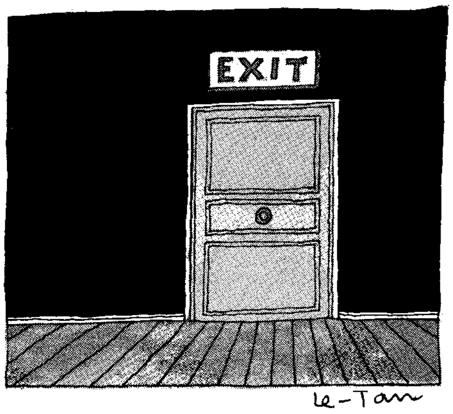
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 27: "High Anxiety."
From June 28: "Julia."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jaws 2."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Damien: Omen II."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Inspector."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 27: "Capricorn One."
From June 28 (tentative): "Convoy."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Different Story."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 22: "Pretty Baby."
From June 23: "The Cheap Detective."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bonjour Amour."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 29 (tentative): "Servant and Mistress."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"House Calls."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 27: "The Greek Tycoon."
From June 28: "Heaven Can Wait."

72nd St. East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 27: "High Anxiety."
From June 28: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The End."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Grease."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Damien: Omen II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 22: "Thank God It's Friday."
June 23-27: "Coming Home."
From June 28: "Convoy."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 22: "Capricorn One."
From June 23: "Pretty Baby."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 27: "Coming Home."
From June 28: "Convoy."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: Through June 22: "Pirosmani." From June 23: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."
Theatre 3: "The End."
Theatre 4: "F.I.S.T."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 27: "The Turning Point."
From June 28: "The Goodbye Girl."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
June 21: "Fantasia."
From June 22: "Matilda."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 22: "The Chess Players."
From June 23: "Pretty Baby."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 27: "High Anxiety."
From June 28: "House Calls."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 22: "A Woman at Her Window."
From June 23: "The Cheap Detective."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Goodbye Girl."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Star Is Born."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 27: "High Anxiety."
From June 28: "House Calls" and "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: "Capricorn One."
Theatre 3: "The End."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 22: "Outrageous!" and "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
From June 23: "Pretty Baby."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 27: "High Anxiety" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From June 28: "House Calls" and "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 21: "The Saragossa Manuscript" (1964), in Polish, directed by Wojciech Jerzy Has; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), a short silent film, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.
June 22: "Night Moves" (1975), directed by Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
June 23-24: "The Passenger" (†); and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
June 25-26: "Mr. Klein" (†) and "The Conformist." (†)
June 27: "Sisters of the Gion" (1936), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; and "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse.
June 28: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Another Man, Another Chance" (1977), directed by Claude Lelouch, with James Caan and Geneviève Bujold.
June 29: "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Sweet Movie" (1975), in French and English, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 21: "Intolerance" (1916), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge; and "Judith of Bethulia" (1913), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Henry B. Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, and Lillian Gish.
June 22: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Music Room" (1958), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
June 23: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (†) and "Monkey Business." (†)
June 24: "Lisztomania" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Roger Daltrey; and "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox.
June 25: "The Baker's Wife" (†) and "Marius." (†)
June 26: "Fanny" (†) and "César." (†)
June 27: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (†); and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.
June 28: "Heaven Can Wait" (†); and "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Thomas Mitchell.
June 29: "Don Quixote" (1957), in Russian, directed by Grigory Kozintsev, with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Alexander Nevsky." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 22: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell; and "Born to Win" (1971), directed by Ivan Passer, with George Segal, Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss.
June 23-24: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
June 25-26: "Joseph Andrews" (1978), directed by Tony Richardson, with Ann-Margret, Peter Firth, Beryl Reid, John Gielgud, and Michael Hordern; and "Tom Jones." (†)
June 27: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, a documentary on body-building; and "Lifeguard." (†)
June 28-29: "The Man Who Loved Women" (†); and "The Best Way" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Miller, with Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 22: "Joy of Living" (1938), directed by Tay Garnett, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy.
June 23-24: "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" (†) and "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." (†)
June 25-26: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman; and "Arsenic and Old Lace." (†)
June 27-28: "Larceny, Inc." (1942), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Jane Wyman, Edward G. Robinson, Broderick Crawford,

Jack Carson, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Fortune Cookie." (†)

From June 29: "The Landlord" (†); and "The Hospital" (1971), directed by Arthur Hiller, with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through June 24: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris and James Dean.

June 25-27: "An American in Paris" (†) and "Easter Parade." (†)

From June 28: "The Great Ziegfeld." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 22: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1962), in French, directed by Agnès Varda, with Corinne Marchand; and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda.

June 23-24: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob." (†)

June 25-26: "Citizen Kane" (†) and "The Stranger." (†)

June 27: "The Blue Light" (1934), directed by Leni Riefenstahl; and "S.O.S. Iceberg" (1933), directed by Tay Garnett, with Leni Riefenstahl, Rod La Rocque, and Gibson Gowland.

June 28-29: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Arsenic and Old Lace." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 21: "S.O.S. Iceberg" (1933), directed by Tay Garnett, with Leni Riefenstahl, Rod La Rocque, and Gibson Gowland; and "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst and Arnold Fanck, with Leni Riefenstahl and Gustav Diessl.

June 22: "St. Louis Blues" (1958), directed by Allen Reisner, with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway; and "Stormy Weather" (1943), directed by Andrew Stone, with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

June 23-24: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (†); and "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor.

June 25: "Dangerous Curves" (1929), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Kay Francis; and "The Wild Party." (†)

June 26: "Butterfield 8" (†); and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

June 27: "Men in White" (†) and "Secret Six." (†)

June 28: "The Night of the Iguana" (†); and "East Side, West Side" (1949), directed by Mervyn Le Roy, with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin.

June 29: "Sweethearts" (†) and "Bitter Sweet." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 22 at 2:30: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jacques Leduc, with Esther Auger and Luce Guilbeault; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 22 at 7: "Chronicle of Everyday Life" (1978), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jacques Leduc, a four-and-a-half-hour, eight-part documentary, with intermission; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "Montreal Main" (1974), a Québécois film, in English, directed by Frank Vitale, with Mr. Vitale, Johnny Sutherland, Allan (Bozo) Moyle, and Steve Lack; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "As Husbands Go" (1933), directed by Hamilton MacFadden, with Warner Baxter, Helen Vinson, and Warner Oland. . . . ¶ June 24 at noon: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), directed by George Marshall, with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "Beat" (1976), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Blanchard, with Bertrand Gagnon and Nicole Scant; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 24 at 5: "Bar Salon" (1973), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Forcier, with Guy L'Ecuyer, English subtitles; and "Night Cap" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Forcier, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 25 at noon: "Destry Rides Again.". . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Happy People Don't Have Stories" (1976), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Paul Tana, with Rita Lafontaine and Marcel Sabourin, English subtitles; and "Ordinary Tenderness.". . . ¶ June 25 at 5: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, Conrad Veidt, and Sydney Greenstreet. . . . ¶ June 26 at noon: A program of three films by Joris Ives—"The Bridge" (1928), "Rain" (1929), and "Philips-Radio" (1931). . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: The first three parts of "Chronicle of Everyday Life.". . . ¶ June 26 at 6: "Zerda's Children" (1978), directed by Jorge Preloran. . . . ¶ June 27 at noon: A program of three films by Joris Ives. . . . ¶ June 27 at 2:30: "L'Avventura" (1960), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6: "Steel Blues aka Day of Steel" (1976), a Québécois film, in English, directed by Jorge Fajardo; and "A Forest—So We May Live" (1977), a Québécois film, in English. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: The last five parts of "Chronicle of Everyday Life.". . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "Six Feet Four" (1919), a silent film, directed by Henry King, with William Russell, Charles French, Vola Vale, and David Shepard. . . . ¶ June 29 at 8:30: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" (1951), directed by Henry King (who will be present), with Susan Hayward, William Lundigan, and Rory Calhoun. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 25: "Prayer" (1976) and "Rituals and Demonstrations" (1975-78), both films directed by Zalman Jofen. Showings Wednesday through Friday at 3, 4:30, 6, and 7:30 and Saturday and Sunday at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 22-25: A program of six short films by Pat O'Neill. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:45.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Outback" (1972), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Donald Pleasence and Gary Bond. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 6 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Sergei Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. When it's great, it's very great, but there are long deadly stretches (which isn't the case with Eisenstein's other films). The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. Photographed (as were all Eisenstein's feature films) by Eduard Tisse; with Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form, and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Regency; June 25-27.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—Adapted from Joseph Kesselring's black comedy, this laborious farce was actually made in 1941, but by contract it couldn't be released until the Broadway production—which ran and ran—finally closed. Maybe the success of the play magically rubbed off on the movie, because it has always been inexplicably popular. The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not, either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. His role was shaped as if for Fred MacMurray, and Grant was pushed into overreacting—prolonging his stupefied double takes, stretching out his whinny. Capra's hick jollity turns Grant into a manic eunuch. The hero's aggressive fiancée, here rewritten into a cuddly, innocuous little dear, is played by Priscilla Lane. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff; some people roar at their antics. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Carson, John Alexander, Grant Mitchell, and the famous thirteen corpses. (8th St. Playhouse; June 25-26. . . . ¶ Thalia; June 28-29.)

THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER (1947)—Right after doing himself proud in "Notorious," Cary Grant made the mistake of appearing in this meant-to-be-bubbling farce by Sidney Sheldon. He's cast as a roué painter, and there's no core of plausibility in the role; Grant doesn't have the eyes of a masher, or the temperament. When he's accused of chasing skirts it seems like some kind of mistake. Shirley Temple is the bobby-soxer who develops a crush on him, and Myrna Loy (prissy and dull here) is her older sister, a judge. The painter is coerced into dating the bobby-soxer until she gets over her infatuation; wearing his shirt open and acting like an adolescent, he escorts her to various teen functions, and competes with high-school athletes in an obstacle race at a school picnic. It's degradingly unfunny, and Grant doesn't even get a chance to show his romantic style when he finally pairs off with the older sister. With Rudy Vallée, Ray Collins, Harry Davenport, Veda Ann Borg, William Bakewell, and Don Beddoe. Directed by Irving Reis. (8th St. Playhouse; June 23-24.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1938)—The village baker cannot work because he laments his wife's departure with a stupid, sexy shepherd; the villagers, who want their bread, organize to bring her back. Raimu's baker is an acting classic—a true tragicomic hero—and it's easy to agree with Orson Welles, who cited this comedy as proof that "a story and an actor, both superb," can result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing are not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol, a playwright who turned scenarist and then writer-director, adapted this classic of cuckoldry from Jean Giono's "Jean le Bleu" and directed it very simply. With Ginette Leclerc (who can pout with her mouth open) as the wife; Charpin; and Charles Moulin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET (1958)—The Italian title for Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy about a group of petty thieves eager to commit a jewel robbery is "I Soliti Ignoti," which is the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." The thieves are good-natured and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a saggy "Rififi." With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and, as the leading safecracker in Italy (now near-senile), whom

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the thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò—a stylized image of fatigue, sadness, decadence. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—It is said that when Noël Coward saw how his ironic, romantic costume operetta of 1929 (the book, the lyrics, and the music are all his) had been turned into a clumsy, sentimental vehicle for the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy he wept. He also vowed to sell nothing more to Hollywood and—surprisingly—he kept that vow. MacDonald (born in 1903) is meant to be a proper, inexperienced girl of eighteen, and Eddy, who could never manage dash or fire (he always looked pained from the effort; you could see the dull ache of someone who recognized his limitations), is supposed to be a Viennese rake. This is by no means the worst of the dozens of MacDonald-Eddy love-duet films—the songs are still mostly by Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again"—but this isn't one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. It's bad enough: you pass the time watching the actor's ladling on their characterizations. And this being a big M-G-M Technicolor production, MacDonald, even when she is supposed to be starving, is dressed in Adrian's plushiest low-camp creations. All the women in the large cast are decked out in ruffles and puffs and bows. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders, Ian Hunter, Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Veda Ann Borg, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. (Also filmed in England in 1933, with Anna Neagle.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Bonjour Amour—With Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos, directed by Roger Andrieux. In French. (Cinema II.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

Capricorn One—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through June 27.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema I.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy (after "Marius" and "Fanny") is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. César, the proprietor of a waterfront bar—and the soul of the trilogy—is the father of Marius (Pierre Fresnay), who runs off to sea, leaving his fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), pregnant. She marries the middle-aged, kind sailmaker, Panisse (Charpin). In this concluding film—the only one of the three actually directed by Pagnol—Marius and Fanny are, at last, reunited. Pagnol wrote the story for the stage in the twenties, and, despite the Marseilles setting, the films are very literal-minded and constricted. But the actors redeem much of the pedestrian film-making. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." (There was a 1938 American version, "Port of Seven Seas," with Wallace Beery at his most offensively "human" as César, and a Broadway musical version, "Fanny," was filmed in 1961, retaining the score only as background music, with a miscast Charles Boyer as César.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

The Cheap Detective—With Peter Falk, directed by Robert Moore. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie; starting June 23.)

The Chess Players—The great Satyajit Ray making his first picture in Urdu (with some English) after a career of directing in Bengali. The hero is the king of the remaining portion of the princely state of Oudh, in 1856; he is a man given to ruling, but his crown was taken away from him in 1851 for the Great Exhibition and is now about to be taken away from him again by the British, represented by an intelligent-spoken British Resident, played by Richard Attenborough. Alongside this hapless battle goes a leisurely chess game played endlessly between two plump noblemen. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film exactly catch the relationship between Indians and British. (5/22/78) (Festival; through June 22.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, and George Coulouris. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles; photographed by Gregg Toland; editing by Robert Wise and Mark Robson. (Thalia; June 25-26.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (St. Marks Cinema, and 59th St. East.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Greenwich; through June 27. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; June 23-27.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. The film cost only $750,000—Bertolucci brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination, the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25-26.)

Convoy—With Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (86th St. East, and Greenwich; starting June 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; starting June 28, tentative.)

Damien: Omen II—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

A Different Story—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (Baronet.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Regency; June 25-27.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret (and Pierre Prévert), with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, his pregnant fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), marries the sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. César's dominating, expansive character is the central force of the film. When Marius returns, he finds that his leaving was an irremediable mistake—that the sailmaker is acknowledged as the father of his son and that there is no place for him (until the concluding film, "César"). You need a lot of tolerance for warm comic invention; it drags fearfully. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Music Hall; June 21.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain is welcome, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Quad Cinema.)

The Fortune Cookie (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer I. A. L. Diamond which gets worse as it goes along; it's both cynical and sanctimonious, and exploitative on both counts. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidentally knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon's venomous, shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. By the time that Ron Rich, the decent, heartsick black football player who knocked Lemmon down, arrives to take care of him, and they become loving buddies, only Leslie ("Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey") Fiedler could care. (8th St. Playhouse; June 27-28.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 23-24.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Guild; starting June 28.)

Grease—A musical, with John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, and Stockard Channing; directed by Randal Kleiser. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Regency; starting June 28.)

The Greek Tycoon—An undisguised story about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Aristotle Onassis. The worst and most opportunist sort of fictional biography posing as fact. (5/29/78) (Loews Tower East; through June 27.)

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners (it lightly satirizes social and sexual conventions), from a screenplay by his frequent collaborator Samson Raphaelson. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here (as in "Midnight") he's reasonably engaging. He plays a well-born New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks and see his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). With Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Florence Bates, Eugene Pallette, Louis Calhern, and Signe Hasso as the French maid. Lubitsch's first film in color. Adapted from the Hungarian play "Birthdays," by Laszlo Bus-Fekéte. This film has no connection with the forthcoming Warren Beatty "Heaven Can Wait," which is a remake of the 1941 "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which itself was taken from an American play called "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

Heaven Can Wait—The aforementioned Warren Beatty one, with Julie Christie and James Mason. Directed by Mr. Beatty and Buck Henry. (Loews Tower East; starting June 28.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Playboy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through June 27.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Playboy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting June 28.)

Jaws 2—With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Gramercy; starting June 28.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting June 23.)

The Landlord (1970)—About New York real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 29.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting June 28.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Lifeguard (1976)—A low-key account of the life of a southern California star high-school athlete (Sam Elliott) who goes on working as a lifeguard, clinging to the pleasures of adolescence rather than joining the money-grubbing world of his old classmates. Well shot and intelligently made, with a feeling for ordinary American talk, but too mechanical, too blandly sensitive, too cool to become a popular hit—the sort of picture that disappoints one in a theatre but shines on Home Box Office. Kathleen Quinlan gives an unusually appealing, unconventional performance as the teen-ager drawn to the overage lifeguard; with Parker Stevenson and Anne Archer. Directed by Daniel Petrie from Ron Koslow's script. (Cinema Village; June 27.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. A French film, dubbed in English. (Olympia; through June 27. . . . ¶ Thalia; June 23-24.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

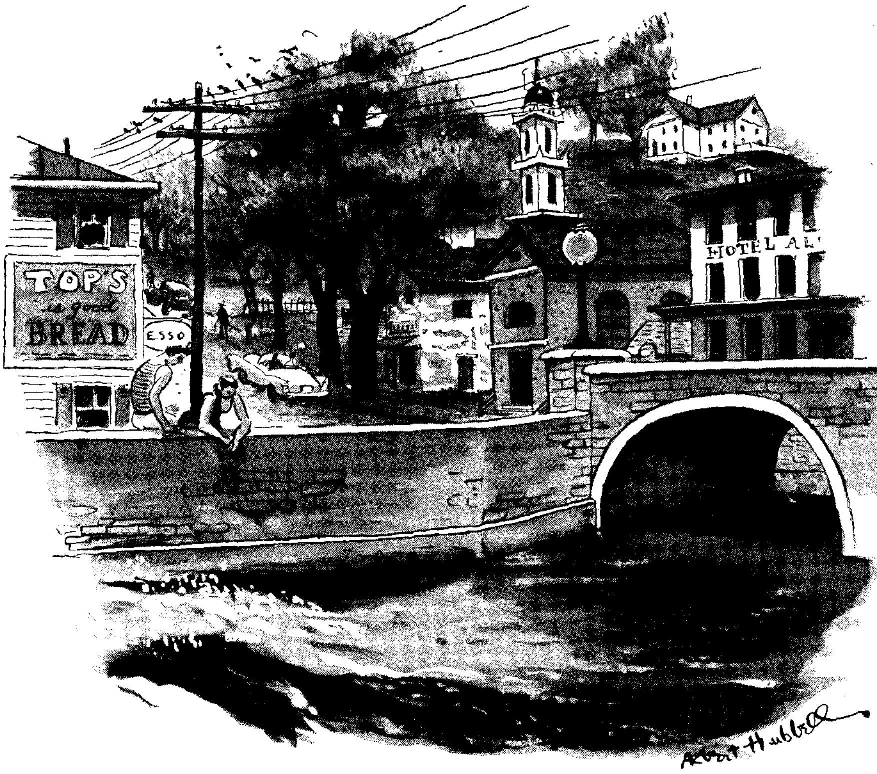
The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (New Yorker; through June 22.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Art. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; June 28-29.)

Marius (1931)—The first film of the celebrated Marcel Pagnol trilogy. Static and visually unimaginative (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseilles café owner. In the film, the life along the harbor centers on this café. The story involves César's son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), who longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Demazis). Produced and written by Pagnol. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

Matilda—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall; starting June 22.)

Men in White (1934)—Clark Gable seldom suggests the high-strung and brilliant young surgeon-hero of the Sidney Kingsley Pulitzer Prize-winning play—the man whose idealism overrides any financial or romantic considerations. Nor is Myrna Loy exactly at her best when she is called upon to contemplate "Humanity." The director, Richard Boleslavski, is engrossed in the pictorial aspects of the wards and laboratories and internes' rooms; he loves the shadow of a microscope on a wall, the barred lights from venetian blinds across a sickbed, the glint of knives and pincers in the operating room. The characters don't fare so well, but then their problems are



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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fearfully strained and prestigious anyway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (1948)—Cary Grant and Myrna Loy in a get-away-from-it-all comedy. Slick Hollywood, quite good considering the triteness of the idea, which is about sophisticates building their own place and running into Neil Simon sort of upper-Bohemian troubles. (8th St. Playhouse; June 23-24.)

Mr. Klein—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau and Michel Lonsdale; written by Franco Solinas. In French. (2/6/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25-26.)

Monkey Business (1952)—Grating screwball farce. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, Cary Grant is required to act frolicsomely juvenile; it's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids. As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking infantilism, and she gives a nightmarishly busy performance. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer from a story by Harry Segall, and was directed by Howard Hawks. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

The Night of the Iguana (1964)—Richard Burton is the defrocked clergyman working as a tour guide; Ava Gardner is the strumpety widow who operates the rundown Mexican hotel where the action centers; Deborah Kerr is the saintly, middle-aged spinster from Nantucket, travelling with her ninety-seven-year-old poet-grandfather (Cyril Delevanti); Sue Lyon is the teen-ager out to seduce the minister; and Grayson Hall is the head of the schoolteachers' tour group. The director, John Huston, brings some coarse melodramatic vitality to the Tennessee Williams play, but whatever poetry it had seems to have leaked out. And without that the movie is terribly obvious, sentimental, and plain dumb. It's also indifferently made. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (New Yorker; through June 22.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23-24.)

Pirosmani—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Georgian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who understands an unusual amount of the creative process, and who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded on their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. This is one of the most truly Slav and tranquil pictures to have come out of Russia for many a year. In Russian. (6/5/78) (Quad Cinema; through June 22.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet; through June 22. . . . ¶ Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker; starting June 23.)

Secret Six (1931)—When M-G-M got hold of a good thing, it was put to use; they threw Clark Gable into eleven films in 1931. This one is an elaborate melodrama with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown, and Lewis Stone. George Hill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27.)

Servant and Mistress—An élitist role reversal between a master (Victor Lanoux) who comes home to collect his supposed inheritance and the family maid (Andréa Ferréol) who has moved in to commandeer the money and behaves like a very Gallic Lady Bracknell. Everything is conducted here with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. Bruno Gantillon made the film without humor or humanity, and with a good deal of solemnity. In French. (6/19/78) (Columbia II; through June 29, tentative.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and myth-making. Garland's performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1977 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Cinema Studio.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. He undertook it, apparently, in order to prove that he could stay on a schedule and make the same sort of movies that other directors did; he has said that there is nothing of himself in it, and that it's his "worst" picture. What he meant was, probably, that it's impersonal—that it has little of the specific Wellesian movie-making excitement. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller, handsomely shot (by Russell Metty), with some showy long takes. It's quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and John Huston, from a story by Victor Trivas) is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi big shot (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. The small-town details are fairly entertaining, especially the scenes involving Billy House as the canny, fat drugstore owner, and Welles introduces some baroque touches and a garish finale, in which he's impaled on a sword at the top of a clock tower. His performance is so flagrantly, boyishly unconvincing—the Nazi seems preoccupied by his evil superman thoughts—that it's rather amusing. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, and Richard Long. (Thalia; June 25-26.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the liveliest of the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy musicals. The title is ironic; they are squabbling husband-and-wife operetta stars, trading insults written by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. The Parker-Campbell script has nothing to do with the original story of Victor Herbert's 1913 operetta; the songs are retained as part of the long-running show, "Sweethearts," that the couple is appearing in. This was M-G-M's first three-color-process Technicolor feature, with startling color costuming by Adrian. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke; choreographed by Albertina Rasch. With Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, Frank Morgan, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner, Herman Bing, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (86th St. East; through June 22.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Quad Cinema; starting June 23.)

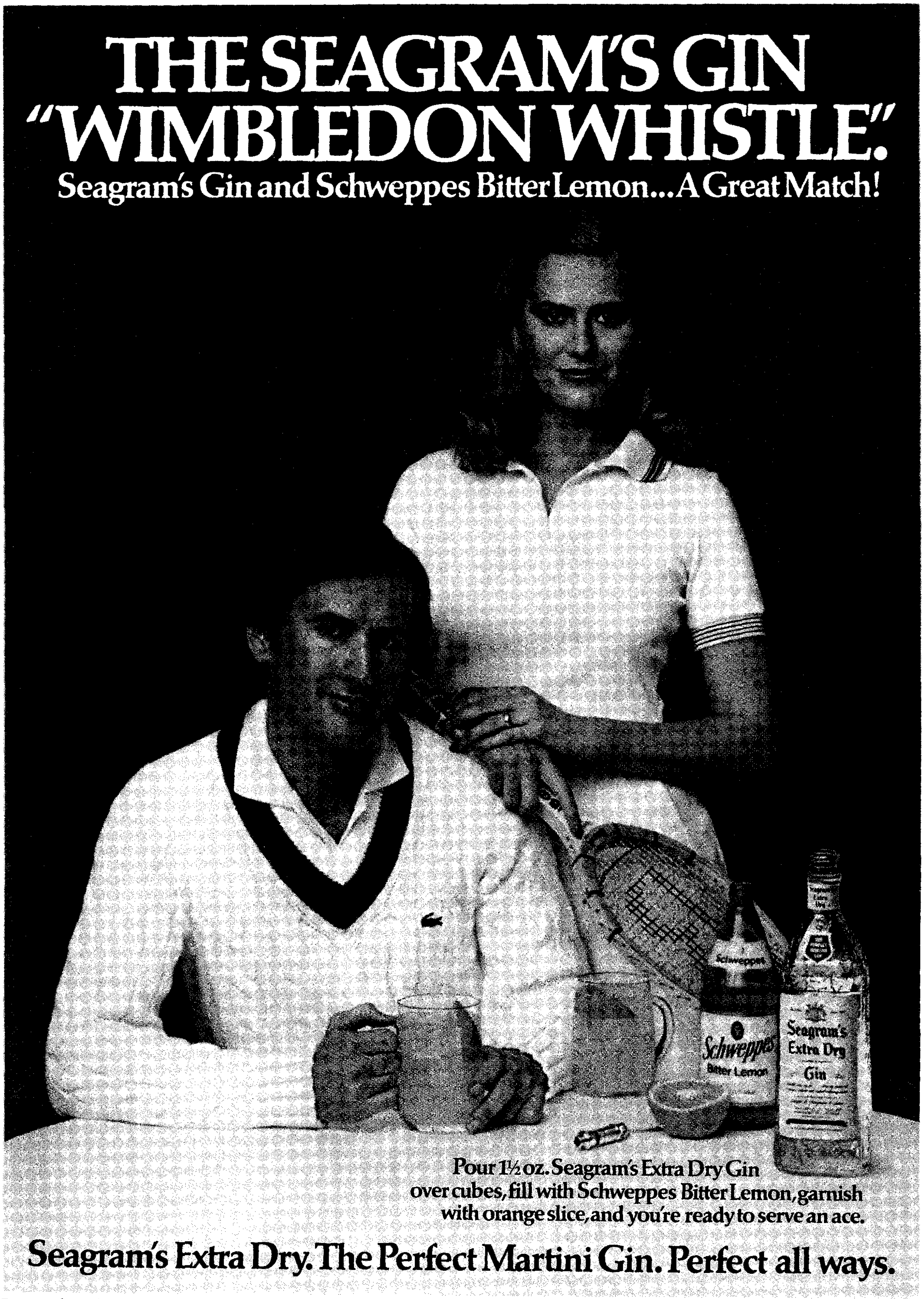
Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Cinema Village; June 25-26.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Guild; through June 27.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Wild Party (1929)—Clara Bow, in her first talkie, set in a women's college; she's a student and Fredric March is a young professor. It's silly stuff, yet charming. Clara Bow was for her period something like what Marilyn Monroe was for hers, and Bow's infantile sexuality is high-voltage; she's both repulsive and irresistible. Dorothy Arzner directed; with Joyce Compton, Jack Oakie, Shirley O'Hara, and Marceline Day. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25.)

A Woman at Her Window—A good French picture, badly subtitled, set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (6/12/78) (Little Carnegie; through June 22.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I have just received an astonishing communication from the magazine *Writer's Digest*, and feel impelled to share it with you, so that we may wonder at it together. *Writer's Digest* is, as I'm sure you're aware, a journal dedicated to assisting folks who want to write in the accomplishment of this perilous, fraught, and exhausting life task. The magazine, addressing me by name, disclosed that it was planning, for early publication, a cover story "on the link that some people see between writing and drinking," and that it would like to include me "in a roundup piece summarizing the drinking habits of the top writers in America today."

After noting that I had been promoted to Top Writer (gratifying indeed after so many years of corporalship), I had a second, scandalized reaction: *How did they find out*? I mean, I do take a drink now and again. In fact, my doctor, who is the soul of tact, once characterized my consumption as "slightly imprudent." But how the devil did *Writer's Digest* discover this? Does the *whole city* know?

Zizzled with horror, as you may well imagine, I turned next to the magazine's questions, my answers to which they proposed to print (along with a recent photo and a listing of my vodka-soaked work to date). Such is the power of the questionnaire *qua* mechanism that, helplessly, I began pencilling in answers, as follows:

"1. How would you describe your own drinking habits?

"_____ Light _____ Medium _____ Heavy _____ Other."

Medium. Light is sissy, and Heavy doesn't go down so well with Deans, Loan Officers, and Publishers, and who in the world would want to be Other?

"2. When you feel like having a few drinks, what do you usually have?"

Turpentine à la grecque. Too easy. Let us proceed to—

"3. Any favorite hangouts for drinking?"

Yes. Sen-Sen's, but I can't give you the address, because you know the place and I mean we want to keep it that way, even though the toppest writers in America "hang out," as you put it, there, and, goodness gracious, Elaine's is what we *don't*— Also, in bed, sobbing lightly.

"4. Favorite drinking companions?"

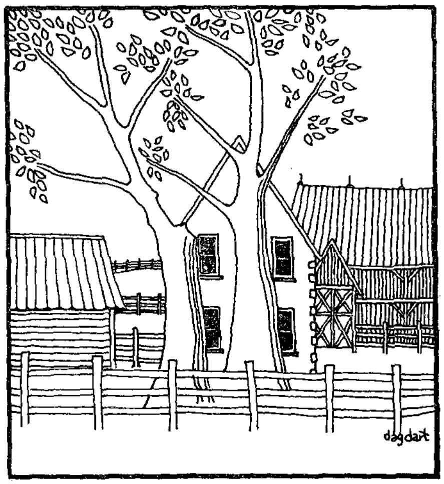
Joe Conrad, Steverino Crane, Pete Hamill, and Tom Aquinas.

"5. Heaviest drinkers/writers that you know—or *have* known—of?"

Oh, this is a mean one, W.D. I could do a lot of I-didn't-know-what-I-was-doing-my-God-I-didn't-think-they'd-actually-*print*-the-goddam-thing damage here, couldn't I? Because I know for a fact that ***** ******* is even more slightly imprudent than I, and that ****** von ******, thought to be sober as white bread, takes a little bang at ten o'clock in the morning, to get himself started. Off the record, I'll tell you nothing.

"6. Do you see any affinity between hard drinking and the writing life? Explain."

Well, climb up on my knees here, W.D. You see, when you've been staring at this Billy-be-damn keyboard all your life—thirty years and more in some cases—you get a little thirsty. The thing is, *the keys don't move*. The "e" is always in the same place, year in, year out. The "f" is in the same place eternally. The "g" . . . Any piano tuner would understand, I think. Goodbye, W.D., and real love to your readers.



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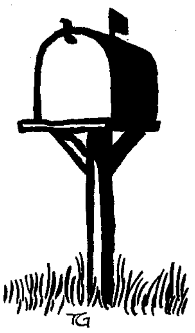
Green

WHAT'S going on in New York? At the intersection of Grand Street and Suffolk Street, on the lower East Side, Yolanda Goldstein is mulching a grapevine she has just tied to a trellis in one corner of a collective plot called the Grand Farm, and a block away Diogenes Goris, aged twelve, looks out of his eighteenth-floor window in Seward Park Extension, a city project, and when he sees people down at the Grand Farm at work in eight four-by-sixty-foot raised planting beds filled with twenty cubic yards of leaf mold, cow manure, and sand donated by the Horticultural Society of New York, he hurries to join them and helps plant hundreds of eggplant seedlings, tomato seedlings, pepper seedlings, and Chinese-cabbage seedlings, as part of an experiment in intensive urban farming. Who pioneered the idea of intensive farming? The Chinese, ten thousand years ago. You plant things very close together, instead of in rows, and the leaves shade the soil and keep it moist.

A few blocks away, on Eldridge Street, opposite Chatham Cleaners ("We Are Proud of the Way You Look"), which is the one operating business on a burned-out and abandoned block, the Purple People—there are two of them—have created a ninety-foot-diameter circular garden of thriving flowers and vegetables, and a few weeks ago, when their hundreds of tulips were in bloom, passersby would stand and stare at the glowing mass of red and yellow flowering in front of buildings with no life in them. Who are the Purple People? No one seems to know for sure, but does it really matter? They call themselves John and Alice Purple, and sometimes John Purple calls himself the Rev. Les Ego, and they wear tie-dyed purple clothes, and they don't believe in leather, and they ride bicycles, because they don't believe in petrochemicals— But never mind about all that. Look at what they're using as a growing medium. John Purple sifts the crumbling bricks on his garden lot. That gives him a fine powdered mixture of clay, lime, and sand—because that's what bricks and mortar are made of. Then he and Alice cycle up to Central Park and return home with droppings of the horses that draw the carriages. They mound their powdered brick over the manure, and the heat in the manure bakes it dry and ready to use in a couple of days—weeks or months faster than they could get the equivalent from a compost heap. Then they burn in a cellar hole a couple of old boards lying on the site, and make potash. And what do you get when you mix clay, lime, sand, rich organic material, and potash? Excellent soil.

Over on East Twelfth Street, between Avenues A and B, a block away from the renovated tenement that now has a windmill and solar panels on the roof to generate electricity, is El Sol Brillante—a large garden planted by the residents of the block. There are raised beds, tomato seedlings, pink ribbons to keep the birds off, a child's blue quilted and hooded parka on a pole with a crossbar for a scarecrow, a sitting area with a couple of old couches and a plywood sun roof, a solar cold frame with a molded-plastic lid, and two sunken bathtubs surrounded by a brick walk—the site of a water-lily garden. A middle-aged Puerto Rican woman smoking a cigarette and wearing a Horticultural Society of New York T-shirt inspects her tomatoes just before sunset and waters them from an old plastic gallon milk jug and an old Colt 45 Malt Liquor can.



Up on West Fifty-eighth Street, at the offices of the Horticultural Society, Maria Grimaldi, its community-gardening coördinator, is preparing a vegetable-gardening clinic and a canning-and-preserving workshop and also caring for a two-gallon shipment from California—one hundred and eighty thousand young convergent ladybugs (*Hippodamia convergens*), red ones with many black spots, which she will distribute to community gardens and farmers all over the city. Ladybugs gobble up aphids and other plant pests, and the convergent ladybugs are used because they are more prolific and, hence, easier to gather than the red-with-two-black-spots or black-with-orange-spots or yellow-with-black-spots ladybugs.

Up on West Eighty-second Street, across from the 20th Precinct Police Station, Gary Crump, a real-estate student and local building manager, is standing in his year-old garden, the Hendrix-Joplin-Maxwell-Prinze-Kittie Estate, planted on a twenty-five-by-sixty-foot sloping vacant lot. Irises, roses, Dusty Miller, a Martha Washington geranium, begonias, petunias, violets, pussy willows, a Skies of Italy variegated-leaf geranium, and a good-sized lawn. "It's a southern exposure, so there's an explosion of sunshine," Gary Crump says as he waters the roses at the end of the afternoon. "It's a living memorial to some of the I think incredible people who were around in the sixties and seventies. Maxwell was my brother, who wrote novels that never got published, and died at the age of twenty-six. I'd like to say special thanks to the community that worked to build this garden, and also to Reverend Ike. I'm just following his plan about seed money—he says you must put something into the ground to get something out of it. And now I've come to have a nice estate here, which hundreds of people can enjoy and grow on."

"Hi, Gary!" yells a woman with a blue umbrella and a Zabar's bag. It's Judith Janus, a local dancer. "This garden is such a present for everyone who walks by. Don't tell anybody, but yesterday when I walked by and it was quiet and raining I felt so inspired I just had to do two arabesques."

"Hi, Gary, here's a fern." It was the woman from Alice's—an antique store at the Columbus Avenue corner—with a potted fern. "Hope you can find a place for it."

"Sure can," says Gary. "Only problem at the moment is the grass is getting a little long. But one of the cops at the Precinct has offered to lend me his lawnmower."

Small wonder that Joe Falk, who is the marketing director of Garden Maid, a garden-tool manufacturing company in Lebanon, Missouri, reports that cities are now the fastest-growing garden-tool market, far outstripping the suburbs in rate of growth.

Down in Room 1800 of the Municipal Building, across from City Hall, Commissioner Peter P. Smith III, of the Department of General Services, is talking to Frank Silano, an assistant, about Operation Green Thumb. Smith is drinking coffee from a cup that says "PETER" and smoking cigarillos. He used to be a Deputy Superintendent of Insurance in the Carey Administration, and his present plywood-panelled walls are decorated only with picture hooks, because he hasn't had time to go over to Insurance, where his pictures are stored, and where a secretary is still looking after two houseplants for him—a Boston fern and a dracaena godseffiana. Frank Silano wears a blue suit, a striped silk rep tie, and shades. He looks like a Bobby Kennedy advance man, and he's in charge of Operation Green Thumb, a new city program, without red tape, whose aim is to rent ten thousand vacant city lots to New York gardeners, at a dollar per year per lot. Smith dreamed up the idea when he looked at the roses in bloom in the Greenwich Village garden planted by a group of block associations at Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street, on the site of the old Women's House of Detention—a garden a block and a half from Smith's apartment. General Services, which is in charge of all municipal property, expects to inherit a good many buildings and lots in the next year, because a new law says that the city can foreclose on landlords delinquent in their taxes after only a year, instead of after three years, as in the past. "The fact of the matter is that a vacant and unprotected lot can result in many more injuries and lawsuits against the city than a lot used and protected by a group of gardeners," Smith says. "If we're just lucky enough, a community group will come in and clear it, and then we'll make sure that Sanitation comes in and gets rid of the worst of the rubble. Frank has a hot line to Sanitation. When a group has a lot and farms it, the members stop thinking, That's the *city's* land over there, and start thinking, That's *ours*. And, of course, it is, too. If the city owns it, they own it. That's the way I read the Constitution. We set up the program just the way any bureaucrat would, with a flow chart and everything. But it only takes a week or two to get a lease ready. I guess it's the biggest garden program in the world. And when we give a lease we give a list of twenty-one agencies, like the Horticultural Society and the New York City Council on the Environment, that can provide advice or seeds or tools, or even topsoil."

"When groups come in, the paperwork takes just minutes," Frank Silano says. "They come in and they're sitting there waiting for more, and it's all done. It seems almost too simple. We're getting about fifty applications a week now. Commissioner, there are several groups waiting for you to sign their leases."

And so there are. Frank Silano's office was the coatroom for the General Services boardroom a month ago. Now it is filled with maps of Community Planning Boards and Sanitation Department collection districts, and with groups of lessees. There is Sister Pugh, from the Star of Hope, in Harlem, who plans to plant flowers and vegetables; Rita Noonan, from Park Slope, whose group is going to plant bulbs around the edge of a lot and vegetables in the middle; Richard Wheeless, postal clerk, representing the 760 Park Tenant Patrol, in Williamsburg, who is going to grow cabbages, tomatoes, collard greens, peppers ("Everything I can get my hands on," he says, and adds, "Frankly speaking, I was raised on a farm in North Carolina, so I basically know what it's all about"); and Patricia Riordan and a delegation from the Greenpoint-Williamsburg Neighborhood Facilities Corporation. The Corporation is getting three lots. "Sign right by the X," says Commissioner Smith to Patricia Riordan. "Good luck."

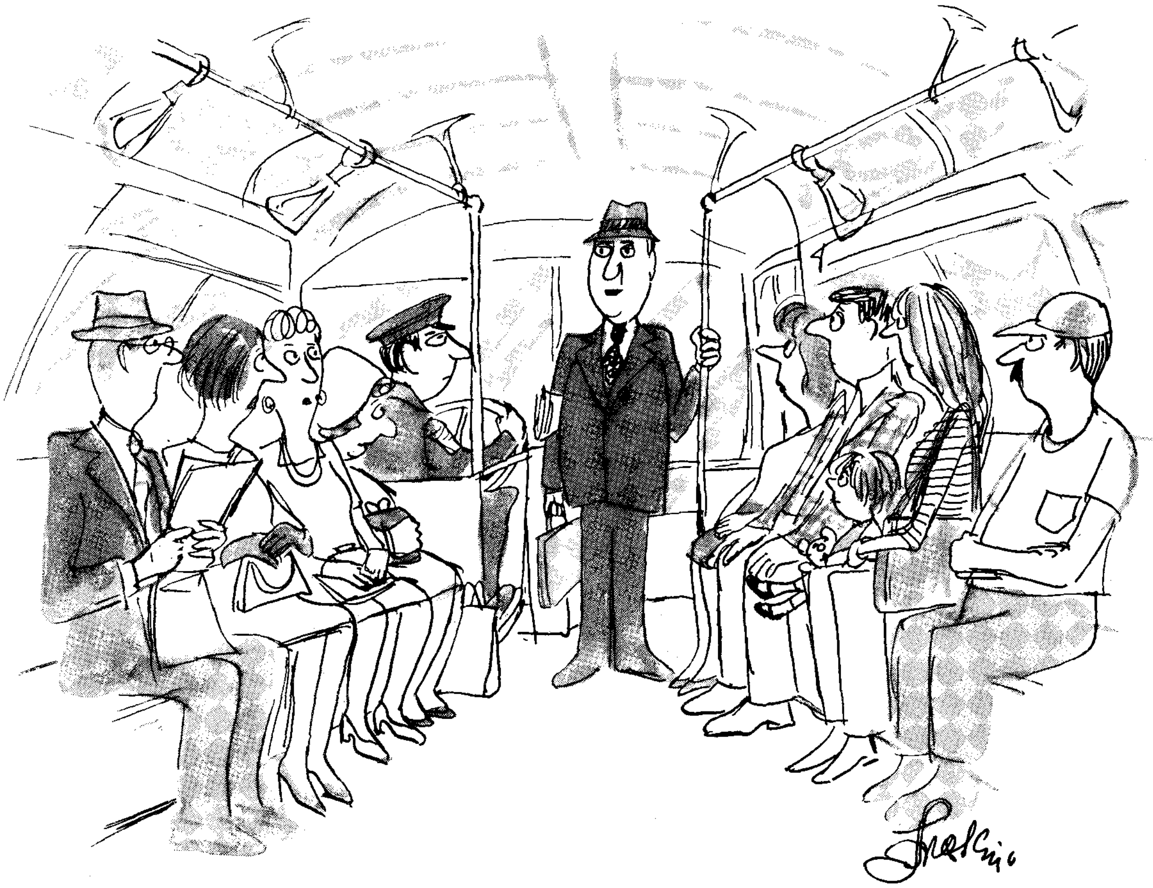
"Did you get the three dollars?" the Commissioner asks Frank Silano.

"Sure did," says Silano.

"We just made six dollars for the city!" says the Commissioner.

We drive out to see the Greenpoint lots with Liz Christy, from the Council on the Environment. She is head of a Council department that runs Growtruck—a free mobile tool-and-book library. Back in 1973, she founded the Green Guerrillas, which is now a group of forty or so architects, landscape architects, botanists, and gardeners who give planning advice to urban gardeners and farmers, but was originally a group of NoHo residents who started cleaning up and planting lots in lower Manhattan overnight just for fun and began experimenting, even before the Purples, with making do. The Guerrillas went as far as to try using ground-glass mulch, and it did speed up some bulbs.

The Greenpoint lot is triangular and already has soil; it's an old lot—one that was created when a house was knocked down so that a street could be widened. Ralph Carrano, editor of the Greenpoint *Gazette*, turns up at the lot with the Greenpoint flag. He says that Greenpoint is the only New York City community with its own flag. The flag bears the legend "THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE WORLD." Carrano explains that Greenpoint, an old, old neighborhood that is now mostly Polish, Irish, and Italian (the Monitor, of the Monitor and the Merrimac, was built there; Mae West was born there; Joe Torre, manager of the Mets, grew up there), has always had beautiful gardens, and he drives Liz Christy and us over to Milton Street to look at the climbing roses on trellises in the front yards near St. Anthony's Church. After that, Liz Christy leaves to go back to her office and, a little diffidently, Carrano drives us over to the *Gazette* building, where he lives, to see his own garden. Carrano drove a city cab for twenty years, then, with a woman named Adelle Haines, founded a weekly newspaper. In his large back yard he has maple seedlings that he's going to transplant to the Corporation lots. He also has beautiful roses, Concord grapes, lettuce, tomatoes, strawberries, a magnolia tree that blooms twice a year, basil, peppermint, peppers, stinging nettles (Polish women of the older generation swear by stinging-nettle tea for arthritis), honeysuckle, a mimosa tree, a big Norway maple, and a cherry tree. It's a charming place. "When you have a place you can dig in and also sit and relax in, it makes it a lot better to live in the city," Carrano says. "I'm planning a minia-



"Good afternoon, everybody. My name is Stuart Chalmers. I've lived in New York all my life, and I'd like to take this opportunity to share with you my views on Westway."

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ture waterfall in one corner to get the soothing sound of water trickling down on rocks. It is necessary for a garden to have water and plants together, because a garden should sharpen, develop, and nourish all the five senses. At least, that's the way it seems to me. It is better to look out of a window at a garden than at an ocean."

"How do you figure that?" we ask.

"Well, I once read a book by George Sanders, the actor, that said that, and I thought about it a great deal. Water is soothing, like the green in a garden, but water is more lonely. You start to think about what's on the other side, and then you start to think about travelling. A garden makes you feel more in harmony with life. You get to know a closeness with something."

Adelle Haines, co-editor of the *Gazette*, leans out the back window and yells, "Hey, Ralph, cut the man some roses to take with him!"

Carrano cuts five orange roses from a bush eight feet tall and wraps them in aluminum foil for us. They are sitting on our desk now in a plastic quart jar.

Alicia Alonso

THE most remarkable fact about Alicia Alonso, the prima ballerina assoluta currently appearing at the Metropolitan Opera with the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, is simply that she is dancing at all. At fifty-six, an age when most of her contemporaries have retired, and despite extremely poor eyesight (three operations for detached retina and one for cataracts), Miss Alonso is still performing the big, technically difficult leading roles in "Giselle" and "Swan Lake" with a passion and precision that astonish her public. She is also the founder and director of the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, a sparkling, youthful company; a choreographer who has restaged such classics as "Giselle" and "Coppélia" for her company; and the director of Havana's Teatro García Lorca, a twelve-hundred-seat house that presents opera, light opera, and concerts as well as ballet. The Teatro García Lorca is her most recent enterprise; she began doing choreography in the mid-forties, and it was in 1959 that she founded the Ballet Nacional de Cuba. We dropped by the Met at 10 A.M. on the day after the Cuban ballet arrived from an engagement in Washington, and found the men of the company (who had just finished a morning warmup session) chatting and playing dominoes in a basement lounge while the women took their regular class in a nearby rehearsal room. The women—who were running through pliés, développés, battements, and relevés with military precision—were mostly short, small-boned, ivory-skinned, and black-haired, although there was a sprinkling of dark skin and of blond hair among them. They were dressed in identical black leotards that had been brightened up with leg-warmers of pink, blue, green, or white. Many wore earrings and delicate neck chains, and all of them projected a sensuous femininity that is not always apparent in their North American counterparts. The men were tall for Cubans, shaggy-haired, and casually exuberant; their racial types ranged from the long-nosed, blond Castilian to the jet-black African with bulging muscles and brilliant teeth.

At ten-thirty, Miss Alonso, a tiny, fragile woman who has glossy black hair, prominent Spanish cheekbones, a long, sharp nose, and a wide, generous mouth, arrived on the arm of her husband, Pedro Simón, and entered a smaller rehearsal room, followed by her pianist, and her daughter, Laura, who acts as her coach. She removed a pair of enormous sunglasses that had shielded her brown eyes (she is still having trouble with the right one), took a firm grip on a freestanding metal barre, and surveyed herself critically in the mirror. She was dressed in layers: a black leotard covered by a pink wrap-around sweater, pink nylon warmup pants, and pink leg-warmers. Her hair was pinned up and covered by a pink chiffon scarf. Nodding to the pianist, she began to warm up with slow, deliberate knee bends, low leg extensions (battements développés), and rotary movements of the extended leg (ronds de jambe à terre). Then she picked up speed with a series of fast fluttering kicks outward from a bent knee, which were followed by a series of waist-high kicks or leg extensions front, back, and sidewise. As she worked, Laura, a dark, beautiful woman in her thirties, stood behind her at the barre, touching her mother's back, shoulder, or hip, suggesting slight adjustments in the body line. "People always ask me how I have survived," said Miss Alonso, with a suggestion of a smile. "It's because I do this every day of my life." She turned to Laura and said, "My body feels tight here," pointing to her thighs. Propping a leg on top of the barre, she bent forward in a graceful arc, arms over her head, to loosen up the thigh muscles. A few minutes later, she sank down on the floor in a split, and wiggled her arms and her ankles to loosen them up. At the end of the exercise period, she lay back on the floor and crisscrossed her feet—tiny and high-arched—in a dozen rapid entrechats.

By eleven-five, Miss Alonso was onstage with her company, checking the dimensions of the playing area and positioning dancers for the peasant scenes in the first

Personae

act of "Giselle." As a battery of photographers watched from the auditorium, the orchestra played Giselle's familiar entrance music. Miss Alonso emerged from the door of the peasant cottage and—with a series of feather-light ballonnés—magically transformed herself into an innocent, vulnerable teen-ager. During the rest of the act, which proceeded with an occasional pause for adjustments of tempo and spacing, we noticed that various dancers in the company would murmur a few words to Miss Alonso whenever she danced near them. "Everybody onstage helps her to know where she is," said Gilbert Hemsley, the Met's production manager—and lighting designer—for the Cuban ballet. "They're all used to giving her the proper signals, because she still can't see terribly well. And when she's dancing we turn up the blue footlights all the way, so she has a clear point of reference."

At the end of the act, we followed Miss Alonso to her dressing room and inquired about the state of her eyesight.

"It's been much better in my left eye since my cataract and retina operation, in 1975," she said, replacing her dark glasses. "For twelve years before that, it was hard, because I gradually lost my sight. Toward the end, I just followed lights and movement when I was onstage. Then my vision improved so much, so suddenly, that I had to relearn my sense of balance. It's different now, and quite distracting, because I see so much more that is happening onstage than I used to."

"Have your ideas about Giselle changed over the years?" we asked.

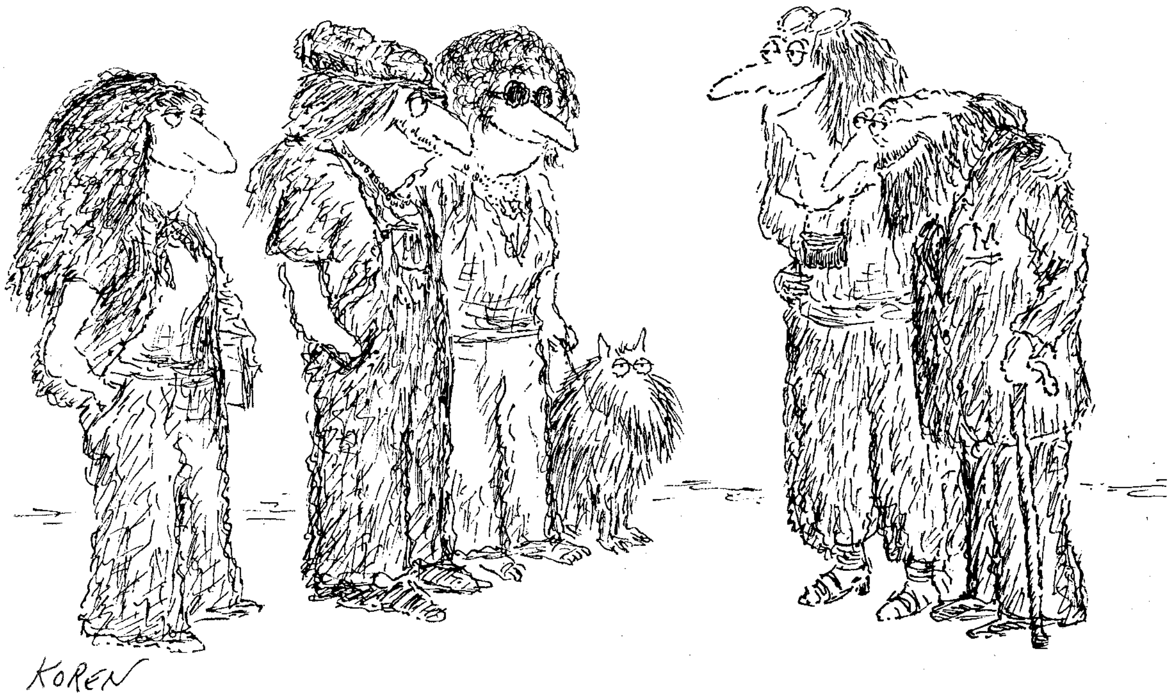
"When I first danced the role, thirty-five years ago, with Ballet Theatre, here in New York, I was more concerned with technique," said Miss Alonso. "We had very little rehearsal, and I remember that when the second act ended I was sort of in a daze and there were blisters all over my heels. Over the years, I began to look more deeply into the role. I still play a dramatic Giselle, but the gestures are more selective now. And, within the basic framework of the character, I feel I can change her personality to suit my mood. I can play her more tragic or less tragic, depending on how I feel that day."

"Tell us about your company," we said.

"The Ballet Nacional de Cuba was founded shortly after the Revolution," Miss Alonso said. "It happened that a friend of mine knocked on the door of my house in Havana at 3 A.M. and said, 'I have someone who wants to talk to you.' It was Fidel. We talked for hours, and I discovered that he had seen me dance with a previous company I had started in Cuba some years before. Finally, he said, 'I really came to ask what you would need to start a ballet company.' I said, 'A hundred thousand dollars,' and he said, 'You have it.' So auditions were held, dancers were recruited, and our new company went on tour. Fidel feels that ballet is an important art for the people; he has attended both rehearsals and performances of our company. At one rehearsal—the second act of 'Swan Lake'—he looked up at the swans and said, 'Aren't they supposed to be together in a line?' I said, 'We're trying.' And he said, 'But they're not.' So I told the girls, and from that time on they were *terribly* careful to stay in position."

"Is there a Cuban national style?" we asked.

"It's not how you hold the hands or feet," said Miss Alonso. "It's a joy in dancing, a vitality, a belief that what we're doing is important. We approach emotion very directly onstage, and we try to project our personalities very strongly across the footlights. Ballet has always been an important part of Cuban culture, but only recently has it become a truly popular art."



"This is my new old man."

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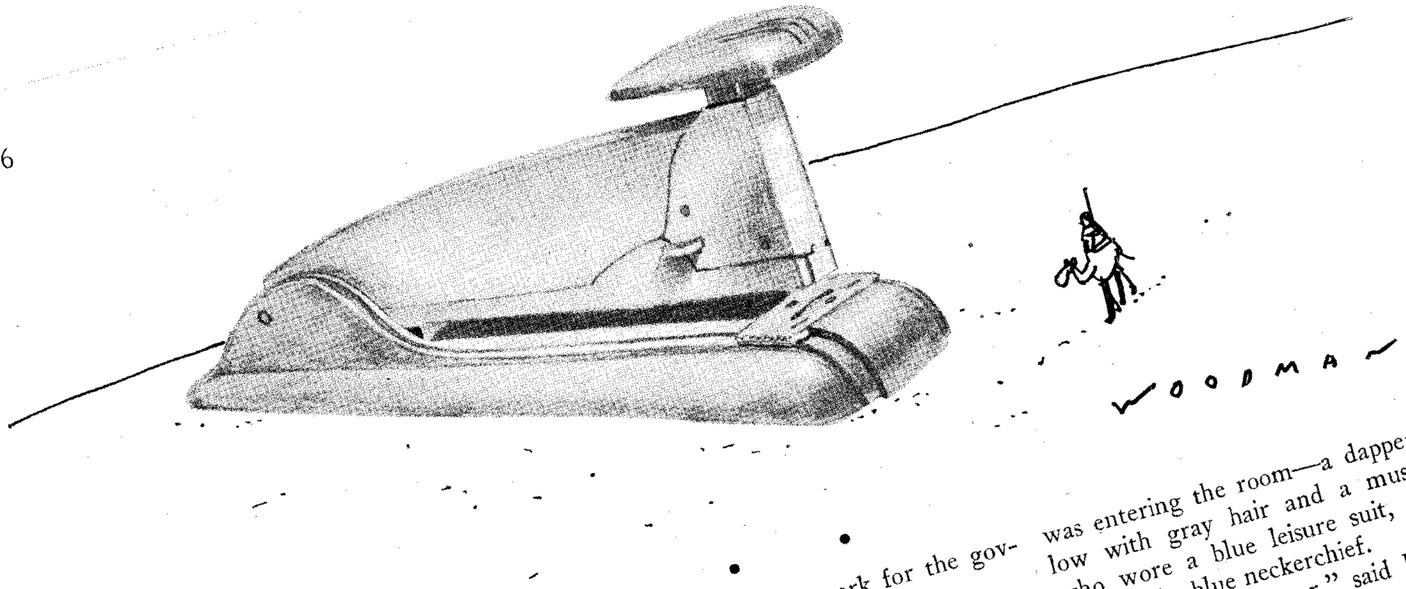
Reunion

THE brothers Levine—Bernie, Murray, and Sidney—formerly of Fox Street in the Bronx, now residing in suburban Maryland, acknowledge that Club Esquire is not what it used to be and that its surviving members are not what *they* used to be. Once a year, in fact, the evidence becomes overwhelming. During the thirties, Club Esquire occupied a loft above a movie theatre at the corner of East 149th Street and Southern Boulevard. Today, this area is commonly described as part of the South Bronx. Someone who grew up there when Club Esquire was a significant enterprise, however, will usually take care to explain that he comes from "One-Forty-ninth and Southern Boulevard, Avenue St. John, Fox Street, Union Avenue—you know, in there." Club Esquire was a members-only, all-male organization that performed no worthwhile community-service deeds that anyone can recall—that is, unless loitering on the sidewalk outside Falkowitz's corner candy store, at Fox Street and Avenue St. John, can be regarded as a neighborhood-improvement project. On the other hand, Murray Levine, a leading alumnus, has gone on to become the president of the family business, Murray Levine



Enterprises, Inc., which owns real estate and four McDonald's franchises. Of the Levine boys, only Murray actually belonged to Club Esquire—Bernie, two years older, was too old, and Sidney, three years younger, was too young—but even non-members could pay fifteen cents and go dancing in the loft on a Saturday night. (Girls got in free.) During Club Esquire's prime, adolescents from as far as three or four blocks away knew that it existed.

"There is something that I think is quite impressive," Murray Levine was saying to us one recent Friday night, upon the occasion of Club Esquire's annual reunion, at Rosoff's Restaurant, near Times Square. "What I think is impressive is that out of the entire group from that neighborhood in the Bronx—you know, several hundred guys we're talking about—there was only one confirmed criminal. Only one landed in jail. I don't want to discuss it too much, but it's true that he was quite an accomplished jewel thief."

Murray, a solidly built, square-jawed man in his early sixties, has a familiarity with details like these because he has bothered to stay in touch. When he and a friend named George Steinhart organized the first Club Esquire reunion, in 1959, seven people attended. Subsequently, the eligibility list expanded, so that now anyone who grew up in the vicinity of 149th and Southern Boulevard and has been tracked down by Steinhart or one of the Levine brothers can attend. Because this was the twentieth reunion, Murray seemed to be in an especially reflective mood. Before the crowd arrived, he was talking with a Club Esquire original member, a man named Sam Tauber. "Remember, Sam, when I left Club Esquire and was moving away?" Murray said. "My gosh, I cried like a baby when I left Club Esquire. It was 1937. I was going off to work for the government. I cried like a baby."

"What the hell," said Tauber. "You cry at hockey games."

"No, don't forget," Murray persisted. "I made a speech in a white suit. I said, 'Don't worry, fellas. I'm going away, but I'll be back!' "

"You were going away because you owed everybody money," said Tauber.

Like most reunions, Club Esquire's twentieth turned out to be an occasion for eating, drinking, and trying to connect the name and the face. In this crowd, the name-face link became an especially interesting challenge, because in the South Bronx monickers like Stabber, Loony, Kotz, Moishe, Skate-O, and The Kid were preferred to given names every time.

"I'll give you a for instance," a man named Irving Goltz told us while he chewed on a fried chicken wing. "My real name was Irving. For a while there, they called me Sidney, and then, all of a sudden, they were calling me Sussy. Don't ask me why."

Goltz introduced us to a barrel-chested man called Whitey Schneider, whose parents had meant for him to be called Sol, but whose nickname on Fox Street was Lock. (The Whitey came later on, when his hair began to change color.)

While we were talking to Schneider, a short man called Sam Goodman passed by saying, "Izzy Becker! Izzy Becker! Anybody heard anything from Izzy Becker?"

"Izzy Becker? I don't know," Schneider said. "What was his name?"

Schneider seemed quite well satisfied with that remark, and soon he began trading insults with a friend of his called Bill Klein, whose nickname was Hymie, and who now owns a couple of cigar stores in the South Bronx. Klein nodded toward a pink-faced man who was entering the room—a dapper fellow with gray hair and a mustache, who wore a blue leisure suit, a pink shirt, and a blue neckerchief.

"That's The Actor," said Klein as the man headed in our direction. "I can't think of his name right now. Give me a minute."

"Irving Kaye," said The Actor, introducing himself. "They call me The Actor, but I'm really in the shoe business."

"How do you like the way he dresses?" Klein asked us. "Who but The Actor would show up at this affair wearing an ascot? A real ladies' man."

"The finest clubs in the world, I get in without a tie," said The Actor, thrusting his chin and neck forward a bit. "Maybe, if it looks like it might be a sticky situation, I'll button my top button and wear the scarf underneath the collar."

The Actor straightened his shoulders and headed toward the smörgåsbord. Klein turned back to his friend Whitey Schneider, who was having a conversation with Sidney Levine, a.k.a. Shortstop.

"Sidney, does your brother Murray still have a condominium in Florida?" Klein asked.

"He never had one," said Sidney. "He always rents."

"Who you talking about?" asked Schneider.

"Murray," said Sidney. "Murray rents an apartment in Florida."

"Who's Murray?" Schneider asked.

"Murray Levine," said Klein. "You always knew him as Chick."

"Chick is Murray?" Schneider asked.

"Chick was *always* Murray," said Sidney.

"Hmm," said Schneider. "Chick calls himself Murray now. Such fancy names here."

AROUND THE QUAD AND OVER FOLLY BRIDGE

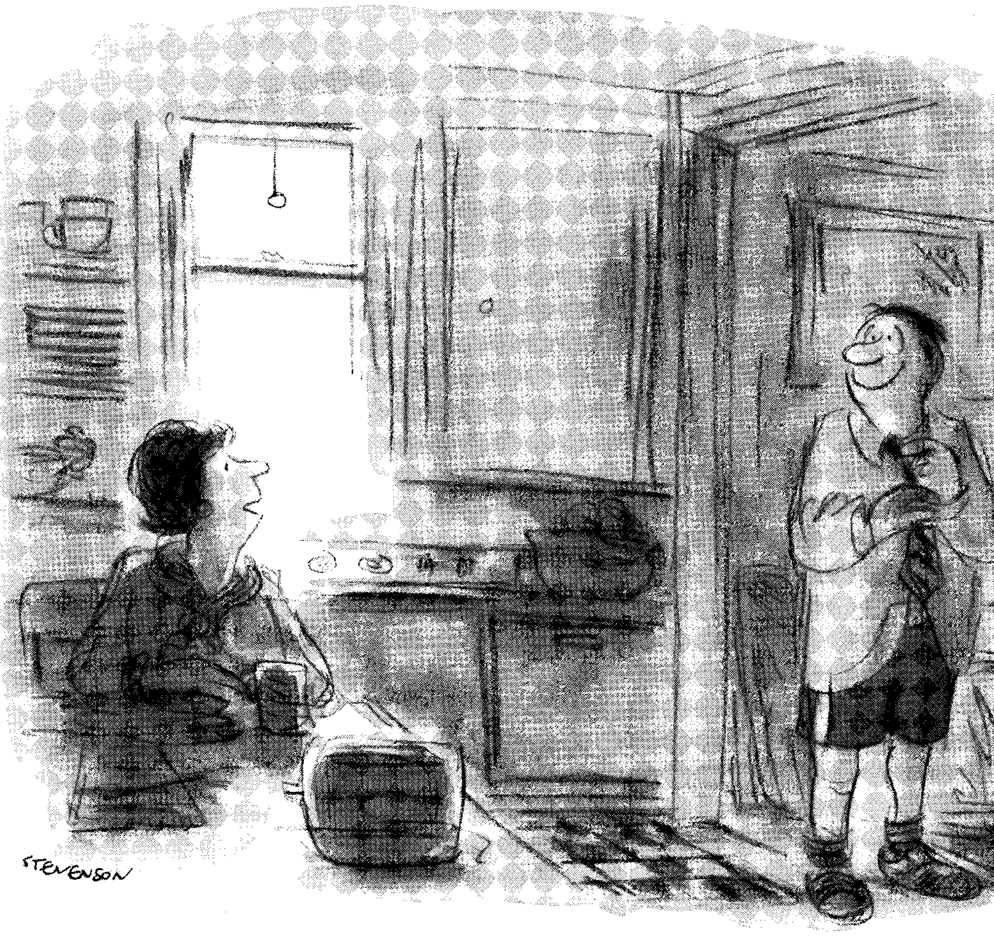
Tarmac Press has just announced the publication of "Salad Days and Cole Slaw Nights: The Memoirs of Ambrose Matthews" (742 pages, $2.95). Matthews, noted fenestration critic for the Times *of London, was a member of Oxford's intellectual élite during the legendary Twenties, when so many of our aesthetic criteria were shaped and so many of our sweaters were Argyle. The following excerpt covers the period from October, 1926, when Matthews entered New College, to June, 1927, when he was sent down from the University—"as a result," he says, "of a misunderstanding concerning the cause of some inconsequential property damage."*

I WAS sharing rooms with Nigel Ravenscourt (the sixth illegitimate son of a déclassé Irish baronet) and Ronnie Gormsby-Smythe in a rat-infested Georgian town house in King Aethelred Street. The rooms, once occupied by Oscar Wilde and Freddie "Boom Boom" Fortescue, were adequate for our Spartan way of life: a bedroom with three mattresses and a candle and a sitting room with lemon-yellow walls, white enamelled woodwork, and a Louis Quinze escritoire in cross-banded tulipwood with ormolu scrollwork. The three of us had been gated for burning the junior dean's autographed set of Havelock Ellis. The dean, C. B. Greengage, was really a good sort of chap, well spoken of and all that, if a trifle monkish, and I suppose we deserved the incarceration. I never saw much of him afterward, except to attend that spring, with the other first-year students, the annual Breaking-of-His-Furniture-with-Heavy-Sticks Party at the Lodgings. Greengage died the following year—a sad end to a short career—and was eventually memorialized in fiction as Sir Malcolm Budgie in Lytton Peacock's slant-rhyme epic about Oxford life, "Syncopatin' Scholars."

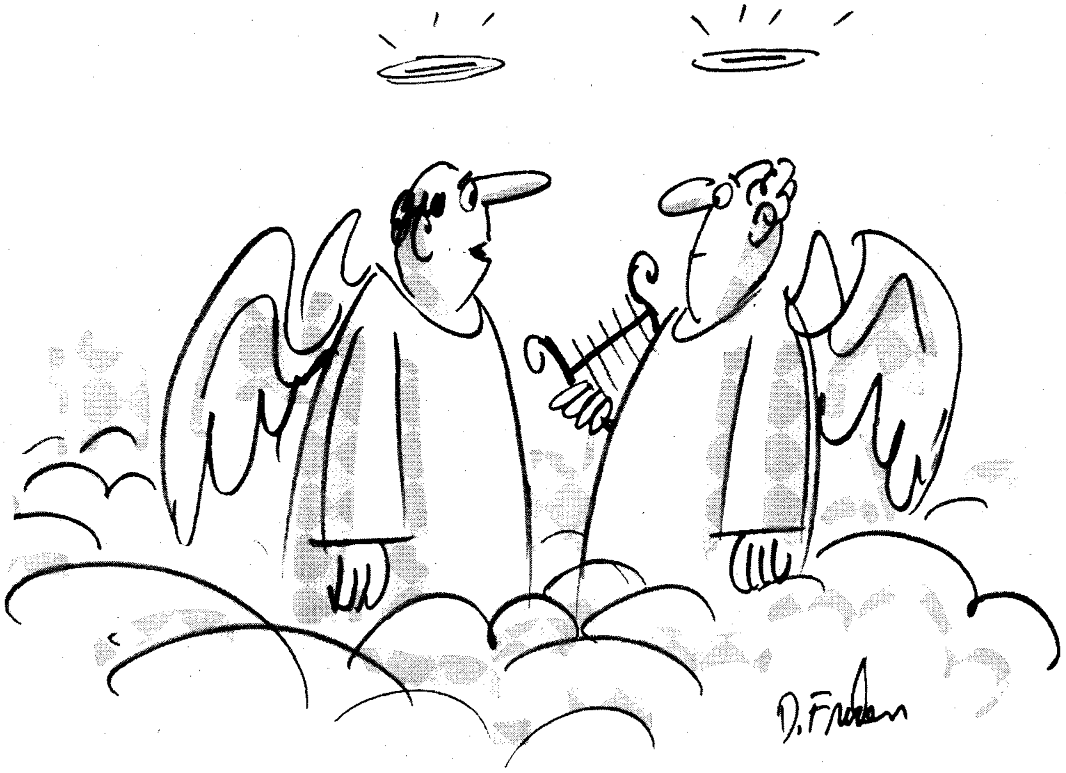
On Saturday afternoon, we were lounging about in our Hawes & Curtis chinchilla pyjamas, planning how we might smuggle Paul Whiteman's All Girl Orchestra past the watchful eye of the hall porter. Suddenly in burst Bunny Renfrew (later Lord Tweedcheeks), at this time a volatile Bakuninite, who was earning his way through the second term by selling logical-positivist greeting cards to the Philosophy Department. Between jeroboams of Piper-Heidsieck Brut, he told us how he and four other undergrads from Oriel had debagged old Wiggie Wittgenstein, over from Cambridge for a lecture, in the Quad that morning for holding that knowledge of reality can be achieved only through the natural sciences. Bunny presently fell into one of his tiresome funks, so we left, by way of the window, and headed for the new exhibit of Dada art at the refurbished Saturnalia Gallery, in Old King Harold Street. The show was a terrible crash. We cut through the Bodleian to the Old Boar's Snout for a bottle of Green Chartreuse and some marzipan *gingembres*, after which we smashed up some furniture with heavy sticks and went home to bed.

It was also about this time that Pinkie Chicester, Miles Davies, Kashmir Rafferty, and I decided to spend the Easter Holiday in Italy, having rejected three tedious entreaties from Miles' godfather, King Alexander I of Yugoslavia, to tour the mineral baths near Belgrade. When we returned—all of us except Pinkie, who chose to recuperate in Buenos Aires—we soon found ourselves once again mired in the boring college routine. I was sharing rooms in Little Thomas Street with Algie ffinch, "Winger" Urquhart, and Prince Karl of Saxe-Coburg, and worrying my nerves to a frazzle studying for the first history exams—the "Horribles"—under the tutorship of old R. S. Montcrieff, known to everyone on campus as "Topsy." Although he had unselfishly sacrificed a happy life in order to complete his eminently significant twenty-eight-volume "A History of Hittite Oral Hygiene," he was generally derided because of the involuntary gurgling sound he made whenever he saw a librarian. He had a profound influence on my life, but his career ended sadly, I seem to recall.

Now that I look back on it all, from this crumbling belvedere of decrepitude, I am still faintly amused to think how much raw intellectual power



"When you come down from your running high, can I ask you a serious question?"



"I had hate in my heart for doctors and lawyers, but apparently that was O.K."

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came to fruition during those mindless years. I took in Cruikshank at the semi-annual Symposium Club lectures that same spring, and was damned glad for it, because those talks radically changed the ethical structure of my thought, although I remember little of what old Cruikshank actually said. I do recall that he wore a canary-coloured suit of dubious cut. It was this series of lectures, I found out some twenty years later, that left him in the blackest depression, from which he never really recovered. But no one at the time could have guessed that; he was at his best, gesturing suavely with his perfumed Russian cigarette and interspersing his prelection with witty palindromes based on pharmacodynamics. A pity that his career ended so sadly.

ONE afternoon in early June, I was taking an unaccustomed luncheon in Hall with Desmond Grimes, the notorious nephew of Max Beerbohm whom Evelyn Waugh once described as "mad, bad, and fuzzy." We were sitting there with Mimi Vavisar (later Lady Humphrey-Swipes, still later Duchess Peppermint), having anchovy toast and Campari and devising some howlingly funny sprung-rhythm limericks on Rhenish geography, when my scout diffidently approached to inform me that old "Bootsie" Merton, the sometime Master of Balliol and the model for Spider Murphy in F. J. Levers' little-known comedy of manners "Close the Door, Al," wanted urgently to see me in his rooms above the garage in Big Little John Street. Frightfully distraught, I ran round to Merton's place, without thinking to put on my robe and mortarboard over my powder-blue blazer with the emerald grosgrain braiding and my cerise flannels. When I arrived, the porter ushered me into the familiar puce-and-saffron study, where I found Merton face down on the floor, delivering his famous lecture about the Belle Époque, on which he was considered a minor authority. We were able to roll him over, and, after a carafe of crème de menthe and some nougatine vanilles, he confided that the Bursar wanted to question me in regard to a sordid little soirée I had just given in "Wedgie" Smayler's rooms next to the smokehouse in Lower Caulking Street.

I quickly returned to my flat over the railway station in Fat Henry Lane, stuffed two heliotrope silk Sulka shirts into my duffel, along with a split of Cordon Rouge and my first edition of "The Comic Theatre of Peru," and bolted downstairs to catch the 4:15 for London.

Morosely sitting there in that crowded, second-class compartment in my Turnbull & Asser dressing gown and gazing listlessly from the well-thumbed copy of "Early Renaissance Punting" in my lap to the depressing countryside whizzing by, I fretted about how I would tell Father. I knew it would break his heart to know that I wasn't in trouble for something more colourful. Fortunately, when I rang him up from Paddington to ask him if I might come home, he said he was busy with his snake collection and couldn't be disturbed.

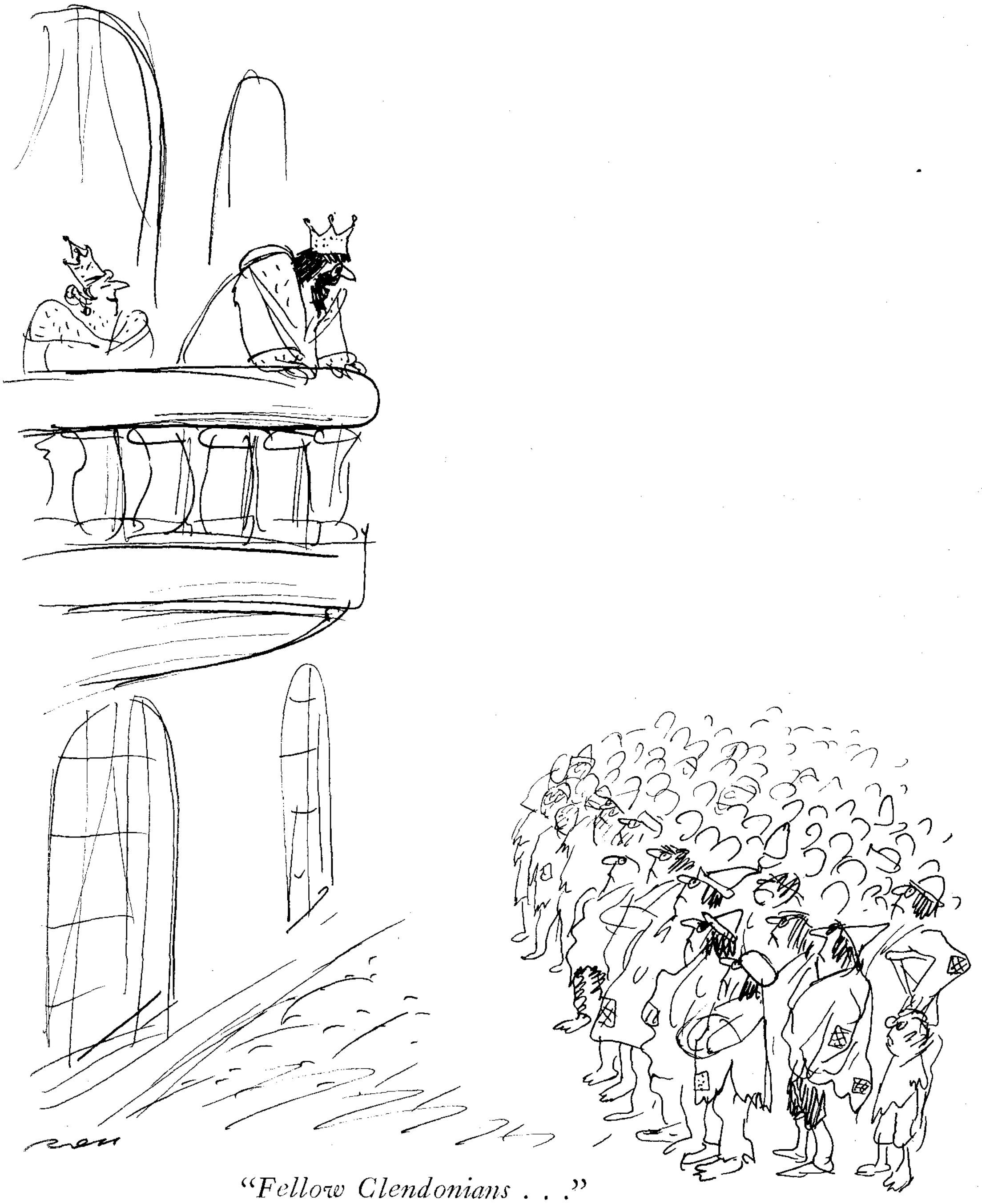
By that time it was two in the morning and I was in a bit of the old quandary. I first thought to ring up old Reggie Cecil, an upperclassman and fellow-member of the Hypocrites Club who had been rusticated from Brasenose for stealing an oar once used by the Blues to beat Cambridge in the Famous Futile Furlongs. But then I decided I needed a drink instead, so I headed up Bond Street to the Cat's Whiskers, one of those brassy new jazz clubs. I was there only long enough to have a chat at the bar with Cecil Beaton, Aldous Huxley, and Josephine Baker, when a rumour began to circulate that the Prince of Wales was at Peg's Malibu Bar & Grill, in Knightsbridge. Everyone wanted to see what colour socks he was wearing, so we all jumped into Cecil's Bentley and shot across Piccadilly. Wales was there, all right, sporting a lavender Fair Isle sweater and terra-cotta shooting breeches, but his equerry prevented us from inspecting the Prince's hosiery.

Then we all danced and drank too much champagne and smashed up a good deal of furniture with heavy sticks and were finally thrown out. "Sligger" Murchison and I, along with some others, lay down in Hyde Park for a few hours' sleep, but then Sligger insisted we climb the Albert Memorial and recite Dante to the starlings. Old Serge Diaghilev, who had been acrophobic since birth, begged off and sat watching in the company of two Dutch servicemen. Afterward, we all went round to the Café du Trots in Tiny Victoria Street for brunch. I remember thinking, as I sat there in the rosy glow of that afternoon, sipping a palatable hock from an indifferent Lalique tumbler, that Lithuanian madrigals would have been far more appropriate for starlings.

—G. Bruce Boyer

GIRL

WASH the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry; don't walk barehead in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn't have gum in it, because that way it won't hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won't turn someone else's stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don't sing benna in Sunday school; you mustn't speak to wharf-rat boys, not even to give directions; don't eat fruits on the street—flies will follow you; *but I don't sing benna on Sundays at all and never in Sunday school;* this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a buttonhole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father's khaki shirt so that it doesn't have a crease; this is how you iron your father's khaki pants so that they don't have a crease; this is how you grow okra—far from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don't like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don't like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don't know you very well, and this way they won't recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is with your own spit; don't squat down to play marbles—you are not a boy, you know; don't pick people's flowers—you might catch something; don't throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona; this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and that way something bad won't fall on you; this is how to bully a man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man, and if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air if you feel like it, and this is how to move quick so that it doesn't fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread to make sure it's fresh; *but what if the baker won't let me feel the bread?*; you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread? —Jamaica Kincaid



"*Fellow Clendonians . . .*"

THE IDEA OF HAWK

MY grandfather shuttled between my parents' home and that of his married daughter, my Aunt Jo, from at least the time I was three. His early dependence upon his children never seemed odd to me, since it was a given in my life. I remember him as a small-boned, gentle, and uncomplaining old man whose long nose always dripped—doubtless from a sinus condition I was destined to inherit. I liked him for the stories he used to tell of his boyhood on a ranch and his ability to prepare meals, when my parents were away, in such a manner that there were never many dishes for my brother and me to wash. He died, of cancer, in my parents' house, after I had become a teacher who wanted to write; my mother and Aunt Jo nursed him in his last months. My father always accepted my grandfather's presence but appeared to have little in common with him. Six years ago, my father died, also of cancer. At the moment of his death my grandfather's unmarried daughter, my Aunt May, cried out in surprise at a sudden resemblance between my father and my grandfather, those disparate men. This past summer, Aunt Jo told me something about my grandfather's life that reveals something about my father's. The story I want to tell is theirs and mine.

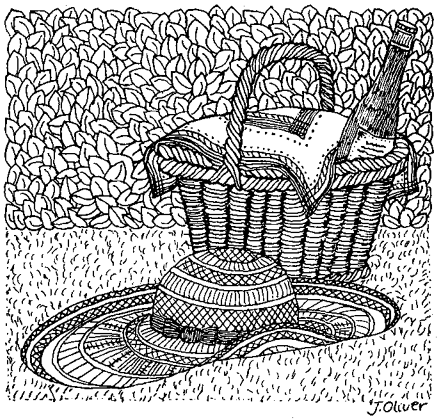
THROUGHOUT his life, my father searched vainly for whatever it was that would constitute his "bracket." I never heard him attempt to define that bracket; perhaps he felt any effort to do so would constrict or destroy it. I know the difficulty, having sensed it frequently myself, so let me state it in terms that I understand.

One likes the idea, say, of *hawk*, and would aspire to it: the high freedom, the swift and effortless flight, the sharpness of eye, the vertical dive. For example, on a sunny day last spring, my wife and I, after planting our garden, lay on our backs in the grass, enjoying the warmth of the damp soil and the movement of a hawk far above us as it banked and climbed in the updraft. It became a dark point, a mote swimming with the others in the pools of our sun-blinded vision, and then it plunged. As it fell (for a moment I thought we were its prey), crows, those keen-sighted but heavier birds, slowly rose from various positions along the border of the woods that half encircled the horizon. The hawk was the tip of a diminishing stamen, the crows the end points of petals folding back upon the pistil. Hawk and crows composed a blossom so exquisite and inevitable in its movement toward enclosure that I felt the ache to be stamen or petal or—most crucial of all—seed of that pistil. But who in his normal mind would want to be hawk settling down with talons outspread to rake a tiny mouse, to be bird of carrion after a bit of pink intestine?

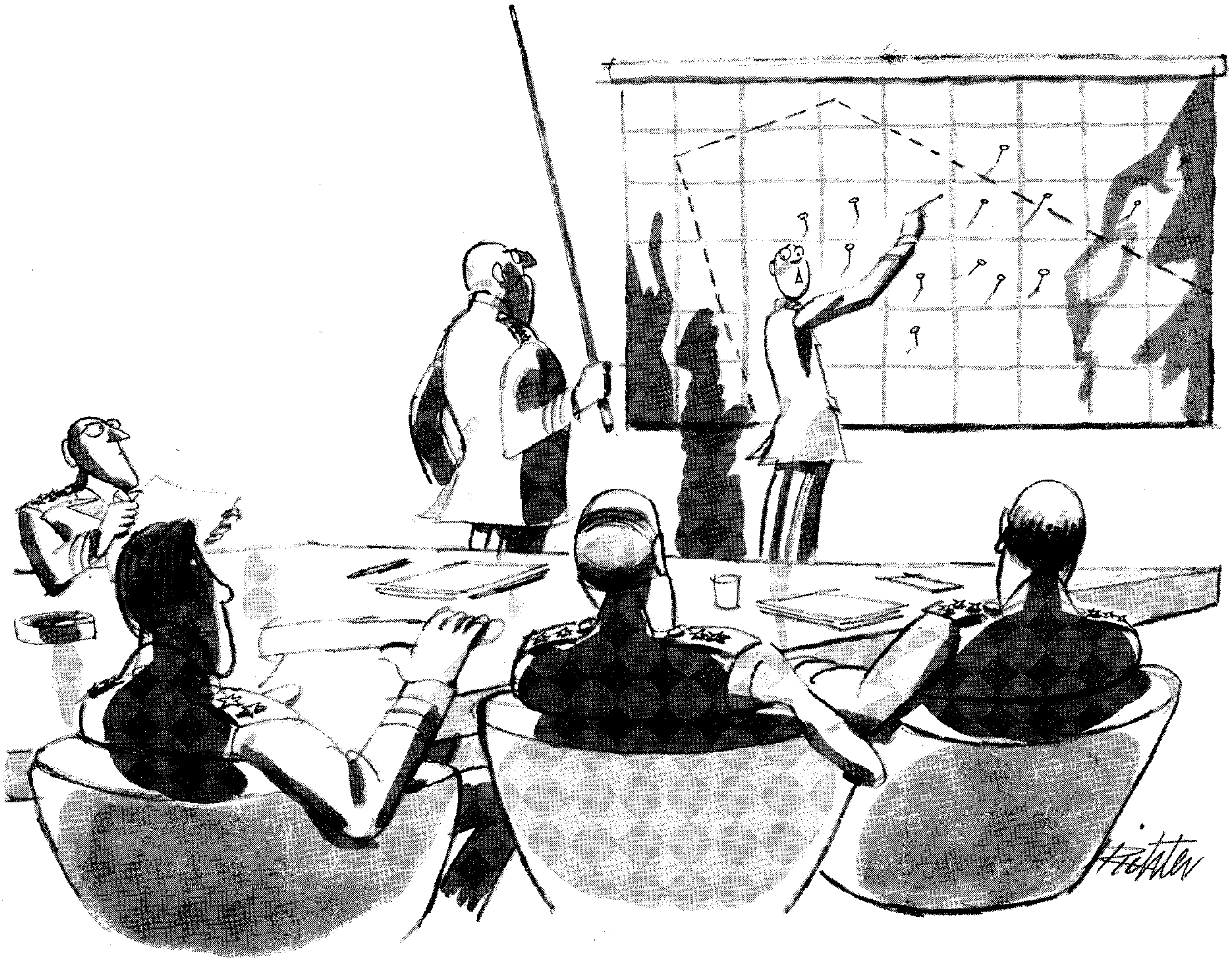
In a typically American way, my father confused a desired and idealized state with reality itself; and so he was perpetually disappointed. In the years of my childhood, he held any number of responsible and well-paying jobs, renouncing each of them as soon as he had achieved what in the academic profession we refer to as tenure—the moment that assures job security and clearly defined expectations until a scheduled retirement day. He became the hawk only to the degree that his motion was a dive from the rarefied air all the way to a pebble on the ground, followed by a laborious climb. In my opinion, the major pattern of his life forms the letter "V," even though the ascendant line wobbles here and there or drops like a graph depicting some corporation's uneven growth in sales or net worth.

His plunge began in the middle of the Depression, at that dark period of it when he lost the freedom to move from position to position. He deserted the family he loved (I would not have felt the extent of betrayal I did had he not obviously loved me, my brother, and our mother); asked for and received a divorce; and undertook a second, wholly unsuccessful, marriage. He ended up alone, and boxed in by debts. With everything lost, he gained in a tiny room or cell for indigent transients the freedom to hope for it all back, bit by bit.

And so he and my mother were remarried. Slowly he paid all his debts. Advancing to better and yet better jobs, he saved enough money and established sufficient credit to buy an automobile agency near Cleveland. But he had been easily deceived by the seller—the manufacturer went out of business shortly. His new debts were huge enough that his lawyer and even some of his major creditors advised him to declare bankruptcy, but he refused. To do so, he said, would hurt his good name and make it difficult for him to start another business. He was well into his sixties at the time; he was nearly seventy when he paid the last dollar he owed. Just before the onset of his terminal illness, he was accumulating capital to quit the reference-book business—he sold the books on commission to libraries—and become a consultant for small firms in financial disarray.



NOT many years before his death, my mother told me that my father felt I had never forgiven him and that she hoped he was wrong. His feeling surprised me, and so did her uncertainty; I would have despised myself for being self-righteous, a moral prig, had I not long since *thought* I had forgiven him. And yet so much of my life had been and continued to be an attempt to persuade myself of my difference from him! In the back of my mind existed a kind of clock marking two or more times, somewhat similar to the watches worn by travellers who habitually cross oceans or continents. Regularly I had checked the present moment of my life against that of my father at my age. I congratulated myself as each of my children reached and then passed the age I had been when my father deserted his family. His rootlessness had made permanence itself a value to me; on several occasions, I refused outright and perhaps rudely to be considered for other teaching positions, at higher salaries. I had become inflexible and ungenerous in certain of my judgments. Whenever a husband and wife of my acquaintance separated in their middle years, I blamed the man and sometimes had difficulty speaking pleasantly to him; and because my mother had, of necessity, become a maid after my father deserted us, I disapproved of friends who hired maids as soon as they could afford that indulgence. Living in a large house I loved, one cluttered with the accumulation of the years and surrounded by farmlands and woods that belonged to my wife and me, I had spoken severely to my growing children of the danger of mistaking the quest after possession or position for the quest after happiness. And of course



"Don't bark at me, sir. I don't make the trouble spots, I merely stick in the pins!"

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I hoped that *none* of my children would seek a career in business.

Such memories and feelings were much in mind during the long period of my father's illness—particularly on the occasions I drove alone from Ithaca to Cleveland to see my parents. The day after his second operation, six months before he was to die, I went to the office of the surgeon who had performed the operation and learned that the surgery had not slowed the growth of the malignancy. My father would experience a brief interval of returning health because of the removal of a blockage, but we should not be misled by that. Since he would require medication and nursing, the surgeon was willing to sign the paper necessary to admit him to a nursing home under the provisions of Medicare. The decision to have him admitted must be made immediately; if he were to be taken home for that brief period of seeming good health and then required the care of a nursing home, he would be denied all financial benefits. And what if he lingered on for many months? People like my father—those with a strong will to live—sometimes did that.

I said in anger that the Medicare legislation was cruel and unjust, apparently designed to push the elderly sick in our society out of sight as quickly as possible. The surgeon replied, kindly enough, that his job was to save or prolong lives and that the quality of the lives saved or prolonged lay in hands other than his own. He simply wished to stress that nursing-home care cost as much as fifty dollars a day, a sum beyond the means of many; that around-the-clock nursing care, which my father would ultimately need if we kept him at home, was much more expensive than that; and that my mother's size (she was less than five feet tall and weighed ninety pounds) as well as her age (she was in her eighties) obviously limited our choices. He believed that my mother and I should be as rational and objective as possible in making our decision.

The surgeon's office was three blocks from my parents' home. What I had just heard had altered my relationship with my father, in a way I could not yet consider. My mother would be sitting in the kitchen, waiting for my return with the news. Though her religious beliefs had been partially undermined as she grew old ("If there were a Heaven," she had said only half facetiously to me after the first moon landing, "those astronauts would have seen it"), I knew she would be praying. I walked several blocks in the wrong direction before resolving not to be a coward. I would tell her calmly and accurately everything the surgeon had said.

But when I actually saw her at the kitchen table, I burst into tears, and that was how she discovered the truth. She was the calm one. When I told her what the surgeon had said about the nursing home, she said, "But I want him *here*, Jim." She said it both as if it were the most important wish of her life and as if—like so many of her wishes, many years earlier—there

THE CROTCH ISLAND QUARRY, MAINE

Deer Isle Pink, for seventy years, like roses
floated across Jericho Bay,
gaining Stonington—granite
block stacked and numbered
on an oily barge.

Quick shrills on the Company whistle meant
Accident and the children watched for
the boat with the broken.
A stone cut loose spun
Mary Prescott's father into the quarry pit.
You could feel the crack: it went
almost around his head.
All he could taste was peas.

New York City starved for granite—
in the 1890s, one hundred twenty-one thousand tons
for Manhattan's Ninth Regiment Armory alone—
and the orders lined up:
Williamsburg and East River Bridges, Fine Arts
Museum in Boston, the Security Building
in Los Angeles. Ida Mae Eaton's boarding-house
angels wrestled quarrymen,
and dandies at the wedding-cake
Stonington Hotel Virginia-reeled the ladies.
The Cathedral of St. John the Divine
waited for word.

Herman Walker's wife snipped off his socks
to pillow the thin of his wrists.
Apprenticed, he lit the charge
and ran. They sent him back
crabwise when the powder didn't catch.
Nothing held together.
Herman's father kept in mind
the strainings of bedrock, his youth
spent quarrying with brushfires, with one hand
on the heated stone, the suddenly
rasping apart
blocks like houses.

The stonecutters ground
to forty tons the fountain bowl
for the Rockefellers' Tarrytown estate.
They sank
into the gardens of their lungs,
silicosis blossom and bud.

Fifteen hundred stones
rose into the light
for Kennedy's memorial at Arlington,
1966, and the quarry froze shut.
Come spring, there were snakes on the island.

The old quarrymen remember best
their round dinner pails, how their women
treated them on the job.
At the bottom was a well for tea,
over that a section for soup,
then a place for sandwiches,
and on top room for a large pie.
Set the pail over a fire
and the tea warmed your whole meal.

Boston is pinned by silver
slivers of glass and steel. No one calls
for granite. Over the island,
deep in timothy and bay bush, the quarry
rails meander to the wharf.
The stones appear fleshy.
Feldspars, the sorrel flecks
they call "horses in the granite"
catch your eye. Kennedy's memorial
has them. A summer rainstorm and the stone
is skittish with horses.

—John C. Witte

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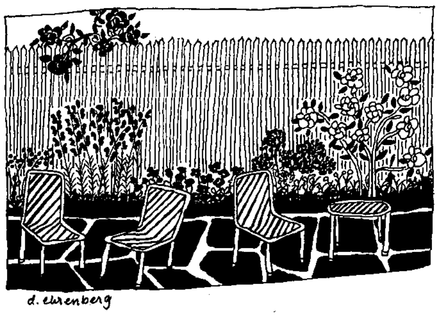
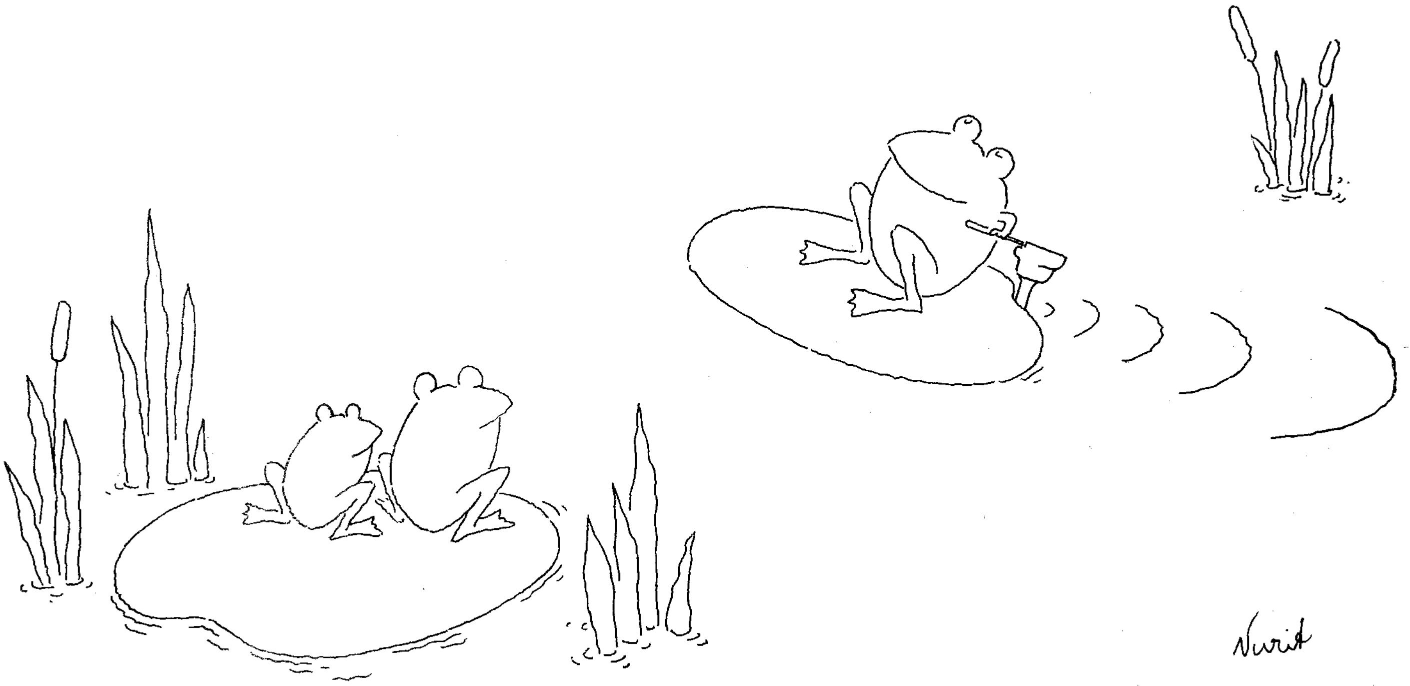
were no chance of its being granted her. A sentence from an otherwise forgotten book came into my mind: *Memory is what we now have in place of religion.* At once I felt a happiness of a kind and intensity I had never experienced; for an interval I believed myself in possession of a truth beyond corruption.

I remembered an uncle—the husband of my mother's sister—rising from a chair, throwing down a fistful of cards on a table, and shouting at my brother and me, "You'll grow up worthless as your father!" Because we were as destitute as my absent father, because, too, we had arrived with our luggage at his door without asking if we might, my uncle the previous month had admitted my mother and brother and me into his home, even though his income in those bleak days was insufficient to support his own family. Wanting to be kind, desiring (perhaps desperately) not to be resentful, he had invited my brother and me to play a simple form of bridge with him and one of his daughters; he had been anticipating victory when the game neared its end, but with an unexpected card my brother had won for us. Later, my uncle accepted and loved me like a son. I had suppressed the incident.

Such painful details from my past, all of them rising from buried grievances, humiliations, and victimizations for which I had blamed my father, now became available to me. Even while I understood my mother's resignation—in my adolescent dreams my father's desertion had become a barrier of cold but once molten material, a jagged and dark boulder that cut our hands as my mother and I tried to get around it—I understood my father's continuing need of illusions. I knew that from the beginning of his illness he had refused to acknowledge its nature; I knew that his expectation would be to come home, where, as he mended, he could make plans for his consulting business and discuss them with my mother; I knew that to commit him to a nursing home at this point of momentarily returning health would be to betray him as surely as he had betrayed his family. Memory—which works through connections, and which possibly may depend for its psychic energy upon its own faint memory of a union far greater than it can ever achieve—made me see that analogy. Memory also made me see that rough





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boulder of my dreams as the unjust and immovable obstruction before my father. And memory, which gives us our identities, can, by an act of grace, release us from ourselves through an outpouring of its most hidden contents. To remember my uncle's phrase was to take back my father. My past flooded out, into him, and was transformed; and so I was happy.

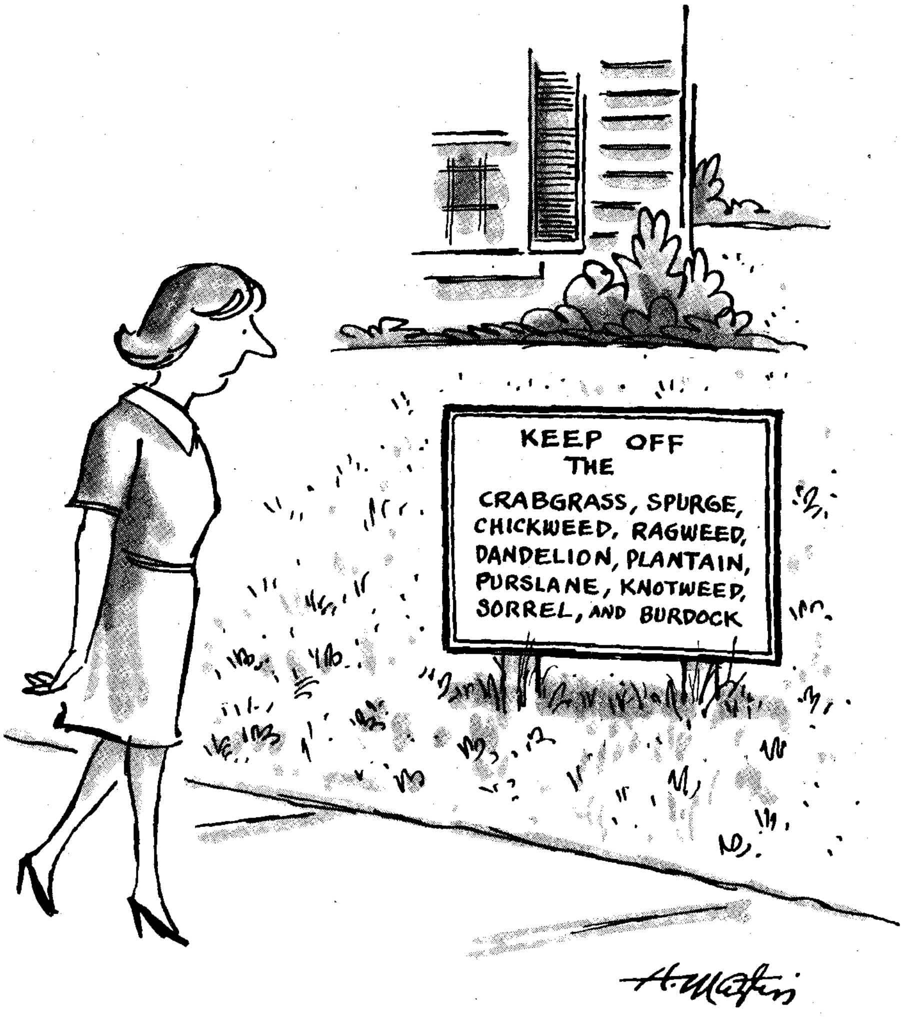
Still standing before my mother in the kitchen, I knew I would do anything in my power to put my parents in each other's arms again. "Of course he must come home, Mother," I said.

It turned out that there was very little I needed to do; both the surgeon and I had underestimated my parents' wills. My mother, with some assistance at first, gave my father all the care he needed. While he was regaining the strength to lift his pigskin satchel of reference books, he arranged a little office in the corner of his bedroom and had a telephone installed there. He sat before his card table, writing up a vita sheet and designing a letterhead and a business card for his consulting service, and acting as a volunteer telephone counsellor for young people with drug and other problems: he liked to hear the telephone ring. He soon was able to drive his car again; the day before his death he took my mother grocery shopping. The only thing I did for him was to build a gate to protect his car. I had visited him in the hospital the day I was to return to Ithaca, to say goodbye and to find out if there was anything he'd like me to do before I left. "I've been lying here thinking of those damned cats caterwauling and coupling on the hood of the Chrysler, and it's driving me nuts," he said. "You know that lean-to or so-called carport where I keep it? Three sides are snug, but the cats get in at the front. What I'd really appreciate is a catproof gate, one made of chicken wire."

WITH my father when he died were my mother; his younger sister, my Aunt May; and my wife and I. He died on his seventy-fourth birthday; because he enjoyed listening to classical music, my wife and I had brought a box containing an FM radio which he never had time to open. As I sat on the edge of his bed, he asked me what good books I had been reading lately. The question touched me, for it seemed to indicate that some barrier between us had dropped. Though he had always liked to read, he had shied away from literary conversation with me, as if he were afraid I might ridicule his tastes. I gave him some titles, and talked about two or three I thought he might want to read. He listened attentively. Then he gave me the titles of the books *he* had been reading or re-reading; one of them, he said, was a sort of sequel or followup to "The Robe." He asked me which of those books I liked. I told him all of them, but he knew me better than that. "I never could understand why you didn't like Lloyd C. Douglas better than you do," he said. "I've been going through that one again"—and he pointed to the sequel, which lay on top of some other books on the nightstand I had made in junior high school—"marking passages I think are really just fine. Look at some of them and tell me if I'm wrong."

I was reaching for the book when he began coughing up blood. He tried to hide the fact, smiling almost shyly and holding his hand to his mouth as if to conceal the smile; and I tried to look at several of the passages he had underlined, so he wouldn't know I knew. They weren't religious or inspirational at all, but then my father had never been particularly religious. I couldn't make much sense out of the passages. The one I looked at most closely seemed to be a matter-of-fact statement about getting on with life. He began coughing more violently; the blood came up in thick strands. "Talk to me about this passage, Pop," I said, but put the book down and began to stroke his forehead. My wife came into the room. She cradled her arm around him, lifting him so that he could breathe and holding a dish to his lips. My mother telephoned for an ambulance. There was uncertainty at the hospital as to who the patient was; my mother said in a low voice, "My husband. You know, Dr. Burmeister's cancer patient." My father heard her and cried, "I don't have cancer!"—his last words. He had ceased coughing; my wife plumped up his pillow and lowered his head onto it. My mother said clearly, "I love you, Clayton;" my Aunt May said, "I love you, Clayt;" and my wife and I said separately, "I love you, Pop." He heard us, for he smiled again and tried to speak but could not. It was at the instant of his death that my aunt, as I have said, cried out in surprise, "Why, how much like Dad he looks!"

WHILE in Florida this past August, on a trip my wife and I had made to see her own ailing father, in Naples, we visited my Aunt Jo and her husband in St. Petersburg. I was curious about my grandfather, and asked Aunt Jo some questions. At first she was reluctant but then became eager to talk about him. She said that he and his two older brothers had inherited a large sum of money when their parents' ranch was sold. My aunt had heard that the brothers, who were more adept at physical tasks than her father, had teased him with any number of cruel practical jokes. They stayed in the West, but as soon as her father got his share of the money he came East, where he married and set himself up in the cigar-making business. "Oh, I used to *resent* him so," she said. "He was trusting enough to be a child—his partner cheated him, ran off with all the tobacco stock, cleaned the shelves and the till, and what did Dad do but take the money left him and set up a loan agency in the Cleveland Arcade until he simply *gave away* every cent he had! Then Mother died and Dad sent May and me off in the winter on the train to relatives in Michigan; we were wearing all the clothes we had—summer dresses. Clayton was older and stayed with him until he got through school, found a job, and married. When May and I were just out of secretarial school, living together and each making six or seven dollars a week, Dad moved in with us. He was going to get a job, he said. But he had some high and mighty ideas of the sort of job a rancher's son and former owner of two businesses ought to have—your everyday factory job wouldn't do. So he'd be sitting at home in the evening when we came in with the bag of groceries. He would go through the bag. 'That's the wrong kind of bread,' he would say. Or 'You shouldn't have bought this pork, the bone's too big.' Do you know the moment I think he crumpled up for good? When I brought home a slab of butter, the kind the grocer weighed after scooping it from the barrel. He said, 'Jo, you shouldn't have bought so much, it'll turn rancid.' I picked it up and squeezed it between my fingers and held it under his nose and said, 'Dad, I bought this butter with my own hard-earned money, and I'll buy *twice* as much next time if I want to!' From that moment on and for the rest of his life, he never complained or asked for a thing. He just gave up pretending he was in control. The poor dear was ineffectual, a dreamer, that's all I can say. I don't think people can help being what they are, do you?"



She wanted my response; and so I said I thought some people try harder than others to get beyond what they're born with. She said that I was perfectly right, as if my remark were simply a confirmation of her view. I could understand how such a belief would be a help, especially in our later years: it makes us more tolerant of each other and less harsh with ourselves. And of course I was remembering my Aunt May's cry as my father died; and thinking of how much his two sisters as well as his son carried on in our bones the resemblance that had startled her. It made me feel kindly toward Aunt Jo, and indulgent toward myself, to see her broad forehead, her long nose, and her eyes that were a bit too large for her face. I remembered the strength of my happiness when at last I had forgiven my father. Surely in that happiness I had come close to whatever my father, without defining it, had always wanted from this world, and maybe what my grandfather had wanted, too. Such an instant may be the most important one of a lifetime, but it becomes in the following instant only the memory of a feeling, of a transient psychical state: a memory of how a long sequence of memories had coalesced to achieve, without any act of will, the transubstantiation of self into other. A recollection of this kind makes a pretty slender argument to oppose to the belief (with its firmer supporting evidence) that all of us are caught from the start. Still, I didn't want to agree wholly with Aunt Jo, at least not yet, and so I told her, *Well, yes and no; that is, I think you're as right as I think you're wrong*—the response that all professors experienced in the art of fudging can make in such a judicious manner that they appear to possess a more comprehensive insight into the problem than does the student who raised the difficult question.

—JAMES MCCONKEY

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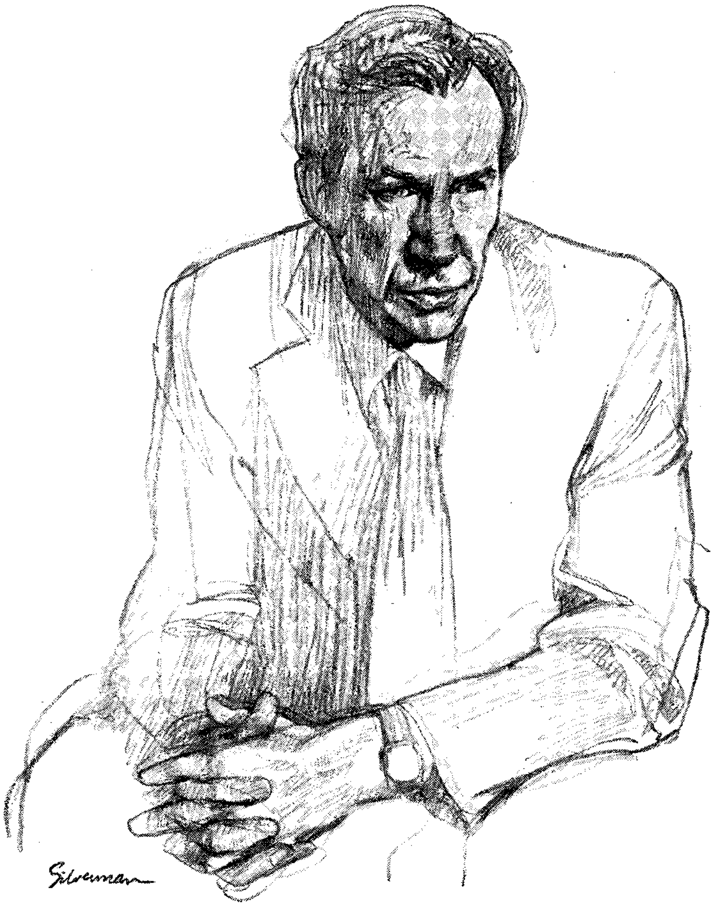
We will conform to our cost estimate for service work; unanticipated repairs, where not required, will be performed without the customer's permission.—*Adv. in the Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

So much for *him!*

PROFILES

THE RING'S THE THING



Glynn Ross

SEATTLE is a comparatively new-looking city that covers an old frontier town like frosting on a cake. Its principal industries are forest products, shipping, and aircraft. It is a cosmopolitan place: though the population is only about half a million, it contains large groups of Scandinavians, Chinese, and Japanese, together with various kinds of Western Europeans and settlers from the Eastern seaboard. Its lure is its setting, and just possibly its weather, for though rain is expected all winter, the temperature seldom gets much colder than thirty degrees Fahrenheit or warmer than eighty-five. Whether or not the city may be described as beautiful, it lies in a magnificent broad valley, giving onto Puget Sound, with ranges of steep, deeply forested mountains surrounding it—the Cascades to the east and the Olympics to the west. To the casual visitor, it appears to be built on fingers of land interspersed with lakes or arms of the sea. Its air is as fresh as only Pacific winds can make it, and it has relatively little pollution. In the summer, it is actually somewhat warmer than San Francisco, about seven hundred miles to the south, and it does not have the fog that is one of San Francisco's banes or charms, depending on how you look at it.

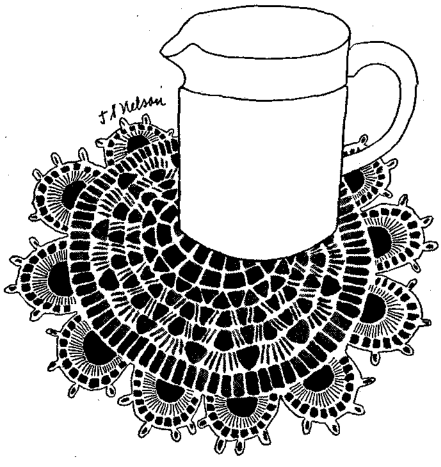
Until something over a decade ago, nobody had ever thought of Seattle as a cultural Mecca. In fact, in the early nineteen-forties, the haughty British conductor Sir Thomas Beecham described it as an "aesthetic dustbin." But things have changed. There was a Seattle World's Fair in 1962, which left as relics a splendid civic auditorium, the famous Space Needle, and a Monorail that goes to downtown Seattle. For the fair, the auditorium, which had been used for such things as conventions, was largely redone and converted into an opera house. Now that they had an opera house, the natives decided they wanted some opera, and they sent for a man named Glynn Ross, who had produced operas in places halfway around the world but had most recently been producing them in California.

Ross is a remarkable man—a somewhat more remarkable one than Seattle had bargained for. During his first season (1964), he gave it "Tosca" and "Carmen," directing both himself. But a couple of such standard works were not enough for Ross. He began to create longer seasons, and to publicize them in a manner that took his board of trustees' breath away. In order to popularize his productions, he did two versions of each opera—one in the original language and one in English. "People are intimidated by opera," he commented the other day. "They think it's a lot of fat people standing around and singing in an incomprehensible language. Well, it isn't, or it isn't necessarily." In the matter of publicity, Ross proved himself more than adept. Bumper stickers on the backs of Seattle's cars proclaimed "Opera Lives." The acronym WITCO, for "What is this thing called opera?," appeared all over town. Skywriting brought attention to slogans like "Bravo Opera." There were signs in school buses, and signs on the backs of cement trucks reading "Get Mixed Up with Opera." One of the most outrageous bits of publicity was the awful pun "Get Ahead with Salome." Some of this disturbed the best families of Seattle. They had expected opera to be a society event, as it is in most American cities. One member of the board of trustees, suspecting that Ross lacked social graces, complained, "How can you have a director of the opera who doesn't play golf?" But Ross was out to attract the largest possible public, and he succeeded brilliantly. It was not long before *Seattle Magazine* was referring to him as "the hip huckster of grand opera." "I myself thought that it was cheapening to use such methods," Ross has said. "But I was merchandising opera, and I'd do anything that would shock the public into coming."

When it came to the opera company itself, he turned out to be a master organizer, and he brought many internationally celebrated stars to Seattle. "Our first three years were a matter of survival," he said not long ago. "The next three years we were getting national publicity, and the three years after that we devoted to expansion. I put a classified ad in the papers asking for four Seattle whiz kids. I don't think many of them had ever heard an opera, but I hired five of them and put them to work on publicity. One was an Oberlin College student; another turned out to be an American college student who had recently returned from an extended stay in Tibet."

Ross's first season drew an audience of ten thousand; by his third, the figure had soared to fifty thousand. Opera in Seattle had become a going thing, with a season beginning in September and ending in May. The house was sold out. "Nowadays, fifty per cent of the budget comes from ticket sales," Ross said not long ago. "Thirty per cent comes from contributions, of which three per cent is from corporations and businesses—Boeing, Weyerhaeuser, and so on—and twenty-seven per cent from individuals and private foundations. And twenty per cent comes from federal, state, and local subsidies. The Gramma Fisher Foundation and the Ford Foundation have also helped, as have Alice Tully and her sister, Mrs. John Dimick. We have twenty-five young singers who work with us the year round, and we employ musicians for the orchestra forty weeks a year, between the opera, the symphony, and the ballet." Over the past fifteen years, Ross has produced the whole standard repertory, along with the world premières of Carlisle Floyd's "Of Mice and Men" and Thomas Pasatieri's "Black Widow" and the West Coast première of Pasatieri's "The Seagull."

In 1974, Ross persuaded his board of trustees to let him do the entire Wagner "Ring of the Nibelung" the following year as a summer festival—again, in both German and English. The Pacific Northwest Wagner Festival has become an annual event, and over the past three years it has attracted an audience of more than sixty thousand. This year, the festival will open on July 9th and run for two weeks. Sheffield Phelps, who was president of the board in 1974, admits today that the whole idea of the "Ring" frightened him. One board member said, "Won't Ross have a wonderful time sitting in the audience all by himself?" But again there was all that publicity: "The Ring's the Thing" on lapel buttons; "The Ring of the Nibelung: Get into It" on posters all over town. Ross even advertised a "Wagner orgy" in the local newspapers and offered a "Free Wagner Orgy Kit." The results were fantastic. Seattle already had one of the highest per-capita audiences for opera of any city in the United States. Ross hired the eminent veteran baritone George London, who since 1975 has been general director of the Washington Opera, in Washington, D.C., to do the staging, and Lincoln Clark, who had assisted London, subsequently took over. Curiously, the German-language version attracted the larger audience, and last summer it was sold out. The excellent English-language version by Andrew Porter has attracted about seventy-five per cent of capacity. But Seattle's opera house has just over three thousand seats, and Ross pointed out that, inasmuch as the capacity of Bayreuth is a mere nineteen hundred, he was bringing Wagner opera to an audience fifty per cent larger than Bayreuth's. People came not only from Seattle itself but from all over the United States, from Australia and Japan, and from all over Western Europe. Opera producers from England showed up, and critics came from nearly every Western European country, from Japan, and from Australia. Seattle, at least for the time being, was the only place in the world except the Wagner shrine at Bayreuth where one could hear the entire "Ring" every summer. Some spoke of "Bayreuth West." Every Wagner enthusiast who could get to Seattle did. Tickets for the series of four operas were sold at a hundred-dollar top; single performances could be had for as little as nine dollars and fifty cents. The first "Ring" lost forty thousand dollars, but an appeal to those who had attended the performances made up all but ten thousand of this sum, and the Seattle Opera Sustaining Fund made up the rest.



Statistics do not tell the real story, however. Last summer, I went to Seattle to hear and see the German "Ring" performances. The quality of the singing was not notably below that of many performances heard at Bayreuth, and the orchestra, though a bit smaller than Bayreuth's, had all the requisite instruments, including the "Ring tubas" that Wagner specified. The opera house is a handsome one, lined with brown wood, and with wooden baffles at the sides. The upholstery and carpets are the usual operatic red. Over the proscenium is an acoustical shield, and just in front of the shield is a lighting bridge, from which spotlights can be thrown onto the stage without showing up on the scenery. The acoustics are perfect. One can hear every word of the text. The orchestra pit is partly recessed under the stage, as at Bayreuth, and has a low wall that makes it invisible to the parterre audience. The conductor was Henry Holt, a Viennese who was educated largely in Los Angeles, and he was certainly competent, if not brilliant.

The scenery and costumes were naturalistic in the manner that Wagner himself had envisioned; a sort of Arthur Rackham style prevailed, with seemingly real trees, rocks, and armor

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LIVING TIME

In a rush against time I press my back
to the window, holding the page mirror-flat
against a world where the sun has dropped
behind Istinye. Its light, now paper-thin,
drifts around looking for someplace
to settle. I look out of the side-windows.
Colors are agonistic: laburnum yellow,
acacia's white, lilac's deliberate purple.
I try to catch and hold this last light
on the page, while the room sours
primitively. The nightingale, who has sung
all day in the same cypress almost lost
in looser sounds, bubbles up in a clear
fall of water. I have trimmed the filthy
wick, scrounged from the bottom of drawers
three stubs of candle. I hold off to the last,
hoping to finish what there is to say
before the dark of my hand on the paper
deadens the point, and what is to be said
gets lost in the cold mist gathering
in valleys that drop steep
to the slippery waters of the Bosphorus,
its few lights sliding dirty yellow,
up and down, across, along.

—BRIAN SWANN

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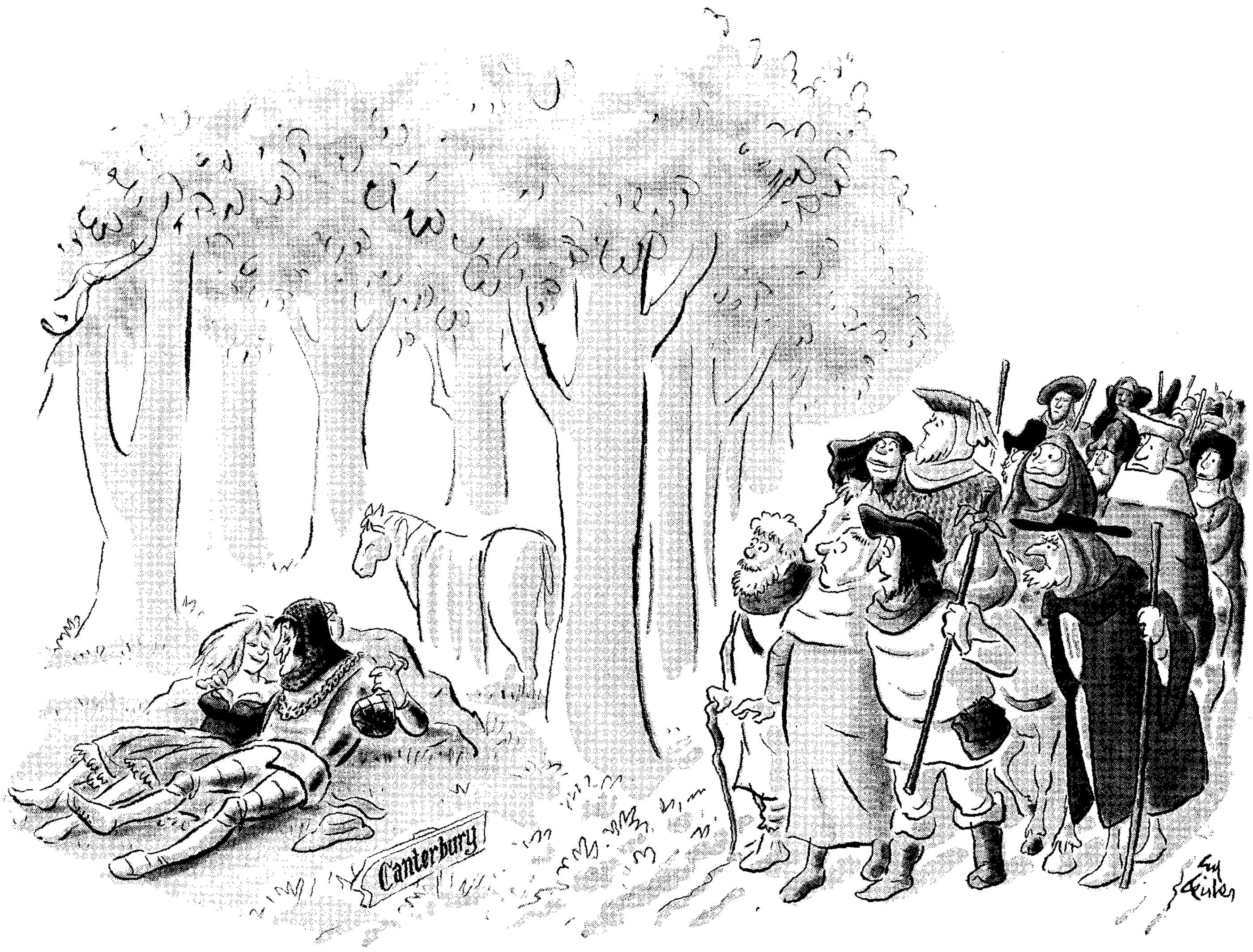

"*Well, nobody's parfit.*"

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for Brünnhilde. The cast contained a splendid, if diminutive, Brünnhilde from Germany named Ute Vinzing; a genuine heldentenor Siegfried, such as has not been heard at the Metropolitan in many years, in Herbert Becker, also from Germany; the tallest Wotan (six feet ten inches) ever seen, in a man from West Chester, Pennsylvania, named Noel Tyl; and an Alberich and a Mime who were both unforgettable, in the Englishmen Malcolm Rivers and Paul Crook. There were first-rate performances in all the other roles as well—especially those of Erda, by Geraldine Decker, from Oxnard, California, and Sieglinde, by Karen Middleton, from Columbia, Mississippi. The house was filled to capacity, and at the end of every act the clamor was so tremendous that you might well have thought you were at a football game. People roared approval. Others set up a hurricane of clapping. There was no doubt that in Seattle the "Ring" was one of the great events of the year.

Much of the success of this production was due to Ross's uncanny instinct for picking the right singer for each role, even though not one who appeared in the "Ring" was a big-name artist. In this instinct, Ross recalls the late Edward Johnson, the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera. Ross scours America and Europe every year for singers, and manages to hire those who are just emerging into international stardom. He pays top fees, and also presents his offer as a favor to the singers. Wouldn't this singer love to sing her very first Tosca in Seattle, to gain experience before assaulting the more prestigious opera houses of the world? Wouldn't that one like to do a role he had never done before as a preparation for the big time? "An artist," Ross commented, "wants four things: one, a chance to do something that requires the best of his abilities; two, the opportunity to grow by singing different roles; three, prestige; and, four, a paycheck." Ross's policy is to cater to these wants. He inveigled Joan Sutherland into coming to sing with his company in "Lakmé" in 1967 by telling her that there was no good recording of the opera and that her Seattle appearance would give her the opportunity to prepare for one. Sutherland did record the work, with another company, a year after she sang it in Seattle. It cost Ross sixteen thousand dollars for her and her conductor husband, Richard Bonynge, but he felt it was worth it. He presented Beverly Sills in Seattle in 1965—the year before her New York triumph in "Julius Caesar." "It's a situation where everybody comes out a winner," he remarked.

The offices of the Seattle Opera are in a fairground building quaintly named the Food Circus, which has facilities ranging from a conference center to a place where elderly people can dance to popular music. The office is a few floors up, and is remarkable for the ease of communication among its various parts. There are no interior walls as such—only low partitions cutting off one office from another. Ross wants to be in as close contact as possible with his subordinates. The staff includes about thirty people, half of them performers and members of the production staff and the other half members of the administrative staff. The most important of the administrative people are Lloyd Yunker, who is in charge of finance and development; Holt, the musical director, who is also in charge of the educational program; and Colleen Armstrong, who is a general troubleshooter and right-hand woman. Ross, his assistants say, is willing to listen to any idea (he has a file of some seventy ideas in his office, about a third of which have been realized), but once a decision is made he sticks to it. His own enthusiasm inspires others. For Seattle, opera is a great new adventure, and to be connected with it in any way is a thrilling experience. Last year, the "Ring" had a budget of six hundred and sixty thousand dollars, thirty solo singers, a men's chorus of forty-four, a women's chorus of fifteen, an orchestra of eighty-two, twenty-two supernumeraries, a backstage crew of thirty, and eight wardrobe people.

PARK HERE
ENTER
STOP
ON RED LINE
LEAVE KEYS IN CAR
EXIT TO STREET
NOW WHAT?

The best families of Seattle long ago gave up their idea of society opera and are now fully under Ross's spell. "My track record was so good," he said the other day, "that they had to come around." He has given them "Boris Godunov," "Rigoletto," "Faust," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Trovatore," "Madame Butterfly," "Samson et Dalila," "Lohengrin," "La Bohème" (for which the publicity read "Six old-time hippies in Paris"), "Andrea Chénier," "Aida," "Der Rosenkavalier," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," Robert Ward's "The Crucible," "Roméo et Juliette" ("Two kids in trouble, real trouble, with their families"), "Otello," "La Traviata," "Turandot," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," "The Barber of Seville," "Salome," "La Forza del Destino," "Don Carlos," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Mefistofele," "La Fille du Régiment," "Così Fan Tutte," "Gianni Schicchi," "Manon Lescaut," "La Périchole," "Manon," "Eugene Onegin," "Thaïs," "Werther," "La Cenerentola," "Le Roi de Lahore," "The Magic Flute," and "Falstaff"—along with separate performances of the "Ring" operas. It is a repertoire that any opera house might be proud of. The company gives six performances of each opera, four in the original language, two in English, and on occasion additional performances for student audiences. The younger singers who work with the company year round usually fill the major roles in the English-language productions and the secondary roles in the original-language productions. For the others, talented imports—sometimes stars—have come willingly to participate. The Seattle Opera is attaining international status, though the city is so far away from most other opera centers that its status is not as generally appreciated as it might be. "The Seattle Opera is one of the few American companies that has singers on annual salaries," Ross pointed out recently. "And it is one of the half-dozen largest operatic organizations in the country." Not long ago, Ross was named First Citizen of Seattle by the Seattle-King County Board of Realtors.

"I'm thinking of giving up all that flamboyant publicity," Ross said a while ago. "It does cheapen opera. But the word 'dignified' scares me. I am merchandising Mozart. And we have done all sorts of multimedia things. We did the rock opera 'Tommy' in 1971. The year before that, we did Stravinsky's 'L'Histoire d'un Soldat,' with a trial afterward in which the Princess and the Soldier were courtroom figures and the audience served as the jury—Stravinsky was told about it and loved it."

GLYNN Ross, at sixty-three, is a compact, wiry man (he stands

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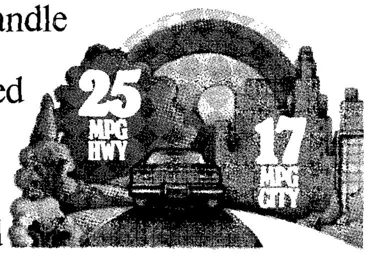

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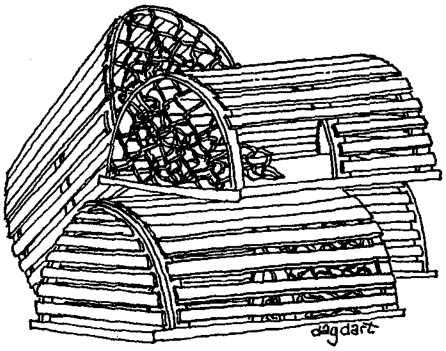
five feet nine), with blue eyes, a toothy smile, brown hair carelessly combed back, and, obviously, an enormous amount of energy. He seldom sits still. He has been referred to as "the bantam of the opera." At home—a beautiful and spacious house whose lawn, punctuated with trees, runs down to Lake Washington, in a suburb of the city—he is a devoted family man. His wife, the former Angelamaria Solimene, is an aristocratic-looking Italian woman, with dark eyes, gray hair, and a slim figure; she is a portrait painter. They have four children, the eldest of whom, Stephanie, is married to a San Francisco lawyer; their child is the Rosses' first grandchild. Stephanie was given her name because it can be easily transformed into the Italian Stefania, and the other children have names of similar bilingualism. Claudia is a painter, like her mother; she also studied forestry at the University of Washington, and is now a forestry consultant to small tree farmers for Weyerhaeuser. Claudia has been trained in Tai Chi Chuan. Melanie (Melania) is a technical coördinator at the opera. And Anthony (Antonio) is just out of college. He lives in Los Angeles, but the ties of family affection are strong, and he and the daughters often visit their parents. All the children were born in California, during Ross's operatic activities there, but all are bilingual, because they have spent a great deal of time in Italy. While he was producing opera in Los Angeles, he used his own children for the choirboys in the first act of "Tosca," as the two children in "Norma," in the children's chorus in "Carmen," as mice in an interpolated ballet for "La Cenerentola," and as Nibelungs in "Das Rheingold." The four were close enough in age to play together, and, because they grew accustomed to being taken from one place to another, they formed a solid front against the rest of the world. "Other people's kids read fairy tales," Melanie said recently. "*We* read 'The Ring of the Nibelung.' "

Mrs. Ross, whose nickname is Gio (pronounced "Joe"), is a very active woman. In addition to her portrait painting, she supervises the costume department for the opera and gives huge parties for the board of trustees, visiting critics, singers, and so forth, thinking nothing of managing two such parties per week. She has no servants to help her—except for a couple of waitresses during those parties—and does all the housework herself. She gets up at 5 A.M. to start her household duties, and Ross occasionally gets up then, too, to go to his office and get a head start on his work. They were married just after the Second World War, and are deeply devoted to each other.

According to Phelps, the past president of the board of trustees, Ross is essentially shy and ill at ease with people, but he is an extraordinarily capable man, who attracts a devoted following. "He is flexible but stubborn," Phelps said recently. "He involved everybody in extra research for the 'Ring.' He also had a hand in creating Pacific Northwest Dance, the Seattle ballet, and at one point, when they were doing 'The Nutcracker,' he somehow came up with the money for a five-thousand-dollar scrim just before the performance took place. He loves to ride horses, and he swims. His wife is a highly imaginative woman. For one of his California productions, the costumes had arrived but not the wigs. Gio found an old horsehair mattress, opened it up, and made wigs for the geisha in 'Butterfly' out of the contents."

While Ross is usually the epitome of good nature, he does get angry occasionally, usually over thoughtless mistakes. He is a stickler for good manners within the company and in the office, and never allows anyone to cut anyone else down. "He works very fast," one subordinate said. "He zips through his mail. And he always says, 'Keep your ears open.' When he is worried, he doesn't talk much. He accepts women's lib, but he doesn't really understand it. He once complimented a liberated woman on her looks, and she was insulted; he was merely puzzled. You can't tell what he is thinking unless he tells you. On the other hand, he seems to anticipate nearly everybody else's thoughts. He has a lot of good friends. One is a retired Boeing executive who handles fund raising and who was responsible for computerizing the opera's operations. It's an unpaid position."

Funds are currently needed to improve backstage facilities at the opera house and to build a rehearsal wing. However, with the help of the state, the county, and the city, and of the various foundations, Ross and his Seattle Opera haven't done badly from a financial point of view. The local politicians realize that he is bringing valuable tourism to the state, and to Seattle in particular, and the foundations are well aware of his efforts.



THERE is a sense of determination about Ross's career, but there has also been a long string of lucky breaks. He represents a new breed of impresario—the expert technician rather than the glamorous, tyrannical, rich-ladies'-hand-kissing type that was the rule in America for so many years. And his career has been one of the most implausible in the history of opera.

He was born on December 15, 1914, in the packinghouse district of South Omaha, Nebraska. His father, a Texas cowpuncher named Herman Aus (the son later changed it to "Ross"), was from Christiania (now Oslo), Norway, and his mother, born in a sod house in Saunders County, Nebraska, was a descendant of Swedish farmers. Her maiden name was Ida Carlson. When Ross was seven years old, his father managed to obtain a ten-acre farm in Sarpy County, south of Omaha, and there the boy was brought up. He had been a very small baby, and it was thought for a time that he would not live. On the farm he was given the easy jobs—washing dishes, herding cows, and doing the housework—because it was felt that he was too small for field work. (He had a brother, nine years older, who helped out with the more demanding chores.) But young Glynn worked very hard in order to get strong enough to harness the horses and plow a furrow all by himself. In time, he drove the grain wagon up to the threshing machines. He could drive horses at an early age, and has had a special knack of communicating with them ever since. In 1936, four years after Ross had graduated from high school, his father died, after a long illness, leaving him with the responsibilities of the farm and also with a big medical bill. (His brother had left the farm and married.) It was the time of the Depression, and there were droughts. "Corn was at ten cents a bushel," he recalled recently. "And hogs just couldn't be sold. Cornstalks would be broken and beans driven into the ground by dust storms, as well as by torrential rains—when there *was* any rain. Farming then was an emotional experience. Every crop I planted, I was planting with my own emotions. While he was still alive, my father looked over my shoulder. He was ill for four years before he died, and I worked my hind end off to pay off the mortgage and the medical bills. I vowed that I would never go into farming unless I had enough put away to withstand three bad years. Of course, any business has to be able to sustain three bad years. But I was naïve. I thought that other businesses could be controlled more closely—that farming was unique in being at the mercy of God and the elements. I worked not only on the farm but outside it, too. During one drought, I worked with the Civilian Conservation Corps, where I got thirty dollars a month. I'd send twenty-eight dollars home and keep two, and I gambled with one to see if I could make some more."

In high school, Ross's drama teacher had thought that the boy had great acting talent. He had been prominent in Gilbert and Sullivan performances. "I went up once to act in the Omaha Community Playhouse," Ross says. "That's the alma mater of Henry Fonda and Dorothy McGuire. I managed to get into Station WOW, doing radio commercials. Meanwhile, I worked cutting meat in a meat market on Saturdays. Then I got a job in a packinghouse. My drama teacher had studied at the Leland Powers School of Radio and Theatre, in Boston, and one day in the spring of 1937 I just wrote and said I was coming. I had a good track record on the farm, and my mother said, 'If that's what you want to do, Son, go ahead.' She is now ninety-nine, and she still lives on the farm. I finally managed to get somebody to allow me to ride in the caboose of a cattle train to Pittsburgh. I got off in the middle of the night and hitchhiked to Brooklyn, where I got a Greyhound bus to Boston, with seven dollars in my pocket. I had planned to take sixty dollars, but I was afraid I would get rolled in some railroad yard, so I gave fifty to my brother and carried the rest with me."

In Boston, Ross got a job waiting on tables in a private school called the Child-Walker School, earning his bed and board while attending drama school. "Child-Walker was a social school, in the sense that they picked people from the upper class, and it was art-oriented," he remembers. "It had a wonderful library, and—what was even more important—it got extra tickets to Symphony Hall, where the Boston Symphony was playing under Serge Koussevitzky. I heard people like Rachmaninoff play with the symphony. My first exposure to opera that I really remember was at the old Boston Opera House, where I worked as a super while big Julius Huehn was singing in 'Lohengrin.' He looked ten feet tall to me. I supered in several operas, and for a time I wrote publicity for the Salvation Army."

During that period, Ross had no inkling that he would ever be connected with opera in any serious way. His ambition was to be a Shakespearean actor. "I was not getting my place in the sun, though," he says. "I was not big enough or handsome enough to be a successful actor. I went through a couple of years getting the hayseeds out of my hair—I was self-conscious about my Midwestern accent. Not that Boston intimidated me in any way. Boston was very kind, and I've always thought that there are more good manners per square block in Boston than anywhere else. I experienced a sense of culture that I'd never felt in Sarpy County. I went on waiting on tables, and I got a little extra money working at the switchboard and by waiting up for the students who came in late and locking up after them. I worked Saturdays in a meat market in Cambridge, and at another in Roxbury. Also, I did cleaning chores at the Leland Powers School, and, in return, they let me have a little snack-bar concession, where I sold Cokes and odds and ends. At the end of my first year in drama school, I got a contact in Stratford-Upon-Avon in England, through a woman named Fannie Bradshaw, who had attended Leland Powers and was then living in Stratford. That summer of 1938, I managed to get over to Stratford, and I lived in a loft next to Anne Hathaway's cottage. I would cycle to the theatre every day. The director at that time was B. Iden Payne. I went to church, and later I realized that I was praying only a few feet from Shakespeare's tomb. At that time, Shakespeare was everything to me. He was the ultimate, whether I was going to be an actor, a writer, or a director."

Ross went back to Boston in September, then returned to Stratford the following summer. "I suppose I was a gofer at Stratford. My work was running errands for the staff. But for me just the exposure was a privilege. You never know how much is rubbing off. I got to see all the plays and all the rehearsals. I was absorbing Shakespeare like a little child in a new world. I was twenty-four, and I was still convinced that I would be a Shakespearean actor. But I couldn't get a job at Stratford. I came back to the States, but then I returned immediately to Britain, as a cargo supervisor on a coal-burning ship to Glasgow. I also filled in for a stoker who had become ill. I don't recommend that job. Hitler had invaded Poland, and German submarines were sinking ships in the Atlantic. As we approached Glasgow, we speculated on whether we would have to swim for it. One ship that passed us was sunk."

Ross was in England during the "phony war"—the period in which the United States was still isolationist. The American consul said Ross had to leave, and when he told the consul that he had no money he was shipped off on a boat that was floodlit, painted white, and had big American flags painted on each side. "The consul said that I could pay the government back sometime. It sailed from Southampton, and stopped at Bordeaux before crossing the Atlantic. The passengers were a *Who's Who* of the arts—the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Arthur Rubinstein, Paul Robeson, Vladimir Rosing, Anton Dolin, Baronova, Danilova. There were also two dancers who wanted to work for the Ballet Theatre, a company that had just been founded and that became the American Ballet Theatre some years later—Antony Tudor and Hugh Laing. The ship was very crowded. There were cots in the smoking lounge."

In England, Ross had met the British conductor Albert Coates through Rosing, a Russian-born tenor. By now, Coates was in California, where he had been invited to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl, and Ross was asked to join him. "My first real experience with opera as a participant came by way of Coates," Ross said recently. "He asked Rosing to form an opera studio in Los Angeles, and I worked with Rosing." Less than a year later, in the spring of 1940, it was operating and, with the help of W.P.A. sets and costumes, the company presented "Faust" in the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium. Rosing became ill, and final rehearsal

"She can pet him. He kills only on command."

responsibilities fell on Ross's shoulders.

"Then Coates wanted to leave for South Africa, where he eventually became music director and conductor of the newly formed Johannesburg City Symphony," Ross recalled. "He invited me to go with him, but I thought, That's not for me. The man who did become his conducting assistant was Ernest Fleischmann, now executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and general director of the Hollywood Bowl. I went back to Boston, and Wallace Goodrich, then head of the New England Conservatory, asked me to take over some classes in operatic acting. It was not really a department, but we called it that. We were looking for good male singers—hard to come by in wartime—who deserved scholarships, so that we could use money from an endowment fund. Geraldine Farrar, who had retired from opera years earlier and had become a trustee of the conservatory, really revived interest in opera there. A funny thing happened. Several years after that, I did my first 'Carmen' for the Fort Worth Opera Association. The girl who sang Carmen was Alberta Masiello, who is now an assistant conductor at the Met. She came to me and said that she was uncertain as to how I wanted the role played. I told her I didn't have time to teach her, and the only thing to be done was for me to run through the part in front of her, playing Carmen myself, and then she could decide if she wanted to play it my way. That's what we did, and that's the way she played it. After the performance, John Rosenfield, of the Dallas *Morning News*, wrote in his review that her characterization was 'in the memorable tradition of Geraldine Farrar.' And it wasn't until then that I realized that I had borrowed or stolen—or whatever you want to call it—Farrar's Carmen. The Don José was a promising young tenor named Brian Sullivan, who made his début at the Metropolitan that same year."

Ross paused for reflection, then said, "In December of 1942, I joined the Army. I thought that it would be the end of my career, but it turned out to be the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. I was sent to North Africa as a member of the Transportation Corps preparing for the invasion of Sicily. I was very useful in Oran, because I could speak French. In 1939, I had studied mime in London with Michel Saint-Denis. The Arabs all spoke French, so I could bargain for fresh fruit and fresh eggs. My acting training helped, too, in the haggling. Then my outfit moved to Bizerte, where I was made a sergeant technician in charge of unloading bombs. Once the port got organized, I studied Italian with a prisoner of war. I was wounded in the leg at Bizerte, and the wound refused to heal—I had osteomyelitis. So I was shipped back to Walter Reed hospital, where they were experimenting with a new drug called penicillin. I was one of the guinea pigs. The wound finally healed, and, curiously, my hair turned from blond to brown."

After being released from the hospital, Ross spent a month at Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia, where he took an Army Special Services course and then rejoined his outfit, which was now in Naples. He had been given a field commission as second lieutenant, and his job now was to head a rest camp in an old hotel on the island of Ischia, just at the entrance to the Bay of Naples. There he began to show his talent as an organizer. He remade the old hotel. "Ischia was technically under British naval control, but I did such a good job that all the Americans came there on leave. I outfitted everybody in clothes I had bought by mail order from Sears, Roebuck, so nobody could tell any difference in rank. A private could stand at the bar next to a general, and neither would know. They all relaxed. I gave them lobster dinners with wine, and breakfast in bed. I would thoroughly spoil them during the week they were there. I did a lot of wheeling and dealing. I got the best wines from France, and Scotch from Greece. The place became famous." Ross also met his future wife there. She was the daughter of a Neapolitan lawyer named Ermanno Solimene, who had been a rebel against Mussolini's government. Both he and his daughter had been exiled to the island of Lipari until the Americans came. When Ross arrived in Ischia,

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Solimene was the owner of a small boatbuilding business there that the British had requisitioned.

Eventually, Ross was moved to the mainland—to Naples itself, where he was put in charge of seven hotels that provided temporary living quarters for military personnel. "It was great discipline," he recalled. "I had to get all the financial books completed, and send them to the adjutant general. I had to order food and wine, and keep the waiters and room-service personnel on their toes. I could still get wine from France. When I got back to the States, I thought that waiters were trying to insult me by offering me poor service. I had been used to the best."

IT was in Naples that Ross's real experience with opera began. He had had no musical training except for some piano lessons with his mother, but he did know something about acting. "I met a man in my own outfit who told me he was a friend of the prompter at the Teatro di San Carlo, a certain Maestro Arturo Rizzo," Ross recalled. "By that time, the war was over in Europe, and Naples had become a tremendous shipping-out place. Troops were everywhere, and the Army wanted something to keep them off the streets. So the Allies began to put on opera at the San Carlo, Naples' famous old opera house. I made my début as a stage director with Tancredi Pasero, the great Italian bass, in 'Boris Godunov.' We used the same scenery for several operas—'L'Amico Fritz,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' and so on. We put on three shows a day. I was still running the seven hotels, too. Some of the finest Italian singers came to the opera house—elderly ones, like Francesco Merli, Beniamino Gigli, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Tancredi Pasero, and some younger ones, like Giuseppe di Stefano, Luigi Infantino, Tito Gobbi, and Italo Tajo. They called me Maestro, and I called them Maestro, but there was no doubt about who was doing the learning.

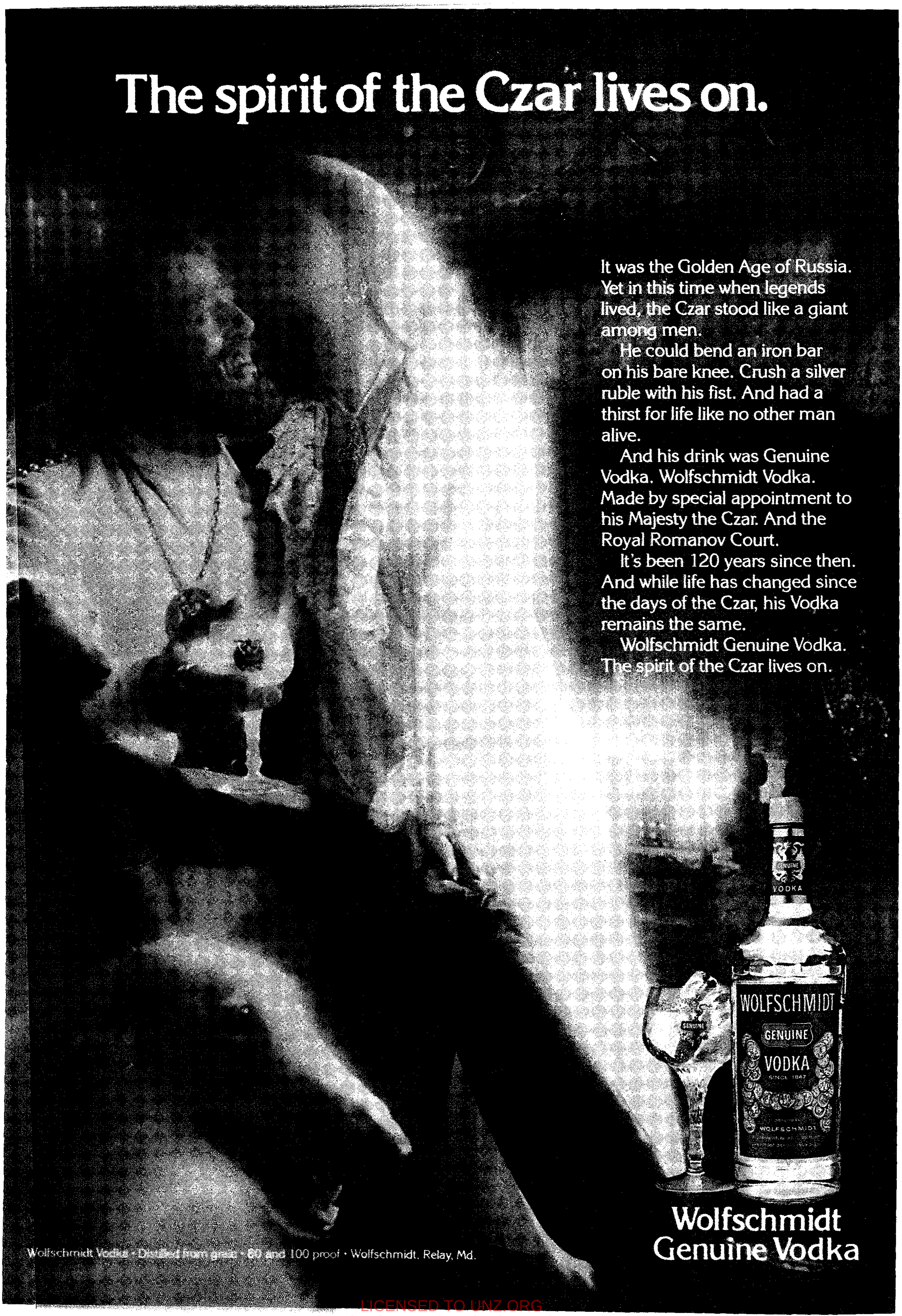
"I wanted to marry Gio. The Army didn't make it easy. Finally, they told me that if I enlisted again it could be worked out. So I did, but in order to get Gio a passport so we could go to Paris for our honeymoon we had to placate the whole Italian bureaucracy with cigarettes. We had a civil marriage. We had a woman major who was very efficient, and she did everything she could to keep me from leaving Italy. She thought I was too valuable. When we wanted to go to the States, the military said that Gio could only travel on a war brides' ship. I wasn't having any of that. We finally got on the same ship because we had a dog, so the Army let us travel as supercargo on a vessel that was taking a shipment of dogs to the United States. It was March, 1947. When we got to New York, Gio was astounded to find that all the Neapolitan dialects were spoken in Brooklyn. We began going to the theatre frequently, and I looked for a hotel job."

Ross could have returned to the New England Conservatory, but he wanted Gio to see America, so they travelled by train to Omaha, where Ross bought a car. They stopped in Central City, Colorado, and he was offered a fund-raising job, which he refused. He wanted to work either in hotel management or in opera directing. They went on to Los Angeles, where his friend Vladimir Rosing was forming an opera workshop—a place for young singers to gain experience rehearsing and performing operas. He joined Rosing, and they found that scores of people wanted to study opera on the G.I. Bill. They did a number of operas with Ross as stage director.

In 1948, Gaetano Merola, the head of the San Francisco Opera, hired Ross as a stage director. The season opened with Verdi's "Falstaff," with Regina Resnik as Alice, Ebe Stignani as Dame Quickly, Licia Albanese as Nanetta, and Salvatore Baccaloni as Falstaff. Italo Tajo, whom Ross had recommended, sang several roles with the company and became the hit of the season.

During the late nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, Ross was spending four months of the year in San Francisco, and the remainder producing opera elsewhere. In Los Angeles, he and a colleague founded the Guild Opera, which toured extensively in southern California. He staged four productions for the Fort Worth Opera Association. While he was in San Francisco, he got his first invitation to Seattle, where, in 1954, he worked with a company called the Northwest Grand Opera. Shortly before that, the Austrian-born conductor Richard Lert, who had emigrated to California, and who had heard of Ross's work, told him that he should go to Bayreuth to observe the production of Wagner opera at first hand, and wrote him a letter of introduction to the conductor Hans Knappertsbusch.

Ross went to Bayreuth to spend the



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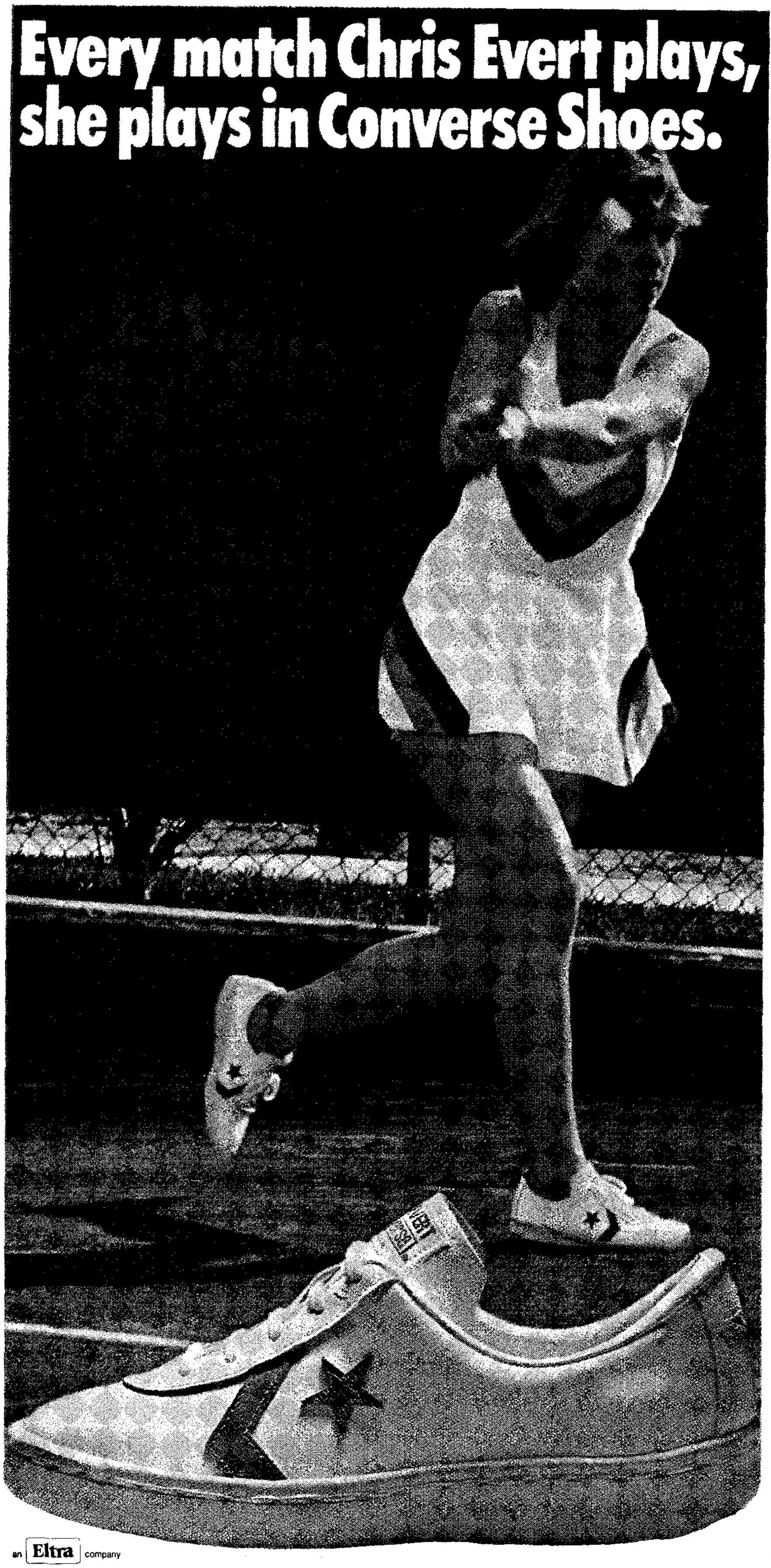
summer of 1954. He could not afford to take his family, so his wife remained at home with the children, in California. He returned to Bayreuth the following summer, too. It was the austere period of Wieland Wagner's abstract sets in the style of Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia. Ross was not a paid member of the company, but he did work with the production crew, which gave him the opportunity to observe the staging close up. The winters in America were very busy. Ross had become one of the most sought-after opera stage directors in the country. In the early nineteen-fifties, a new opera company, the Cosmopolitan Opera, was formed in San Francisco to compete with Merola's San Francisco Opera. "It was backed by a wealthy Scot," Ross recalled not long ago. "I was part of the new company, and so were such famous singers as Jussi Björling, Zinka Milanov, and Richard Tucker. The Cosmopolitan Opera did not last, however. The Scot was a widower and a firm believer in spiritualism and fortune-telling. On the advice of a medium, he remarried. His second wife didn't like the idea of his squandering his fortune on opera. Finally, the medium told him that if he did not give up supporting opera he would drop dead. That was the end of the Cosmopolitan Opera."

This left Ross with nothing to do. So in 1959 he went back to Naples, this time with his wife and children. He put the children in a convent school and looked for a job. He got one at the Teatro di San Carlo, and also one in Catania. "At San Carlo, we put on the first 'Lucia' since Callas," he recalls. The Neapolitans scarcely realized that he *was* an American; in fact, he debated the idea of adding an "i" to his name. But his own name was so well known in Naples that he decided against it. He spent three years as a director in Naples, and frequently returned to America alone, leaving his family there. He had numerous offers in America. One came from the Laguna Beach Opera, where he produced opera off and on for two years and was then asked to create a performing-arts festival there. Then a man named Albert Foster, the first president of the board of the Seattle Opera, called him and asked him to come to Seattle for an interview. The result was an offer to create and direct an opera company. Ross was already in love with Seattle, so he turned down the job in Laguna Beach, and in December of 1963 he and his family arrived in Seattle. "I felt that the potential here was very great,"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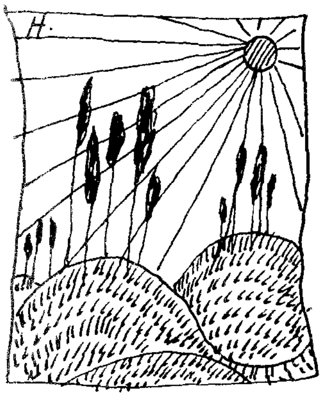
he said recently. The offer was for eighteen months, and it left him free to direct opera elsewhere. In the spring of 1964, he produced his Seattle Opera "Tosca" and "Carmen" on a budget of ninety-one thousand dollars for two performances of each. At that time, he did not regard the Seattle job as anything necessarily permanent. During the winter of 1964, he had gone to Italy to fulfill a couple of contracts there. By the time he returned to this country, however, he realized that the Seattle job, though it meant a considerable loss of income, held possibilities that he did not see elsewhere. He welcomed the chance to be an operatic administrator as well as a stage director, and soon he set to work on several projects, including public relations (this was the period of the bumper stickers and the skywriting) and plans for supplemental education in the schools. Ross went through the first three years without government support of any kind, but the opera was such a tremendous success that he managed on box-office receipts, private contributions, and the assistance of the Ford Foundation. Later on, the federal government, and then the state, county, and city governments, began to play their parts.

TODAY, the Seattle Opera is a going concern, but Ross's ambition remains undiminished. When the "Ring" was such a huge success, Ross proposed the most ambitious idea of his life—a plan for a Pacific Northwest Festival in the Forest, of which the "Ring" would be a part. He got an important political figure, Lou Guzzo, who had been one of Governor Dixy Lee Ray's principal campaign managers, to enlist the support of the Governor for his proposal. The Weyerhaeuser Company pledged thirty acres of forestland for the project—thirty acres surrounded by a hundred and ten more, which insure privacy. Ross has planned three theatres, an amphitheatre, and eating facilities for the project. The Weyerhaeuser land is twenty-five minutes south of Seattle by car, about halfway between Seattle and Tacoma. Ross hopes that people will be attracted from all over the world.



The project is now in the works, and Ross is positive that it will be a success. It has brought out the salesman in him as never before. He argues that Seattle, as the nearest port to the Orient in the contiguous forty-eight states, is bound to become the center of the cultural world. "The Orient is not the Far East anymore," he said recently. "It's the Near West. The Festival in the Forest will develop into a year-round activity. It will include a larger Wagner series, a World's Fair of the Arts, an international conference on the humanities, and presentations of other performing arts, such as symphony and theatre. We are not only a cosmopolitan place—we are the cultural capital of the Pacific rim countries. We are closer to Russia and Japan than any other large city in the forty-eight states, and we have the opportunity of becoming a center not only of Pacific culture but of world culture. For the 'Ring,' we can use new film-projection techniques to create scenic effects. We have used projections before. We did an all-film-projection of 'Turandot' with Birgit Nilsson in 1969. The entire stage was a movie screen. The projections were in color, and created a very misty atmosphere. There's a big momentum toward the festival. There will be Wagner. There will be millions of dollars in tourist revenue. This all comes down to a theory I have: the commodity market has largely been satisfied, and now people are going to go in for the experience market. They are not going to leave their money in the bank; they are going to travel and see things. Free time is not enough. People are not going to sit around. A lot of older people are going to say, 'What am I saving my money for?' "

Last year, the state of Washington authorized five million dollars in bonds for the project. "There will be a commission, like a World's Fair Commission, only it won't self-destruct in five years," Ross told me. "The commission might even become a national commission, or a world commission—like the Olympics. A world committee! And, frankly, during the winter I would like to do here what the Germans have done in the Ruhr Valley for the miners. Just after the Second World War, theatres and opera houses needed coal. The Ruhr miners sent it, and in return they were invited to a free performance. That's how the Ruhr Festival got started. It's backed

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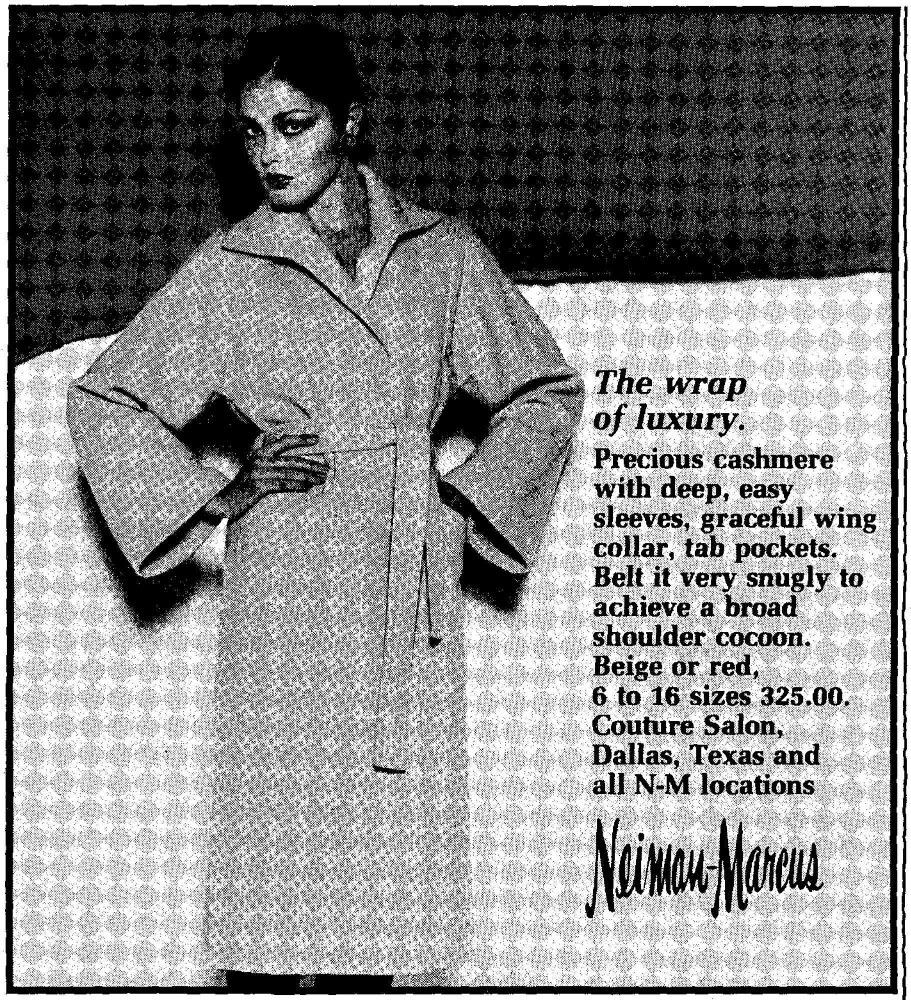

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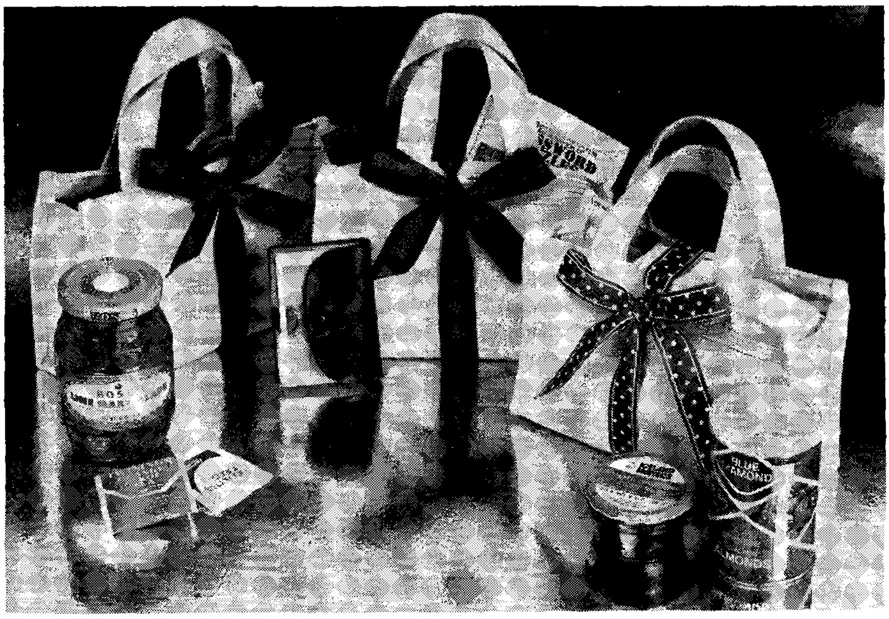

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by the trade unions and the city of Recklinghausen. I would like to do something with labor backing. When I realized that we had one of the highest per-capita operagoing publics in the United States, we began to pursue other sources of income. One was the 'Ring,' which is for tourism. The population of metropolitan Seattle is only a million and a half, give or take a little, yet we are still one of the few companies other than the Met to put singers on annual salary—mostly lesser-known singers, to be sure. And we have our own coaches. The singers are not old, they are not fat, they sing in your own language, and the seat prices are comparable to those of a movie house—three dollars for the cheapest ones, and even less if you buy a subscription. You don't have a snob audience at that price. A star, to be a star, must travel, so we have to import stars and pay them accordingly. And our younger singers are allowed to sing anywhere else they want. One of our tenors is singing at the Kennedy Center, and not so long ago one of our baritones sang Wotan with the San Diego Opera. We encouraged him to go, because we thought the experience of singing Wotan could be important to him. But the Festival in the Forest is the main thing just now. We have made elaborate surveys for it. All nations will be represented. I expect the world to respond. It will be more than a world's fair—it will be a continuing world's fair of the arts. And the idea is already taking shape. As far as I am concerned, provincialism is dead. Long live regionalism!" —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Six Crises" (1962), by Richard M. Nixon*]

President Eisenhower gave up smoking in 1945. I asked him once whether he was ever tempted to resume the habit. "No," he said, and then added: "I can't say that I might not start again. But I can tell you one thing for sure: I'll never quit again!" My attitude toward writing a book runs along somewhat similar lines: I might start another one, but I am sure I will never finish it!

•

Miss Wagner, who sounded as if she were reading one of her scripts, also told the astonished group she is a believer in parental influences—that is, she was aware of things before she was born.

"Such as what?" she was asked.

The actress said she recalled seeing a Cary Grant film, "An Affair to Remember," while in her mother's womb.
—*Kansas City Star.*

Yeah, but if you can't buy popcorn in there, where's the fun?

THE THEATRE

IN PRAISE OF LEMMON

OF Bernard Slade's first play on Broadway, "Same Time, Next Year," I predicted that it would run forever, and I haven't yet been proved wrong—the slick little comedy is in its fourth year and has happily survived any number of cast changes. Of Mr. Slade's second play on Broadway, "Tribute" (at the Brooks Atkinson), I predict that, though an immediate hit, it won't run forever—on the contrary, I expect it to run only as long as Jack Lemmon remains its star, for it is Mr. Lemmon whose talent, intelligence, and exceptionally attractive stage presence give the play its appearance of felt life. Without Mr. Lemmon, "Tribute" would seem little more than an adroitly written soap opera, implausible in structure and meagre in content. Looking on the bright side, I suggest that it will be fortunate for all of us if Mr. Lemmon's success in this harmless, moderately entertaining vehicle serves to lure him back to Broadway in a play worthy of his gifts—in, say, Philip Barry's "Second Threshold" or Lillian Hellman's "The Autumn Garden."

"Tribute" bases its plot on a gimmick: Friends of Scottie Templeton, the hero of the play, have rented a theatre in which to pay tribute to him; we in the audience at the Brooks Atkinson are in that very theatre and are, in effect, among his dear friends. Toward the end of the play, after Scottie, his ex-wife, his son, a couple of girlfriends, and a close business associate have acted out what amounts to a version of the old TV show "This Is Your Life," Scottie is discovered seated in a box at the Brooks Atkinson; he comes down to the footlights and thanks us, his old companions, for . . . well, for what? Certainly not for the tribute that we are supposed to have been paying him, because, having been told again and again by his admirers onstage that he is among the wittiest and most charming of men, we have had demonstrated to us only that Mr. Lemmon is among the most resourceful of actors; it is *his* charm that we find ourselves applauding. For Scottie Templeton is a dying man, understandably at the end of his emotional tether; he is making a frantic attempt to establish a relationship with his priggish son, who, on the evidence of his lines, is wholly unworthy of his mischievous scamp of a father. The playwright wishes us to see that Scottie's attempt is proof of an authentically unselfish and loving parental impulse, but as the role is written we are apt to conclude that the attempt springs from the fact that the son is the only person alive upon whom Scottie's implacable winsomeness has failed to have an effect. It is not love unrequited but narcissism outwitted that has brought Scottie to the brink of breakdown.

Mr. Lemmon has the support of an admirable cast: Rosemary Prinz, Tresa Hughes, Robert Picardo, Catherine Hicks, Joan Welles, and A. Larry Haines. The scenery is by William Ritman, the costumes are by Lowell Detweiler, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and the direction is by Arthur Storch.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME," at the Circle in the Square, is a literary curiosity—a comedy that stumbles and rights itself again and again in the course of stringing together by hook or by crook the greatest possible number of funny lines and sight gags. It is very pleasant indeed to have this celebrated souvenir of the thirties revived, especially in a production that, under the direction of Tom Moore, takes care never to mock the play's many gaucheries of craftsmanship and tone. The first of several successful collaborations by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, it is now almost fifty years old, and it unquestionably shows its age. By contemporary standards, it is far too long; moreover, it is in three acts, and one sees with what difficulty the authors wove the three acts into a coherent whole. Moss Hart devotes almost half of his delightful autobiography, "Act One," to the genesis of "Once in a Lifetime;" it is one of the most instructive accounts ever written of how plays can be hammered into actable shape by dogged hard work and showbiz know-how. In 1930, "Once in a Lifetime" was a big hit (Kaufman himself making a hit in the role of a Broadway playwright hired by a Hollywood studio and then entirely forgotten); the play was slangy, headlong, and irreverent, in a fashion that we tend to associate today largely with the Marx Brothers. It poked fun at the vulgarity and egomania then rampant in Hollywood, making it clear at the same time that these qualities were to be found everywhere throughout the country.

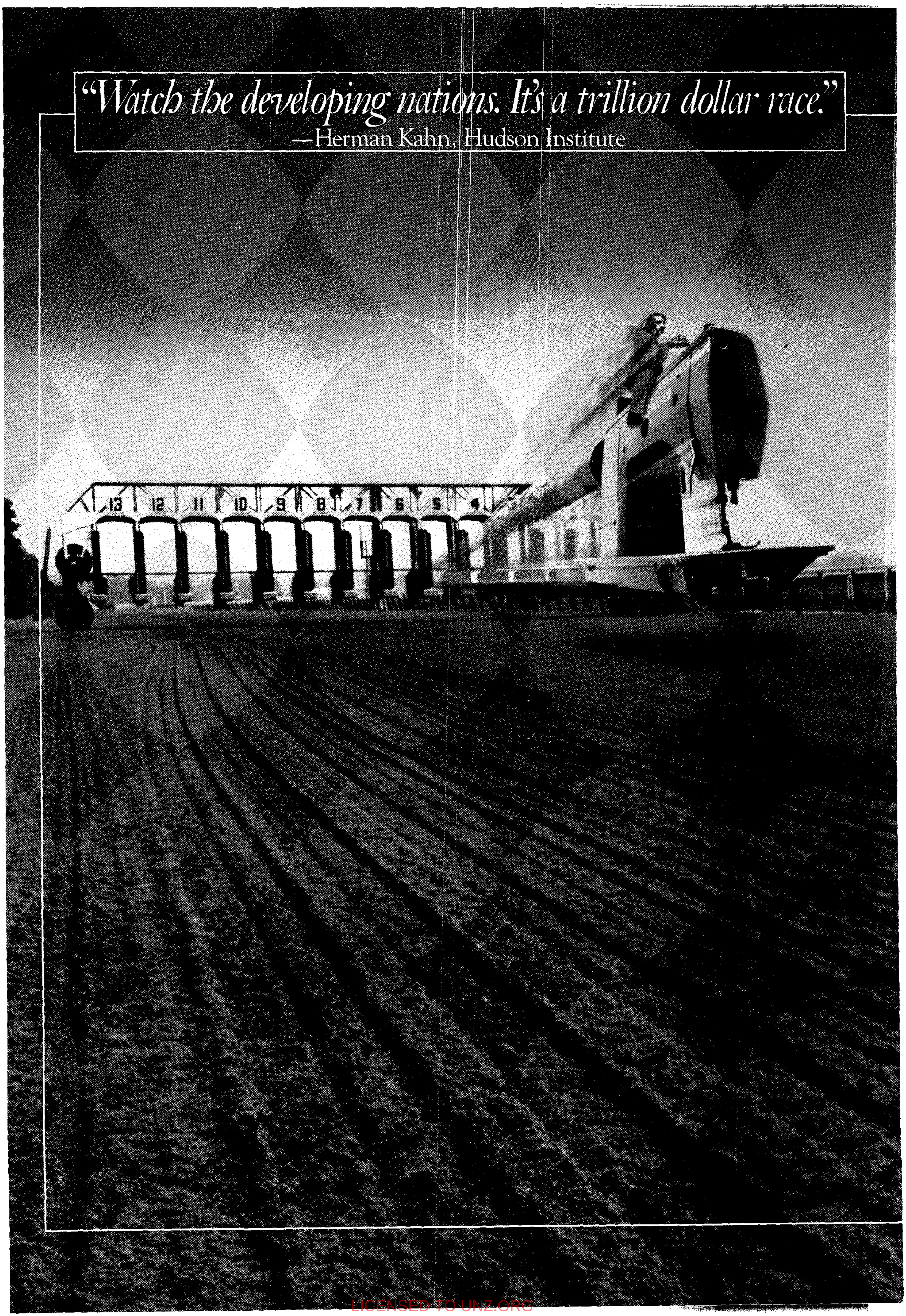
The plot of "Once in a Lifetime" deals with the coming of the "talkies" to Hollywood. George Lewis, an unemployed vaudeville straight man of little intelligence and no talent, arrives in Hollywood and through a series of preposterous accidents is hailed as a genius; he becomes the right-hand man of the noisiest, most manic, and most important of Hollywood producers. Every error Lewis makes pays off; everything he clumsily blunders into turns to gold. John Lithgow plays this lucky dolt to perfection, and George S. Irving is perfect, too, as the hissing and stamping and roaring producer. Jayne Meadows Allen has a certain amount of fun with the role of a newspaperwoman, nakedly modelled upon Louella Parsons, and Max Wright is superbly distrait as the Broadway playwright. In the good old-fashioned nineteen-thirties way, the cast is enormous, and I dare not try to salute any more of them by name. The scenery is by Karl Eigsti, the costumes are by Carol Luiken, and the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana. First read Moss Hart's autobiography, then go see the play; you will have a good time.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Lady Sings the Blues

"I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD," at the Public, is a musical in the form of an audition by a night-club singer and her company for her manager on the day before opening night. She is thirty-nine now, and deeply a part of the women's movement, and the act—autobiographical, at times self-mocking, but mostly serious—is filled with new songs and dialogue that horrify and repel him. And so does she, with her untidy hair and her deliberately drab costume, and at the end, in a fury, he walks out. The show was written by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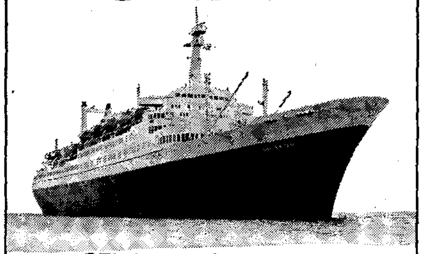

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Nancy Ford (music) and by Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics), who also plays the leading role. These are the two remarkable women whose "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" was one of the glories of Off Broadway in 1970, which makes this show all the more disappointing. "Isaac" was about war protesters and a young man who was trying to keep his head above water in those rackety, engulfing years; "I'm Getting My Act Together" is a protest show, too, but it has a querulous undertone, and it is a lexicon of all those awful words and phrases (some of them used ironically, to be sure) that are the jargon of the nineteen-seventies—"relate," "relationship," "confrontation," "cleaning lady," "manipulating," "sick," and, worst of all, "celebrating me."

The show may indeed be disappointing, yet it is anything but a total loss. Miss Ford's buoyant music, in song after song, and Mrs. Cryer's nimble lyrics, in a lot of the songs, belie that querulousness and all those grievances. It took courage for Mrs. Cryer to play the heroine as she does, and I wish she had pulled it off, but she hasn't. It also took courage for her to surround herself with a young, proficient, and thoroughly delightful company of singers and musicians and actors—most of them all three. They are Joel Fabiani (as the manager), Margot Rose, Betty Aberlin, Don Scardino, Scott Berry, Lee Grayson, Bob George, and Dean Swenson. At one marvellous moment, the gifted Mr. Scardino sings a few bars of a love song to cheer up the depressed heroine, and feminism suddenly becomes theatre. Under Word Baker's skillful direction, the illusion of the audition, with its special blend of informality, nerves, and discipline, is perfectly maintained. Good costumes and lighting by Pearl Somner and Martin Tudor, respectively.

EDMUND WILSON'S "This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches," at the Borough of Manhattan, Off Off Broadway, through June 25th, is about a theatrical troupe in the Village in the nineteen-twenties, the passion for art that holds them together, and the other passions that, along with bad box office, lead to their eventual dissolution. This room is the bedroom-sitting room of Sally Voight, the leading lady of the troupe (and of the play), where the members meet to discuss professional and personal matters, and where we see her, in bed and out, with the men who fall in love with her. The period is that of "The Shores of Light," of course, and these Beech Street Players are, almost of course, based on those at the Provincetown Playhouse, where Mr. Wilson's first wife, Mary Blair, was a leading actress ("All God's Chillun Got Wings"), where Edna Millay worked as actress and dramatist ("Aria da Capo"), and where Wilson's first play ("The Crime in the Whistler Room") was produced. One can have quite a good time trying to match the characters onstage with the actual people whose lives were absorbed by the legendary Provincetown Playhouse or touched upon it. Or, better yet, one can ignore all that, for the play has considerable strength of its own, and the whole romantic atmosphere of Greenwich Village in the twenties—the concerns and ideas of the Villagers about sexual freedom and friendship and the labor movement and anarchism and the non-commercial theatre vs. Broadway—pour into that little room in conversations and action.

The players of the Borough of Manhattan company are, for the most part, beginners, who so far lack, among other things, the skill to mask the stiffness of many of the lines, yet they match the Beech Street Players in dedication, to say nothing of enterprise. The play is there, and they are the ones who have resurrected it. Mary Irey is well cast as Sally; a bit awkward and shaky at first, she gains poise and confidence as the evening progresses, and her colleagues at least indicate their characters and at most do more than that. The sketchy setting appears to be more assembled than designed, which doesn't matter a bit. Ellis Santone directed.

—EDITH OLIVER

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*Roark Bradford in "A Cookbook: The Stag at Ease," compiled by Marian Squire, 1938*]

Now, to be specific: Suppose you want to have a steak dinner, say, on the Fourth of July. (You have to make up your mind and premeditate a steak dinner.) On January 4, six months before your dinner, visit a good butcher shop, where the best cold storage meats are to be had. Have your butcher bring out a good big loin of beef. The loin should be from a steer weighing not less than a thousand pounds (the steer, not the loin) and it should have a rich, red color with plenty of suet around it. Have a cut made from the loin at least three inches, and not more than four inches thick, straight across. See that the tail end of the cut is as thick as the bone end. The cut should weigh five or six pounds, and the butcher will charge you near three dollars for it. Pay him; it will be worth it.

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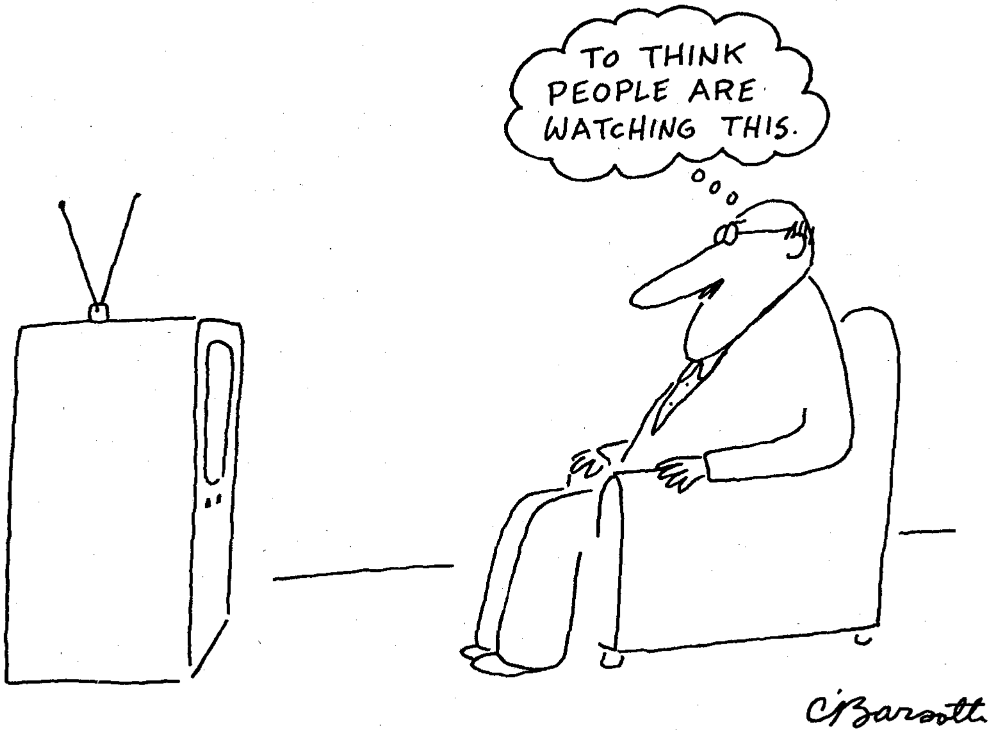
U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ENGLAND

A REAL NICE CLAMBAKE

I THINK it's only prudent to be wary about accepting an invitation to attend a clambake at a gentlemen's club. I have always thought of a clambake as a long picnic whose atmosphere is somewhere between informal and roistering—the sort of event that ends late in the evening with bad sunburns and worse singing and a demand by the big fellow who has had too much beer that everyone help him display his strength by forming a pyramid on his stomach. Wouldn't a gentlemen's-club version of that event result in a lot of sand getting down into the leather armchairs? My suspicion that a gentlemen's club might be an unusually formal setting for a clambake was confirmed by the person who had in fact phoned to invite me to a clambake at the Squantum club, in Providence—Donald Breed, a reporter for the Providence *Journal*. As a new member of the club, Breed showed up for his first clambake not long ago wearing a sport coat but no tie, and was drawn aside by the steward, who reminded him, in a kindly sort of way, that he was not properly dressed for the occasion. As it happens, I would be wary about accepting an invitation to eat anything at a gentlemen's club. Some years ago, in the course of attending a round of weddings just after college graduation, I stumbled across a simple truth about clubs in America: the tastelessness of the food varies in direct proportion to the exclusiveness of the club. The discovery came to me during a wedding reception on the North Shore of Long Island, about the time I finished a canapé that I had analyzed as a small section of Kraft pre-sliced American cheese resting on a quarter of a piece of middle-aged Wonder bread. After many years of trying to figure out why fancy clubs have such awful food, I have finally arrived at an explanation that seems logical: the food in such places is so tasteless because the members associate spices and garlic with just the sort of people they're trying to keep out.

When I spoke to Breed on the telephone, I got the impression that the Squantum club is, as men's clubs go, fairly flexible about bloodlines—although not to the point of retaining a chef who goes heavy on the oregano and schmalz. Breed told me that the Squantum had actually been founded, in the mid-nineteenth century, by people who were drawn together by a strong interest in eating seafood—it is built on a point that juts into Narragansett Bay—and that it had never strayed from the values of its founders to the extent of installing anything like a golf course or a sauna bath. Breed said that the Squantum bake could provide a sort of warmup for the first public bake of the season at Francis Farm a few days later—Francis Farm, in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, not far from Providence, being a place that stages clambakes of the sort that last all day and include horseshoe pitching and may even feature, now and then, a big fellow who wants everyone to form a pyramid on his stomach. I told Breed I would be pleased to join him at the Squantum, and he asked me—in the discreet way people ask these days, when anybody might show up anywhere wearing anything—if I happened to own a necktie.

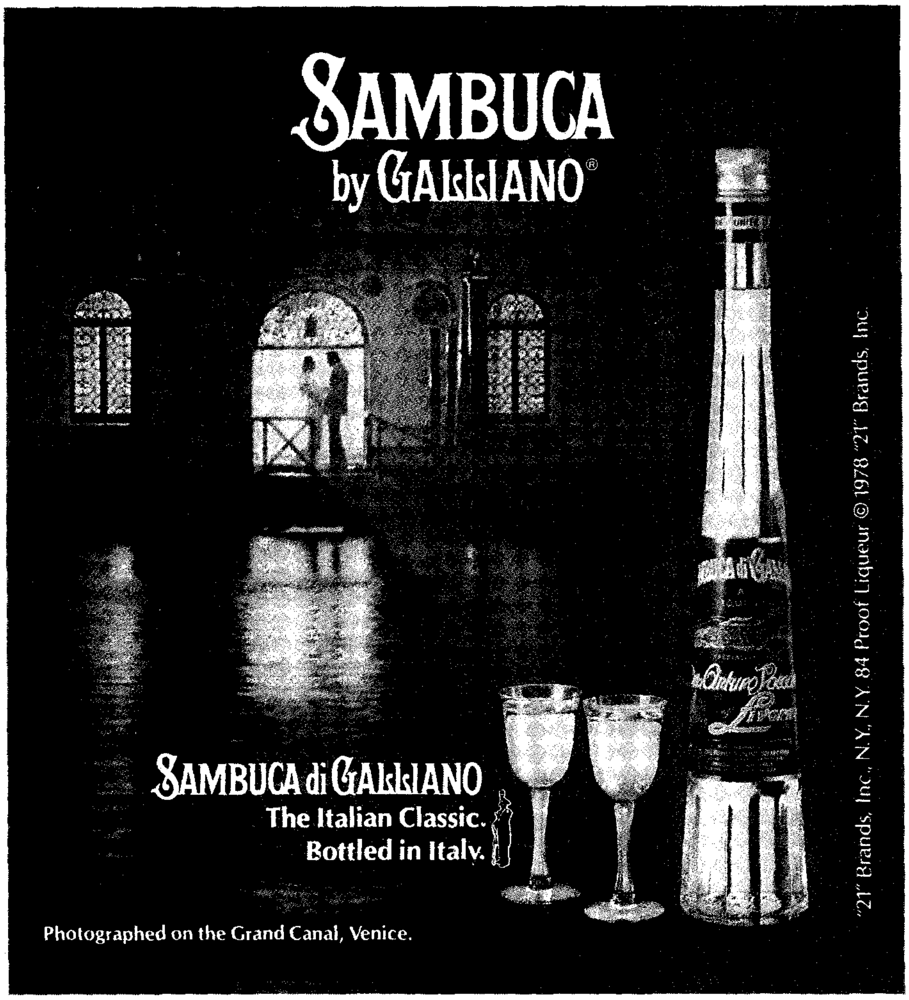

TO THINK PEOPLE ARE WATCHING THIS.
CBarsotti

LIKE a lot of serious shellfish eaters I have encountered over the years, Breed had a landlocked childhood—in northwestern Illinois, near the Wisconsin state line. He was fortunate enough to come to roost in a section of the Northeast where the custom of clambakes remains strong. People all over New England, of course, have always baked clams on the beach—built a fire of hardwood over stones that will retain the heat, then piled on four or five inches of rockweed that pops and sizzles as it steams—but the custom seems particularly institutionalized around Providence. Elderly people in the area speak of going by horse and buggy earlier in the century to annual clambakes that are still being held—the Hornbine Church Bake, for instance, or the Moosup Valley Grange Bake. There are said to be old-timers around Providence who can tell from the taste of a clam not just where it came from but whether it was baked over oak or cherry.

Around Narragansett Bay, in fact, the tradition of clambakes seems to have outlasted the clams. Although there are still enough quahogs in the bay for chowder, the clams that are actually baked on a clambake tend to be soft-shell clams trucked in from Maine. The Narragansett clam supply has been cut by pollution, of course. According to some work being done at the University of Rhode Island, though, an equally serious threat to the supply of clams and flounder and cod and tuna and the other seafoods traditionally eaten in this country is the rigidity of American notions about which fish is and which fish is not fit to eat. A project at U.R.I. has been doing what it can do for the popularity of such "underutilized species" as the ocean pout, a fish that looks almost as bad as it sounds, and the dogfish, which the Rhode Island specialists prefer to call the grayfish. One of the people involved, Spiros Constantinides, told me that the strain on the clam supply could be eased if people simply utilized the available mussels and whelks as well. If the University of Rhode Island folks had their way, high-school productions of "Carousel" would probably include a song entitled "This Was a Real Nice Whelk Bake."

I like mussels myself, and I think that over the years I have done my share to see that they are not underutilized. But I also like clams. I like steamed clams and clams on the half shell—although the first time I saw one of those, when I was fresh from my own landlocked childhood, I thought it was some sort of mistake. I love fried clams. I suppose my favorite clam dish is something called Soft Clam Belly Broil, a specialty of Gage & Tollner, in Brooklyn, and I might as well admit that my pleasure in downing an order used to be enhanced rather than diminished by imagining that some unwary traveller on some lonely turnpike was, at that very moment, eating necks that had been cut off my clam bellies and buried in batter. (I eventually learned that turnpike fried clams are made not with discarded clam necks but with strips cut from an ocean clam—a creature of the size to produce the sort of ashtrays favored by chain smokers.) I like clam chowder so much that I have occasionally been willing to listen to Boston and New York fanciers argue about whether its base should be tomatoes or cream—the East Coast equivalent of the even drearier Southwestern argument about what belongs in chili—as long as I had a bowl of one type or the other in front of me during the discussion. In fact, almost as soon as I sat down for dinner at the Squantum—in a huge outbuilding called a bakehouse, which the members had the good sense to build on a patch of ground that people lacking their historical perspective might have used for a tennis court—I realized how the chowder theorists might symbolize the identity problems facing Providence as the large Northeastern coastal city that is neither Boston nor New York: some places around Providence, including the Squantum, make clam chowder with both cream and tomatoes, so that the bitter argument between red and white is avoided with an ambivalent pink.

The chowder had been preceded by clams on the half shell—served at the main clubhouse, a spectacular turn-of-the-century pile overlooking the bay—and clam broth and clam fritters. After some sausage and sweet potato and the baked clams themselves, the waitress brought around a dish of ice cream. I told Breed that the Squantum bake was a pretty good feed—considering that it was run by a gentlemen's club fancy enough to line up five forks at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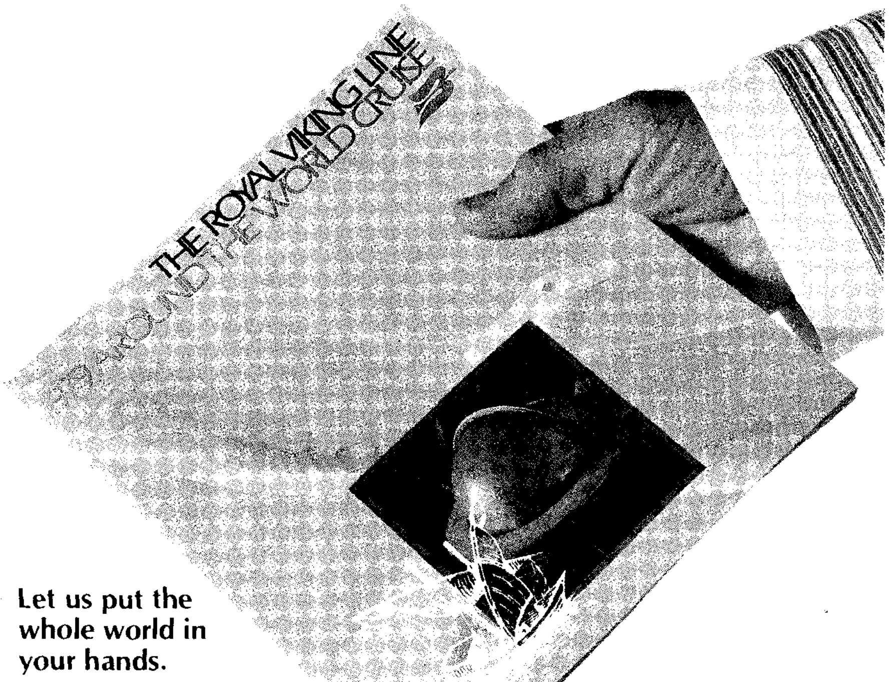

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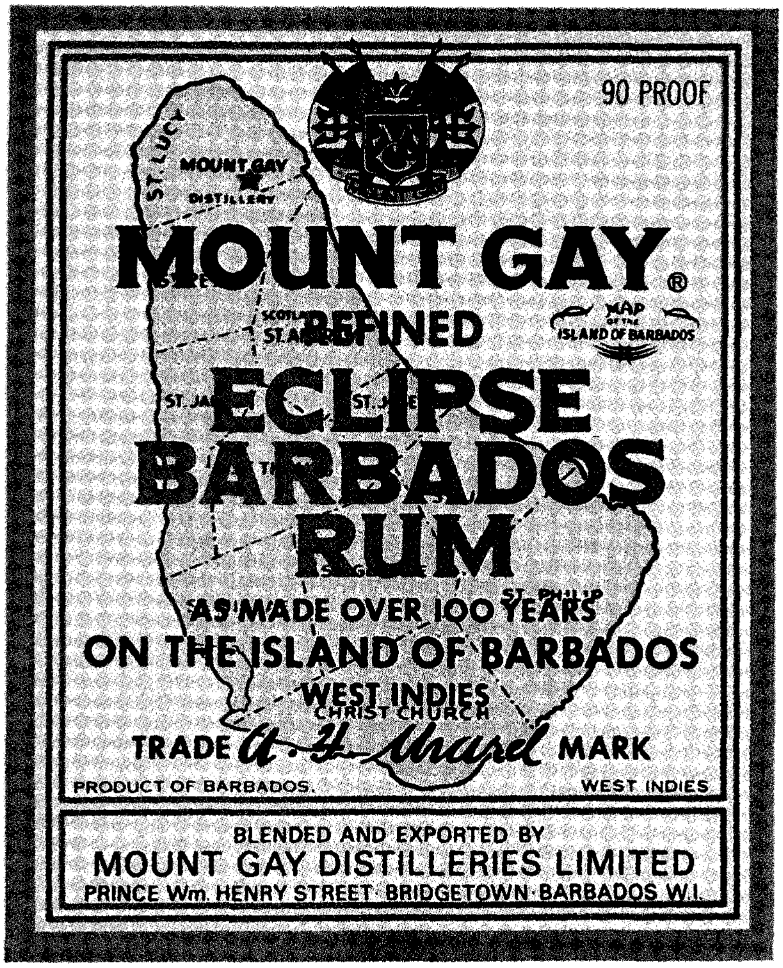

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each place setting, and that many of those in attendance seemed of an age to exercise some moderation about what they ate in the six or eight hours before bedtime. Breed told me that we were being served ice cream merely to cleanse the palate for the rest of the meal. Although I didn't remember any palate cleansing at the "Carousel" clambake, I followed the example of my host—and then followed it again as he downed some shad and a dish of coleslaw and more potatoes and a small lobster and some Indian pudding. The assembled club members consumed all this with routine dignity, as if they were eating prime ribs of beef au jus with potatoes au gratin and choice of one vegetable.

Breed was already talking about the bake to be held at Francis Farm a few days later. "Go easy on the clam cakes out there," he warned me.

"Aren't they any good?" I asked.

"Delicious," he said. "Small and very crisp. But they'll fill you up for the clams. You have to pace yourself."

"THE chowder makes them expand in your stomach," one of the regulars at the Francis Farm public bake explained to me the following Sunday. He was warning me about the clam cakes, and he was popping some of them into his mouth as he gave the warning. Like the Squantum club, Francis Farm has been putting on clambakes for about a century, but, unlike the Squantum club, where only the clams are actually baked over the traditional wood coals and seaweed, Francis Farm is militantly anti-stove. Except for the substitution of iron ingots for large stones, the bake at Francis Farm is done the way it has always been done—starting with a four-foot-high hardwood fire. As the fire burns down, a troupe of college boys appears, like travelogue natives who have always known their role in the ritual. The coals and ingots are raked smooth, bags of rockweed are piled on, a screen is placed over the rockweed, just about everything anybody intends to eat is placed on the screen, and the entire pile is covered with canvases until the college boys return an hour later to "pull the bake." Francis Farm uses the traditional fire to bake clams, lobsters, sausage, potatoes, filet of pollack, onions, and even stuffing. George Taylor—who, along with his father-in-law, Frank Miller, bought the clambake operation from the Francis family twenty years ago—likes to say that everything is done "on the bake" except the chowder and the clam cakes, the watermelon, the coffee, and the condiments.

Most of the clambakes staged at Francis Farm are private—for a lodge gathering, say, or a company picnic or a high-school reunion. The grounds are arranged like back-to-back summer camps—summer camps where everyone is well fed and not homesick and allowed to drink beer without worrying about the counsellors—and there are two clambakes a day every day of the summer. A lot of organizations come back the same day every year; the Red Men Lodge has thrown a clambake at Francis Farm on the first Saturday in August for the past fifty-seven years. A true joiner, of course, can manage several cracks at the clams every summer. Tom Brady, for instance, a vice-president of the Old Colony Coöperative Bank of Providence, comes once a summer with the Rhode Island Commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, once with the Sons of Irish Kings, and once for his bank's annual picnic. He apparently is still not able to get his fill: I met him at a public bake.

Francis Farm holds nine or ten public clambakes a summer—building up to a crowd of seven or eight hundred people by August—and even those bakes seem dominated by regulars. The man sitting across from me—Dick Lundgren, a sales engineer who works in Providence and lives in Seekonk, Massachusetts—has been going to bakes at Francis Farm on and off for forty years, ever since, as a child, he accompanied his father to the annual bake of the Seekonk Volunteer Fire Department. He attends most of the public bakes, and he always sits at the same table with Len Estes, who ran boiler rooms for one enterprise or another before he retired in Newport, and Ed Gardner, a grounds keeper for the University of Rhode Island, in Kingston. The regulars call each other by their last names—perhaps because last names are written in marking pen on the paper tablecloth in front of each place—and what they say tends to be something like "Pass the melted butter, Gardner" or "Are there any more clams over there, Estes?"

I was hungry, and I was feeling particularly virtuous, having dined the previous evening on broiled scup—a fish that sounds bad enough to be an underutilized species, although it happens to taste very good. Still, I tried to pace myself to leave room for the dishes Breed had recommended highly—the clams and the onions and the pollack. The regulars next to me continued to hand out their own pacing advice, ignoring it all the while. Down the table, Breed seemed to be eating everything indiscriminately. Next to him, Tom Brady was eating in his own clambake style—pouring melted butter into a coffee cup and then tossing everything into it, like a Chinese eater constantly adding to a bowl of rice. ("Not everything," Brady told me later, in the tone of someone accused of using the wrong fork. "I never put in the stuffing.")

When I commented on the steady eating, I was informed by the regulars that the most serious eater among them, a Boston maintenance man named Vastow, had not shown up. At the final bake of last season, Vastow had apparently mentioned that he would be changing jobs, and some of the regulars surmised that he was no longer able to get away on Sundays. It sounded as if Vastow needed all of a Sunday to make it to the clambake, since he was said to take a train to Providence, a bus to Rehoboth, and, unless someone stopped to pick him up, a hike of two or three miles from Route 44 to the farm. "He's very skinny," Lundgren told me, "but he always has four bowls of chowder."

"He always heaps the last bowl high and covers it with a plate so it stays warm while he starts in on the clam cakes," one of the regulars said. "Then he takes a little walk, and comes back and finishes it off."

We were on the baked clams ourselves at the time. The waitress returned regularly to fill the platters, and Estes complained regularly about finding too many broken shells without clams. I was finding Breed's recommendations well considered. A clambake clam tastes like a steamer enhanced by a slight smoky flavor—and the same flavor works particularly well with fish and onions. "He's more than six feet tall," Estes said, talking of Vastow again.

"Completely bald," Lundgren added as he reached for more clams. "Doesn't drive a car."

"Mostly shells here," Estes said, picking around at the bowl of clams. "This must be the bottom of the barrel."

The waitress brought more clams and more onions and more brown bread and more sweet potatoes and more white potatoes. "Yes, sir," someone said. "He can eat four bowls of

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chowder, then go to the bar for a beer."

"He's six foot six and thin as a rail," Estes said. "He must be about a foot wide." Estes turned to Gardner. "Wouldn't you say about a foot wide?"

"Yeah, about a foot," Gardner said between bites of pollack.

The regulars were still talking about Vastow as they finished off their watermelon. Suddenly, the meal was over, and they disappeared. A private clambake at Francis Farm usually lasts most of the day—there is ordinarily a break of a few hours for recreation between the clam-cake-and-chowder course and the time the bake is pulled—but some regulars at a public bake just show up to eat. I went to compliment George Taylor on the meal and to ask him if there really is a storied eater named Vastow.

"Oh, yeah—he looks like Silas Marner," said Taylor, who used to be a high-school teacher. "I don't know what became of him today."

I STILL think about Vastow, particularly when I'm hungry for clams. I can see him rising early in the morning in Boston, carefully straightening his small room, and silently setting out for the long journey to Rehoboth. "It's Vastow," one of his neighbors says to another. "Off again—wherever he goes." At South Station, he digs an old-fashioned coin purse out of his pocket and buys a round-trip ticket to Providence. He stares out of the window on the train, thinking of clam cakes. At the bus station in Providence, the ticket agent just nods, and punches out a round trip to Rehoboth. "*Bon appétit*," the agent says. Vastow nods silently. He walks in from Route 44 toward Francis Farm—a steady pace, surprisingly graceful for a man who is six feet six inches tall and only a foot wide. Someone picks him up for the last mile or so—a fan, who says, "Four bowls today, Vastow?" Vastow smiles. Then they are at Francis Farm. The bake has been on for half an hour. Puffs of smoke escaping from under the canvas carry the smell of clams and onions. It is time for the chowder. Vastow sits down to eat.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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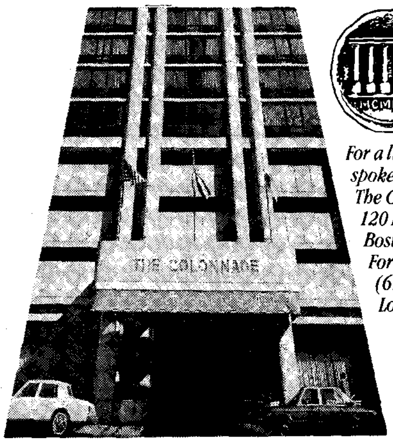

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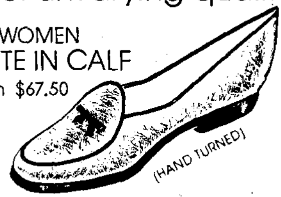

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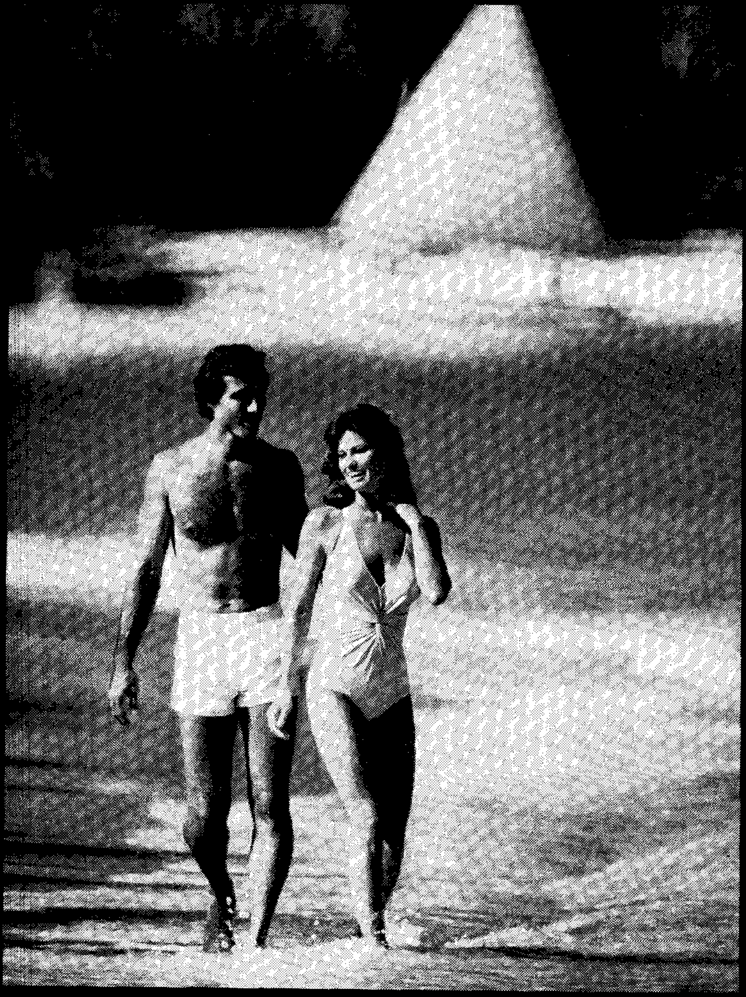

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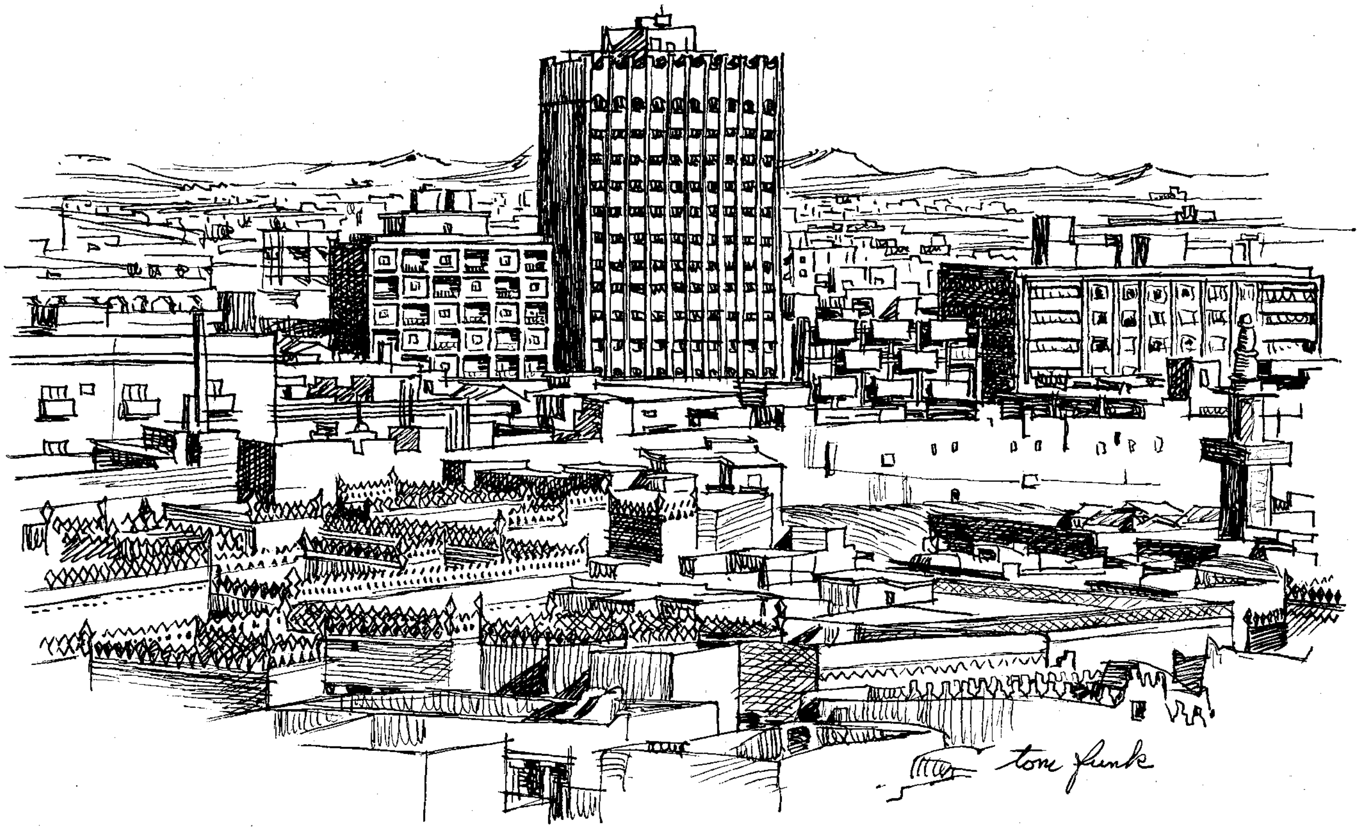
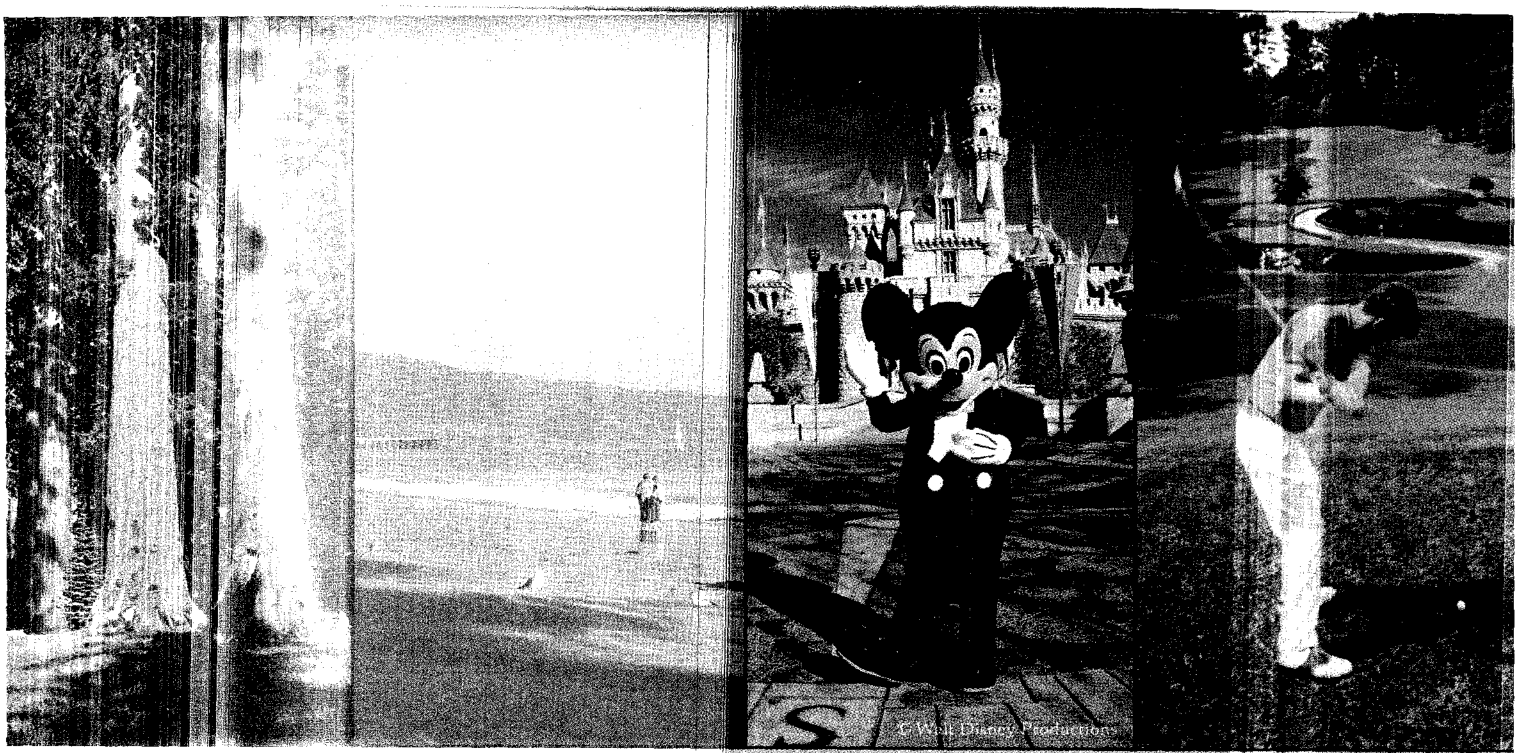


JUNE 1

AT the Hotel Inter-Continental here in Riyadh the other day, I met, in quick and unpremeditated succession, three former United States governors. The first was the ill-fated Vice-President of the Nixon era who had previously served as chief executive of Maryland. Among other activities, Spiro Agnew now represents a firm that sells uniforms to the Saudi armed forces. He was pacing up and down the cavernous white lobby of the hotel, looking impatiently at his watch while waiting—as just about every American businessman in Riyadh must wait—for his Saudi agent to show up. We recognized each other from Washington days, and he asked if I would join him for a drink. The drink, since Saudi Arabia in even its most with-it hotel is dry, turned out to be tea. Agnew plunged quickly into an explanation of his loitering in the lobby. His company wanted to do business with the Saudis, and in order to do business you had to be on the spot. In person. The timing was absolutely essential. But you never knew what the right time was. So there was a lot of hanging around. He had expected to finish the night before and then go back, via London and Los Angeles, to Palm Springs, where he was now living. But he had been held over another day. That meant he couldn't leave from Riyadh, since there were no planes that night. He would have to go to Dhahran, on the east coast of the kingdom. He wasn't sure he could catch a London plane from Dhahran, either. They might all be booked. Maybe he could go by way of Paris or Rome.

At that point, I was called away to see John West, a former governor of South Carolina, who was an early supporter and friend of President Carter and is now Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. He met me after attending a luncheon at the hotel, and we drove to the Ambassador's residence—a modest villa. Ambassador West had only recently returned from consultations in Washington which were marred by revelations that a lucrative contract to represent Saudi public-relations interests in the United States had gone to one of his political friends. The experience had not been chastening. Without any prompting, the Ambassador initiated a spirited pitch for the Administration's controversial proposal to sell Saudi Arabia sixty F-15 fighter planes as part of a package deal that would also send planes to Egypt and Israel. "I'm a politician, not a diplomat," he told me. "So I didn't know whether I was supposed to lobby or not. But I knew that the plane deal was essential. It is a watershed for relations between Saudi Arabia and the United States. The Saudis have helped us in every way. They've kept oil production high, which means that the price has held relatively stable. They hold most of their foreign reserves in dollars, which helps prevent a run on the U.S. Treasury. They've been on the moderate side in the Arab-Israeli dispute. I tell them that what they do is essential. I tell them they're preventing recession in the West, and that means preserving the free-enterprise system and saving the world from Communism. Now they need a little help. We promised those planes, so we had to deliver. This was the acid test. If we'd failed, then there wouldn't be much more coöperation."

Just before the chat with Ambassador West, I had run into the third governor. Nelson Rockefeller was touring the Middle East with a party that included his wife; George Woods, the former head of the World Bank; and a recent chief executive at CBS, Arthur Taylor. King Khalid, who reigns in this country, and Crown Prince Fahd, who rules in his name, had been too busy with a state visit from the head of another oil-producing state—President Omar Bongo, of Gabon—to give a dinner for the Rockefeller party. Instead, a large luncheon was given at the Inter-Continental by the Minister of Finance and National Economy, Mohammed Aba al-Khail. It was the one that Ambassador West had been attending before our meeting. Governor Rockefeller had led the way out of the dining room, talking and gesturing expansively. He asked me, as if it were Mars, what I was doing in Saudi Arabia, but didn't stay for an answer. In-



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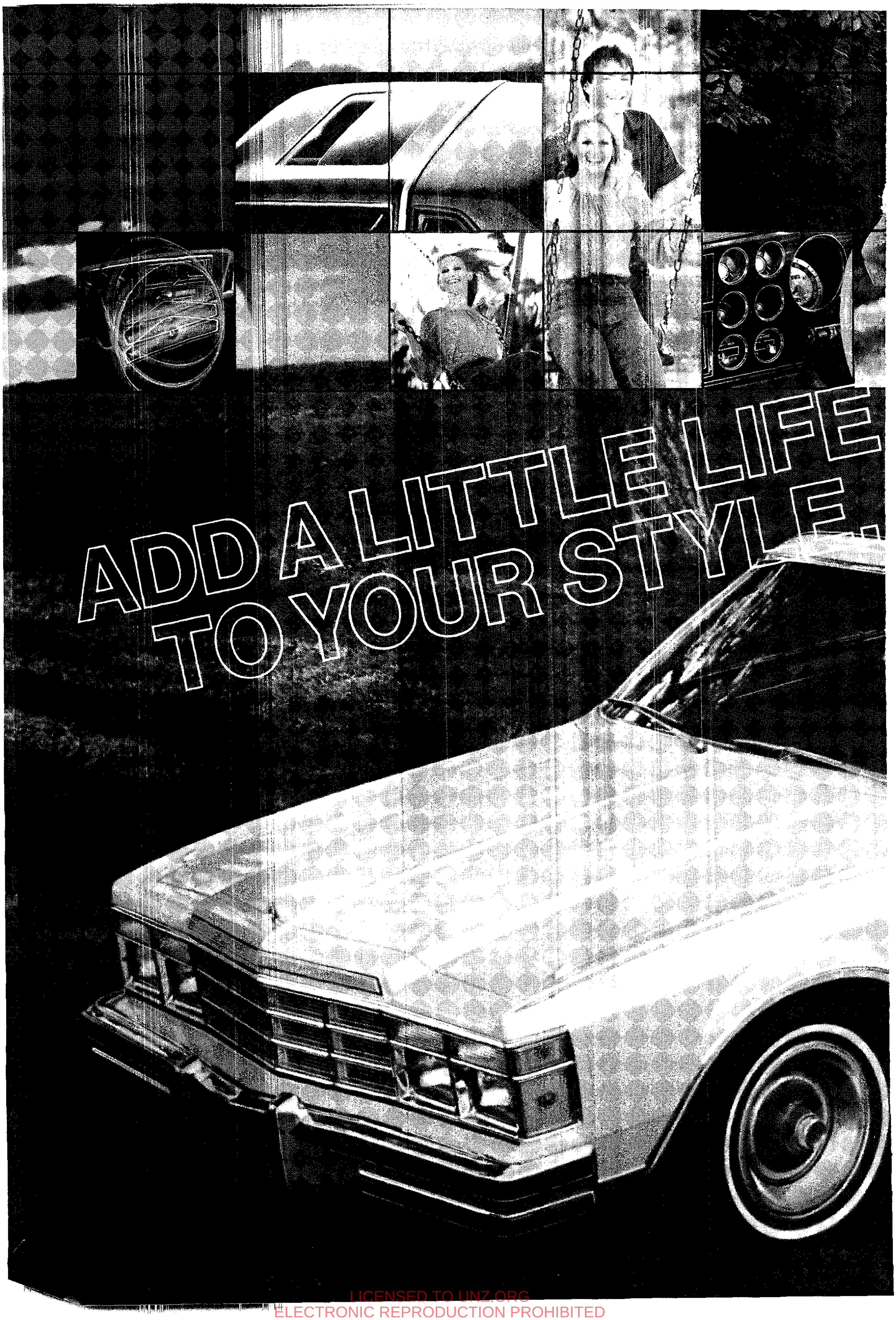
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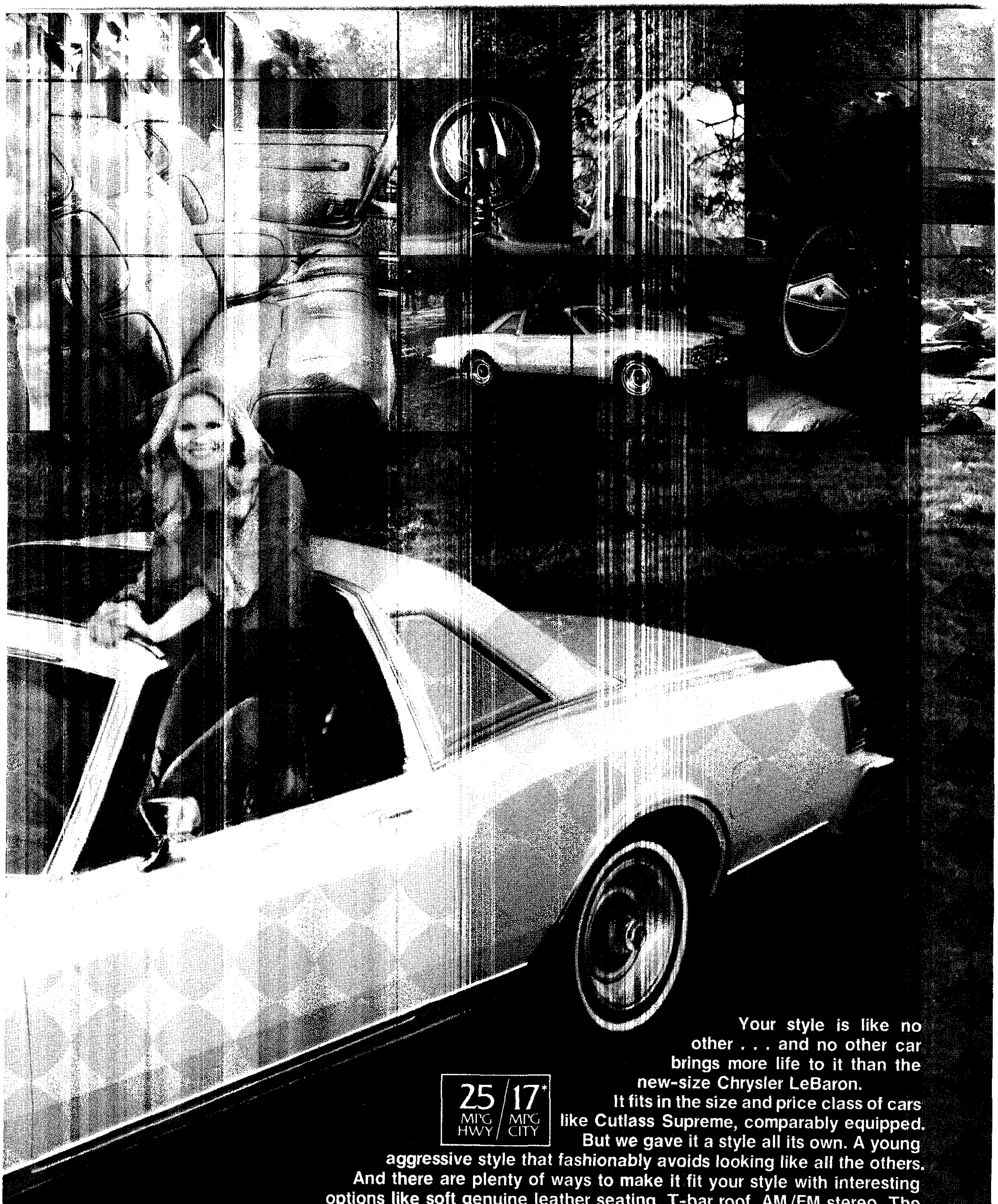

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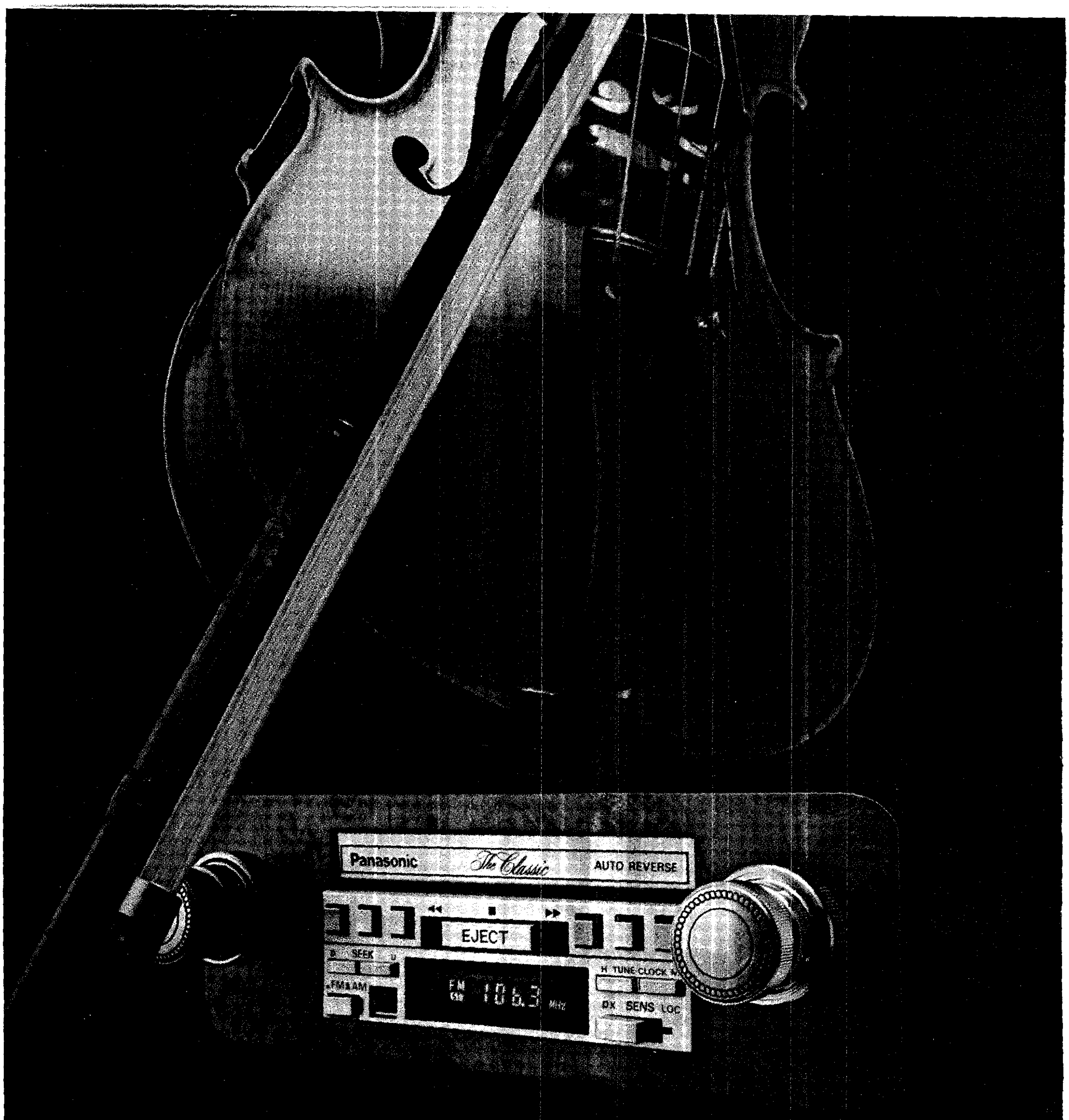

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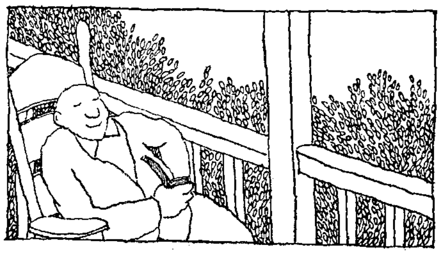
stead, he and Mr. Woods pursued the Finance Minister like hounds after a fox. I saw the Minister later, and asked him what Mr. Rockefeller was doing in Saudi Arabia. "He has very big ideas," Mr. Aba al-Khail said, in a voice so small that it whispered deprecation. "So does Mr. Woods. They told me what Saudi Arabia should do to insure the financial stability of the world. I just listened. It was very interesting. But I don't think we can do it."

Those conversations denote a vast transformation that has been worked in this country since my last visit, in 1975. Prosperity, which was then nascent and in doubt, has taken hold, bringing a rush of businessmen-cum-politicians from all quarters of the globe. Many Americans have begun to ponder the role that the kingdom could play as a new superpower with influence in the worlds of energy, finance, and the Arab-Israeli conflict. But the Saudi leadership, after a first rush of enthusiasm, has had second thoughts. Internal weaknesses, including divisions within the royal family, have fostered insecurity and a wish for a less prominent role. Far from flexing their muscles and spreading their wings, the Saudis have lately been seeking protection and assurance—notably in the F-15 deal. At the same time, they have been edging away, as imperceptibly as possible, from the major role that the United States would thrust upon them.

A GOOD starting point for this story of boom followed not by bust but by self-arrested development is Saudi Arabia's second five-year plan, for 1975-80. Drawn up after the fourfold oil-price increase of 1973-74, the plan aimed at using the new revenues to develop industry and agriculture and to build a vast network of roads, ports, towns, schools, hospitals, sewers, and other facilities known as "infrastructure." Despite the certainty of income, the planners were at the time filled with doubt that they could organize in coherent relation the manifold factors of development—the many things on which many other things all depended. Manpower—especially skilled manpower—was scarce, and expanding the economy meant a potentially dangerous influx of Egyptians and Palestinians for clerical work and of Yemenis, Pakistanis, and Indians for heavy labor. The port at Jidda was so crowded that ships waited for months before delivering even perishable commodities like wheat. Housing was even tighter than labor, and the bidding for scarce space produced rampant inflation. In 1975, prices rose by an estimated thirty-five per cent. I can remember one case in which the rent on a villa outside Jidda jumped in a matter of weeks from two thousand dollars per month to seven thousand. The planners in Riyadh were so unsure of their ability to master their difficulties that they guarded details as if they were the crown jewels. I learned the figure for projected total investment over the five-year period—a hundred and forty-four billion dollars—from connections in Washington, even though I was in Riyadh at the time. When I mentioned the figure to the Minister of Planning, Hisham Nazer, he warned me that it was "only a loose working number—not a fixed target."

The early fears have proved groundless. A special port commission with international expertise has improved and expanded the dock facilities at Jidda to the point where there is no waiting time for delivery. Cheap mortgages have sparked a boom in private housing. According to the Ministry of Industry and Electricity, more than two hundred thousand new units were built in Saudi Arabia in 1976 and 1977—a rate two or three times that of the United States on a per-capita basis. Competition for labor and housing is still brisk, however. The English-language *Arab News*, an established daily newspaper that did not exist in 1975, carries regular pleas for accountants, secretaries, and other office workers. Signs announcing an available apartment or villa appear from time to time on the main roads in Riyadh. But the big entrepreneurs—the construction companies—have been held responsible by the government for bringing in their own workers and providing them with housing and food. Inevitably, they apply cost accounting to the quest for scarce skills—a quest that as a result has been significantly eased. The Planning Minister told me that by 1982 the influx of foreign workers—they now account for about eight hundred thousand out of a work force of roughly a million and a half in the modern economy—will have begun to drop. Because of a government decision to cut back on certain projects, construction, which accounts for about seventy per cent of the non-oil economy in the kingdom, is operating at only about eighty per cent of capacity. Inflation is down to about twenty per cent. On many major projects, to be sure, there have been heavy cost overruns. Mr. Aba al-Khail, the Finance Minister, told me that a program for collecting oil-associated gas had doubled in cost—from five billion dollars to ten billion. The first two years of the hundred-and-forty-four-billion-dollar five-year plan alone have cost a hundred billion; he reckoned that the total cost, before 1980, would be two hundred billion. But by governmental standards that is no strain. Saudi oil revenues alone are now running at forty billion a year. With the return on investments, and other receipts, the government has a disposable annual income of at least fifty billion.



In these conditions, a solid boom has taken hold. Industrial growth is averaging about fifteen per cent annually. Some two hundred and fifty light industrial activities—ranging from making furniture to air-conditioner assembly—have been started since 1975. Another two hundred and fifty are due to be in business before the five-year plan ends. Major projects for a steel mill, a petrochemical works, and more refinery capacity are still progressing.

Riyadh, the royal capital, in the center of the kingdom, presents—far more than Jidda, the commercial and diplomatic capital, on the Red Sea, or Dhahran, the Westernized oil capital, on the Persian Gulf—strikingly visible evidence of the boom. Dozens of new office buildings have given a considerable skyline to what three years ago seemed a mere desert village. Miles of paved streets have been added, and new villas stretch out in all directions, many of them along streets—or, rather, gullies—yet to be paved. Most of the foreign embassies, which once were concentrated almost exclusively in Jidda, have found one pretext or another for opening offices in the royal capital. Besides the travelling salesmen, like Mr. Agnew, there is hardly a major international firm that does not have a branch in town. The big banks are also present in force. Traffic jams along the major roads are commonplace, and at one busy intersection, near the Ministry of Petroleum and Mineral Resources, there is an overpass—the first in Riyadh—to speed the traffic on its way. Paris clothes, Swiss watches, and German cars are available, at staggering prices—about five hundred dollars for a man's ready-made suit—at showrooms and stores all over town. A friend of mine who is a deputy minister of no particular note drives a large Pontiac as his private car and uses a chauffeured Mercedes for official busi-

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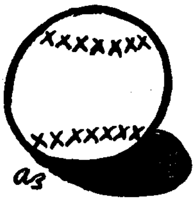
ness. He has built himself a new house, complete with swimming pool. Books are not much in evidence in it, I noticed during a visit, but he must have a thousand tape recordings—everything from Bach to readings of Shakespeare and Auden, and Edward R. Murrow seeing now the great events of the war years. Despite the liquor laws, he gave me a Scotch to drink, and I suppose he had other hard liquor available. During my visit, his wife, who was unveiled in the home, and who proved to be an easy conversationalist in both English and French, made a call to his sister, at school in Indiana. "Two years ago, we installed direct dialling in Riyadh," my friend said. "Last year, we put in direct dialling between cities in Saudi Arabia. Next year, we'll have direct international dialling—to Paris and London and New York. The year after that, people will be complaining about the congestion on the international telephone lines."



POLITICAL development at first seemed to parallel economic growth. There was a brief moment of nervousness following the assassination of King Faisal, on March 25, 1975. The old king had been mixed up in important royal business since the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. He had run the country in fact since 1962 and in name since 1964, when his older brother, King Saud, was deposed. Faisal was shot to death by another member of the royal family in what originally seemed, perhaps, to be part of a feud that might include many princes. Investigation of the assassination, and of the possibility of a general conspiracy, lasted so long that the execution of the murderer did not take place until June 18th of that year. But what had the earmarks of a difficult succession was settled easily. Tradition was served by the coronation of Crown Prince Khalid—even though he had suffered two serious heart attacks and had shown indifference to public affairs. Efficacy was served by the designation of Fahd as Crown Prince and First Deputy Prime Minister to Khalid. Fahd brought to office long experience as Minister of Interior, and a connection to a powerful family within the family. He is the eldest of the Sudeiris, a band of seven brothers begotten of a single wife by King Abdul-Aziz—progenitor of the royal family, and father of Kings Saud, Faisal, and Khalid. Besides Fahd, the seven include, in order of seniority, Prince Sultan, Minister of Defense and Aviation; Prince Nayif, Minister of Interior; Prince Turki, Vice-Minister of Defense; Prince Salman, Governor of Riyadh; and Prince Ahmad, Deputy Minister of Interior. It was a mark of the smooth transition that two senior princes with prior claims—but no experience in governing—stepped aside to let Fahd become next in line of succession to Khalid.

The relative ease of the succession generated a heady confidence. Saudi princes boasted to me that their system was far superior to anything else in the Arab world. They heaped scorn on the regimes in Libya, Syria, and Iraq, which are patterned after the Nasserist model of Socialism under a council of revolutionary officers. In that sanguine spirit, the Saudis—slowly but visibly—began to take on a larger role in international affairs. Officials spoke to me at the time of plans to expand capacity from ten and a half million barrels per day in 1975 to eleven and a half million in 1976 and over sixteen million in 1980. Since the next-biggest producer is Iran, with a capacity of roughly seven million barrels a day, and since the capacity of the whole cartel is roughly thirty-five million barrels, the Saudi production target was plainly aimed at making the kingdom the arbiter of the international oil market. It assured the Saudis the capacity to raise or lower production in a way that would decisively influence price and determine whether the cartel would hang together.

Besides making their ambitious move to dominate the world oil trade, the Saudis started to cut a larger figure in several other international economic affairs. They increased their involvement in the World Bank and in the International Monetary Fund. They became a leading participant in the Paris negotiations at which the underdeveloped countries, with the Saudis on their side, sought to extract what they called a New International Economic Order from the industrialized countries. And—what was more important—the Saudis took a bigger hand in two regional conflicts with broad strategic implications.

One centers on the lands—notably the Horn of Africa—fringing the passages between the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. During the nineteen-sixties, the Russians had established political and military connections with Sudan, just across the Red Sea from Saudi Arabia; with Southern Yemen, at the southwest corner of the Arabian peninsula; and with Somalia, in the Horn of Africa. The Saudis dangled subsidies before these states in hopes of wooing them away from the Russian connection. Sudan became a leading recipient of Saudi aid in 1972, the year after President Jaafar al-Nimeiri outlawed the Communist Party in the wake of an abortive coup. But the game became much more complex in September of 1974, when a left-wing military regime under Lieutenant-Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam ousted Emperor Haile Selassie in Ethiopia. At that point, the Saudis began to give increased subsidies to any forces that might hamstring the Ethiopians. Funds went to a secessionist movement in Eritrea, in northern Ethiopia, along the Red Sea. More money went to Sudan, for support of the Eritrean rebels, and that investment was paid off in May, 1977, when President al-Nimeiri ousted all the Soviet military advisers remaining in Sudan. Finally, a channel of funds was opened to the left-wing leader of the Somali Democratic Republic, President Mohammed Siad Barre. Somalia had designs on the Ogaden province, in eastern Ethiopia.

The second strategic area is, of course, the Middle East. Conflict there always tends to bring the Saudis under a cross fire of heavy pressures from Egypt, Syria, and the Palestinians. So the Saudis had an interest at all times in promoting harmony among all the Arab groups confronting Israel. King Faisal had encouraged coöperation between the Egyptians and the Syrians in the Yom Kippur war, of 1973, and in the first disengagement accord with Israel, which followed in 1974. But in 1975, when the Egyptians signed a second, separate disengagement agreement with Israel, Damascus refused to go along with Cairo. The rifts deepened when civil war in Lebanon brought direct conflict between Syria and the Palestinians. But the Saudis patiently kept up payments to all parties, along with counsels of harmony. Probably the high point of Saudi diplomatic influence was touched at the Riyadh summit meeting in October, 1976, when a kind of truce was reached for Lebanon, and Presidents Sadat, of Egypt, and Assad, of Syria, undertook to bury the hatchet.

RICH as the Saudis are, however, and promiscuous and patient as they may be in dispensing subsidies, they cannot play a role in the world, or even in the Horn or the Middle East,

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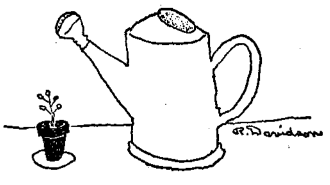


without important external help. The population is tiny (seven and a half million at most) and the armed forces (seventy-five thousand men split among several divergent services) infinitesimal. The territory to be defended (almost one-third the size of the continental United States) is vast, and abundant riches make the Saudis a tempting target for the widest variety of countries and groups. A sense of just how vulnerable the Saudis are, and to how many different parties, emerges from a look at the books that have collected in the outer office of the Saudi intelligence chief, Prince Turki al-Faisal. The list includes two volumes (one a biography of Carlos, the terrorist who masterminded the kidnapping of practically all the oil ministers in the OPEC cartel, in Vienna in December of 1975) on the dangers of the Palestinian radicals; "The Crash of '79," by Paul Erdman, which sketches out fictionally the dangers of Iran to Saudi Arabia; two on the threat posed by Russia; one on the Israeli menace; and several copies of "Arabia Without Sultans," by Fred Halliday, which is a survey of the radical liberation fronts in the area, and their opposition to the oil sheikhs. The Saudis by themselves cannot conceivably contain all these dangers simultaneously. They need—they are, indeed, the world's leading candidate to have—a protecting power.

The United States is the only aspirant that even begins to qualify. At the strategic level, the United States, and only the United States, has the air and naval forces necessary to check the Soviet Union. With respect to oil, not only is the United States the world's biggest importer but four American companies (Exxon, Texaco, Standard Oil of California, and Mobil), grouped as Aramco, operate the Saudi fields; though the Saudi government has a majority interest, Aramco still owns a forty-per-cent interest in the production. In addition, the United States has most of the private construction firms and building know-how required for Saudi development. Finally—and most important—there is the capital market. The Saudis have almost seventy billion dollars' worth of foreign holdings and investments, of which more than fifty billion is in United States dollars, because no other country—not Britain, Germany, Japan, France, or Switzerland—has an economy large enough to absorb the huge investments generated by Saudi oil revenues.

The Nixon and Ford Administrations were always of two minds about the Saudi connection. With the oil embargo declared during the 1973 war, the Saudis' importance became apparent to everybody. Henry Kissinger made stops in Riyadh a regular feature of his shuttle diplomacy. He established a set of mixed commissions that, among other things, implied American support for Saudi economic development and military security. But, while he respected King Faisal, his sense of irony was too strong not to be tickled by the old King's insistence that Communism and Zionism were somehow in cahoots. He seems to have had little respect for Khalid and not a great deal more for Prince Fahd. Efforts to woo the Saudis were mixed with moves to cow them. Thus, early in January, 1975, both President Ford and Secretary Kissinger intimated that the United States might intervene militarily to enforce responsible development of the oil resources. Typical of the ambivalent American approach was a proposal put to the Saudis in April, 1975, by General George Brown, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and William Clements, then Deputy Secretary of Defense. The basic idea was that the Americans would station a squadron of F-4 fighter-bombers, the famous Phantoms, at Dhahran. Those planes would act as a deterrent against any possible aggressor—whether Israeli or radical Arab. They would also give the United States a certain leverage with the Saudis in oil matters. The offer would have provided true security to the Saudis, but it was rejected out of hand—probably because it came against a background of threats by American officials. What was even more typical was that Kissinger literally fired an American Ambassador highly sympathetic to the Saudis, James Akins, and replaced him with William Porter, a senior diplomat known for his toughness in dealing with the countries to which he was accredited.

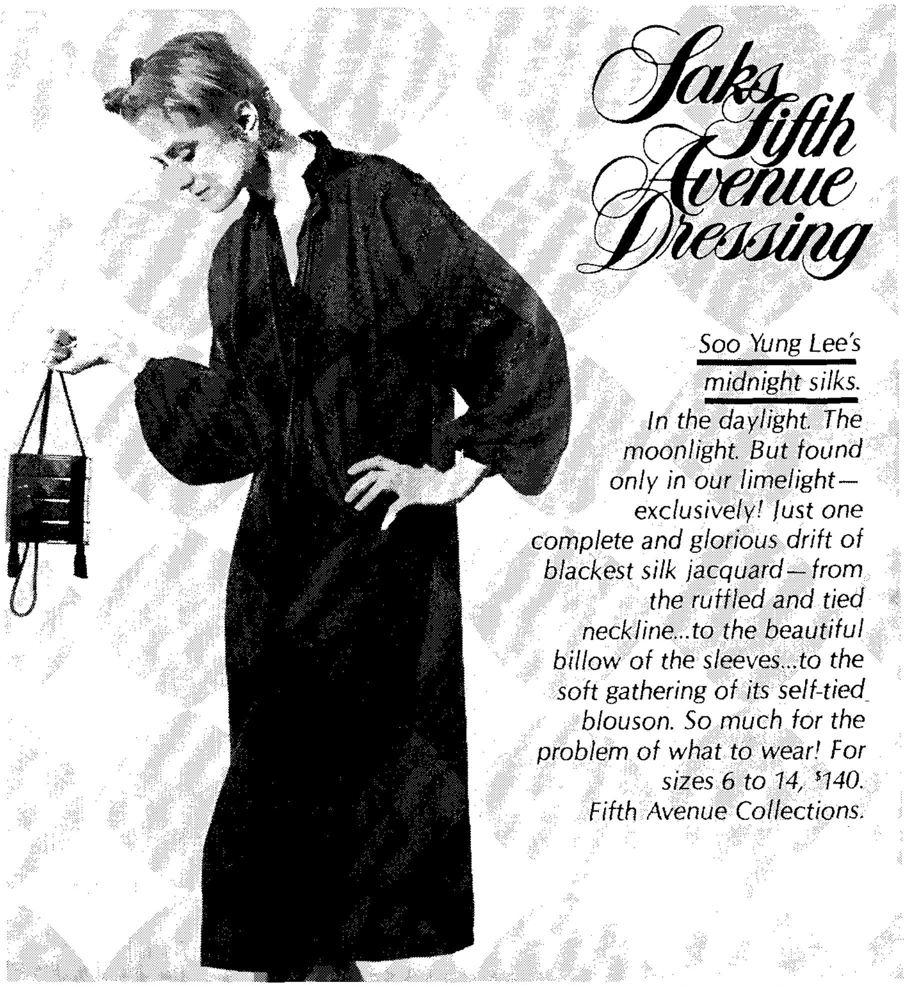
In marked contrast, the Carter Administration has gone all out to cultivate the Saudis. Akins, whom Kissinger had discarded as an envoy, served as a campaign adviser to Carter, and went to Riyadh after the election to talk oil prices with the Saudis. The tradition of sending career diplomats to Saudi Arabia was broken when Carter sent his friend and old colleague

Governor West as Ambassador. Carter himself received Prince Fahd in Washington in May, and touched down in Riyadh for a state visit in early January. Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal went to the kingdom in October, and James Schlesinger, the Secretary of Energy, visited it in January of this year. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has made four trips to Riyadh (in February, August, and December, 1977, and in January, 1978) and has been received each time by Prince Fahd.

Out of these exchanges there developed a cat's cradle of implicit understandings amounting to what is known in the diplomatic trade as a "special relationship." The Saudis, for their part, undertook to keep oil abundant and prices relatively stable. At the OPEC meeting in Doha in December, 1976, the Saudis, in a spectacular first break with their cartel partners, refused to go along with a proposed fifteen-per-cent price rise for 1977. In announcing that decision, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Petroleum Minister, also declared that production, which had been running at eight million four hundred thousand barrels per day, would go up during the year. President Carter nailed down the commitment and added a powerful plea that the Saudis manage their dollar holdings in a responsible way, when Fahd visited Washington in late May, 1977. At a White House dinner on May 24th, the President made a statement that elevated the Saudis to the top rung of world politics:

> Saudi Arabia is a nation which has grown in many ways in the last few years in world importance. Their supplies of energy are crucial to the well-being of people in many nations. They produce their own oil for world consumption beyond the level which perhaps would be best for them. The wealth that has flowed to Saudi Arabia from these sales has been invested around the world in a very responsible and productive and constructive way. This responsible and unselfish action has saved the entire economic structure of the world from disruption.

The Saudis expected that in return the United States would hold the line against Communism everywhere in the world. Prince Fahd said in his response to the President's toast, "Both the United States of America and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia follow a free economic system that seeks the well-being of man, not only in their respective countries but also in the world at large." He was particularly keen on having the United States ex-



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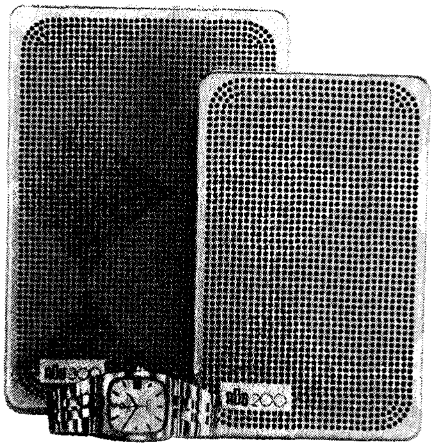

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ploit the developing fight between the Soviet-backed regimes in Somalia and Ethiopia. Shortly after the Fahd visit, the United States decided to join the Saudis in making arms available to Somalia. But what was most important of all to the Saudis was an end to the Arab-Israeli conflict in the Middle East. Prince Fahd came out foursquare behind the Carter Administration's proposal for a comprehensive settlement, including a homeland for the Palestinians. In a statement he made on the south lawn of the White House before the talks got under way, Prince Fahd said:

> Among the foremost issues which are of importance, which I will be discussing with you, Mr. President, is the problem of the Middle East. I would like, if I may, to state things very frankly, to voice my optimism at discussing this issue with you, Mr. President. This optimism stems from your own views, the wise views that the issue of Palestine is the core of the problem and that it is necessary to create a homeland for the Palestinian people in addition to your urging all concerned to seize upon this opportunity which we now have to reach a . . . comprehensive and just solution.

UNFORTUNATELY, neither side could keep its end of the implicit bargain. A preview of what was to happen occurred a few days later, when the Paris negotiations between the industrialized countries and the underdeveloped ones for the New International Economic Order broke down. A month later, on July 3rd, the Saudis announced that they would raise oil prices by five per cent, thus putting their prices in alignment with those of the other OPEC partners and mending the Doha break. But these events provided only a mild foretaste.

In the fall of 1977, the United States plan for a comprehensive settlement in the Middle East began running into terrible difficulties. On October 1st, as part of the effort to bring in the Palestinians and the Syrians, the Americans and the Russians signed a joint appeal for a Geneva conference. That accord obviously bothered the Saudis. Moreover, it led to President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem in November. Sadat's trip, with its deep emphasis on Egyptian-Israeli relations, completely undid hopes for a comprehensive settlement at an early date.

Slightly before that, matters in the Horn of Africa had begun to turn decidedly sour. In July, 1977, the Somalis—supported, to put it mildly, by American statements and Saudi money—launched an all-out bid to wrest the Ogaden from Ethiopia. The Russians came down on the side of Addis Ababa. They sent in military advisers, and ferried in troops and pilots—first from Southern Yemen, then from Cuba. Having stopped the Somalis in September, the Ethiopians counterattacked in January, 1978. The Somalis did, in fact, expel their Soviet advisers in November, 1977, but the United States and its allies gave no assistance. By early March of this year, the Ethiopians, with their Soviet advisers and Cuban helpers, had routed the Somalis from the Ogaden. By April, they were beginning a buildup against the secessionist forces in Eritrea. Moreover, Sudan, despite extensive help from the Saudis, was leery of antagonizing the Ethiopians by unlimited aid to Eritrea. Thus, Saudi hopes in the Horn had been dashed, and the United States had sustained an undoubted strategic setback there.

Riyadh has made no formal comment on the turn of events in the Middle East and the Horn. Some wishful thinkers even believe that the Saudis support Sadat. But privately Saudi officials make no bones about their disappointment, and about a growing lack of confidence in Washington. One prince, with high responsibilities in the foreign-affairs field, talked to me on condition that I did not reveal his name. He said, "We are worried about the American role in Africa, particularly in letting down Somalia, and letting Russia and Cuba walk off with victory in Ethiopia. Any conflict in that area should concern the United States. We think that it is by means of such conflict that the Soviet Union strengthens its influence. When one side or another needs help, the Soviets come in and extend their power. So there is a United States responsibility in these matters. But we have a strong feeling that the questions of Watergate and Vietnam have paralyzed America. As to President Sadat's initiative, our first feeling on hearing him talk of going to Jerusalem was that it was an excellent propaganda move against the Israelis. When he went, there was a sense of total surprise—we had the feeling 'My God, he's serious.' For us in Saudi Arabia, it was particularly hard to understand, because the visit occurred during the time of the pilgrimages. Moslems from all over the world were coming to the holy places, and there was Sadat going to the Knesset. We were also annoyed that he hadn't told us in advance. We had been close to Egypt in the 1973 war, and we had sustained it by the oil embargo. In the Riyadh conference, we had helped pull the Syrians and Palestinians off Egypt's back. We were all working closely for a Geneva conference. There was lots of pressure building up on Israel, and then came the Sadat trip, taking the pressure off. Also, we had a nagging fear that Sadat was going for a separate peace. That theory was never put to the test, because the Israelis refused his offer. Still, there remains a fear in Saudi Arabia that, despite the public-relations benefits, the Sadat initiative will create deep and enduring divisions in the Arab world. So we would like to bring Sadat and those who reject his initiative together. We would like to bring Syria and Egypt together, perhaps at a summit meeting of Arab leaders. Our position is that what the confrontation states accept in dealing with Israel we will also accept. But we know that the Arab states never prosper when Egypt and Syria do not work together."

NOT only are the Saudis disappointed with the achievements of the Carter Administration but they are finding that a close American connection exacts a price at home. The price takes the form of widening the fissures and fault lines that divide this country and define its essential weakness. One division here, as in all Islamic countries, is the fight between the ancients and the moderns—those who would keep the faith in its intense purity and those who make allowances in the interests of modernization. Saudi Arabia is perhaps the most orthodox and puritanical of all the Moslem countries. Not surprisingly, the pace of development under the leadership of Prince Fahd has generated a reaction that reaches into the royal family. King Khalid is clearly a more traditional figure than the Crown Prince. For example, high officials used to leave the country during Ramadan, the month of religious fasting, for foreign capitals, where they would live it up a little. But last year Khalid made it known that he wanted all high officials and members of the court to stay in the country during the Ramadan fast.

That same year, there occurred the widely publicized, tragic affair centering on the Princess Mashall bint Abdul-Aziz, granddaughter of King Khalid's elder brother, Mohammed—who had been persuaded, because of his drunkenness and his fiery temper, to take himself out of the line of succession. His granddaughter, after an unhappy marriage to a cousin, had gone to Beirut to study. There she adopted Western dress and took up with another Saudi student, Musleh al-Shaer. The couple returned to Riyadh, and she sought her grandfather's permission to marry Musleh. When the permission was refused, she feigned a drowning by leaving her clothes at the Creek, a beach on the Red Sea frequented by *le tout* Jidda. She then dressed as a man, bribed immigration officials, and tried to escape the country with her lover on a forged passport. They were caught, and were turned over to the grandfather for punishment. Last summer, by decree of Prince Mohammed, his granddaughter, aged nineteen, was put to death in the main square of Jidda. Her lover was made to witness the execution, and was then beheaded.

Saudis to whom I mentioned this story all pointed out that Mohammed was a choleric old man. They added that, since he was the senior prince, he had been under no obligation to consult either King Khalid or Prince Fahd about his decision—the implication being that the King and Crown Prince might have shown more mercy. But their disapproval was tempered by a sense that the Princess had been a symbol of immoral behavior by a gilded youth, and that the punishment, severe though it was, should serve as a good example. One State Department official, familiar with the attitudes of enlightened Saudis on the subject, said, "It is like those Americans who publicly deplore Anita Bryant while privately hoping she'll cut down overt homosexuality."

DIVERSE views on modernization not only divide the royal family but also affect the line of succession. Fahd, of course, is Crown Prince, and should succeed Khalid without trouble. But the question of who would succeed Fahd as Crown Prince is not settled. Nor is it merely academic. Khalid has been in delicate health even apart from the two heart attacks. He was obliged to spend two and a half months early last year in a London hospital undergoing treatment for a diseased hip. At one point, it appeared that he might be dying, and two candidates to replace Fahd as Crown Prince came to the fore. One has obvious claims—Prince Abdullah, who is next in seniority to Fahd among the sons of Abdul-Aziz. As Second Deputy Prime Minister, he holds formal status as No. 3 man, behind Khalid and Fahd. He is known to be personally close to King Khalid, and he is the head of the National Guard, a tribal force that has sworn personal fealty to the monarch and acts as a safeguard against any

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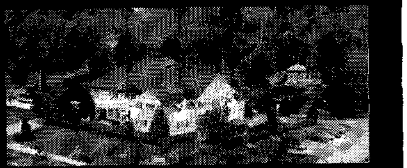

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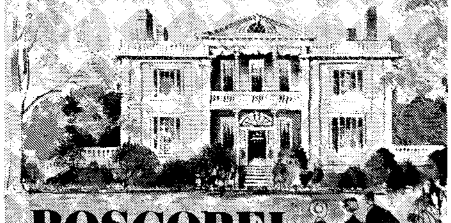

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coups by the regular military. But Abdullah is a shy man with a painful stutter. Because of his tribal connections, many of the more progressive Saudis consider him a back number.

His natural rival in almost every respect is the Minister of Defense, Prince Sultan. The regular forces, which he heads, compete for favor, funds, and weapons with Abdullah's National Guard. Sultan ranks just behind Fahd in the Sudeiri clan, and is known, along with his older brother, as a comparative modernizer. According to a Western diplomat in Riyadh, the rivalry between Abdullah and Sultan came to a head in the following manner: While Khalid lay ill in London, one of the Sudeiri brothers, Prince Salman, began pushing Sultan's claims to be Crown Prince in the event that Fahd became King. Inevitably, Salman's campaign generated a counter-offensive for Prince Abdullah. Virtually all the non-Sudeiris rallied to the side of Abdullah—including the King's elder brother, the choleric Mohammed. According to the same Western diplomat, Mohammed declared that the campaign for Sultan made him regret the decision he had made years ago to surrender his own claim to Khalid. Feeling ran so high that it proved impossible to settle the issue. Abdullah continues as Second Deputy Prime Minister, and as the probable successor to Fahd when Khalid dies. The Sudeiris have gone out of their way to make peace with the King. When Khalid returned from the hospital in London, Salman organized a series of national receptions that one Westerner here says must have cost close to a hundred million dollars. During the winter, when Khalid retired to the desert for hunting, Sultan was with him at almost all times. Thus, the succession issue, while muted, remains open.

Division among the royals extends, not surprisingly, to the higher levels of the bureaucracy. The best known of the top Saudi bureaucrats by far—Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Petroleum Minister—is an unblushing modernist. He was educated at the New York University School of Law and the Harvard Business School. He lives the life of a top corporate executive, shuttling by private jet between Riyadh and Jidda and also among the world's capitals. His new home in Jidda was built by Swiss workers, around a swimming pool arched by a Japanese-style bridge. A Rolls and several Mercedes-Benzes are in the courtyard. His wife speaks English and French, dresses in Western style at home, and at least occasionally talks the feminist line. Once, in my presence, she praised women political leaders, including not only Mrs. Gandhi but Golda Meir.

In keeping with his background and life style, Yamani is the leading proponent of the force that drives Saudi Arabia relentlessly toward modernization—high oil production, yielding large revenues, which can be spent only on development. In public statements over the past two years, he has consistently underlined the damage that would be done to the world economy by a cutback in Saudi production. In conversations with me, he emphasized the dependence of Europe, Japan, and the United States on oil from the Middle East. He acknowledged that there was currently an oil glut, because of slower growth in the Western countries, some conservation, and the addition of new sources in Alaska and the North Sea. But "the glut will end in 1982 or 1983," he said. "So Saudi Arabia will keep production growing to meet our international responsibilities."

But Yamani does not make oil policy in the kingdom. That is the function of a Supreme Petroleum Council, headed by Prince Fahd himself. Nor is Yamani the only bureaucrat with strong views and powerful influence. An important group, which disagrees with him, centers on the Minister of Planning, Hisham Nazer, and includes the two other leading economic ministers—Mohammed Aba al-Khail, at Finance, and his friend Ghazi al-Qusaibi, at the Ministry of Industry and Electricity. Mr. Nazer, a U.C.L.A. product who used to be Yamani's deputy at the Petroleum Ministry, does not hesitate to assert that Saudi Arabian interests dictate at least a slower rate of oil production and economic expansion. His Planning Ministry is known to feel that Saudi Arabia would grow at a more orderly pace, with less inflation and fewer bottlenecks—not to mention fewer social strains—if its oil revenues were limited to those from sales of less than eight million barrels per day. "We cannot easily accommodate pure domestic needs to the international needs," he told me in an interview at his office. "Very high production raises serious problems for us. It puts pressure on our institutions, which have to manage rapid growth. It creates more inflation. It brings in more foreigners. It gives us more assets than we can handle in investments. So we may or we may not be able to keep up the fast rate of growth."

The point about investments is strongly seconded by Mohammed Aba al-Khail. He points out that by leaving oil in the ground the Saudis maintain an asset that is certain to appreciate at a good clip over the years. "By taking it out of the ground, we put the oil into dollars," he continues. "But the dollar has been depreciating, not gaining, in value over the years. Some people think that we could put the assets into other currencies. But no other country could accommodate our investments. Do you think the Swiss or the Germans or the Japanese would let us hold more than fifty billion dollars' worth of reserves? Of course not. Moreover, because we have so much of our reserves in dollars, it is to our interest to protect the dollar. We do not take payment for oil in other currencies, because that would drive down the dollar, which is our main store of value. For the same reasons, we cannot easily favor pricing oil by the value of a basket of different currencies, as the Kuwaitis have suggested. So I think Hisham Nazer is right. Our best strategy is less production, bringing in revenues we could manage more effectively."

In these conditions, with the American connection yielding so little and high oil production under so much attack, the regime has naturally sought gauges of American support. The recent battle over the sixty F-15s fits into that category. Talk about selling the Saudis a modern fighter had been going on ever since the F-4 offer was rejected, in 1975. It was a main subject in the discussion between President Carter and Prince Fahd during their Washington meeting in May, 1977. It came up again when the President visited Riyadh in January, and Fahd won a firm pledge on the planes. To ram the deal home, Carter tied it, first explicitly and then implicitly, to the continued sale of advanced aircraft to Israel and to a shipment of F-5 planes to Egypt. The Saudis themselves pulled out all the stops in moving to win congressional approval of the deal. King Khalid sent a personal letter to President Carter on the subject. Earlier, in a rare interview, he had told a Kuwaiti paper that Saudi Arabia would surely buy a French equivalent, the Mirage F-1, if the F-15 deal did not go through. The brightest star among the up-and-coming Saudi technocrats, Minister of Industry al-Qusaibi, went to Washington to manage some of the

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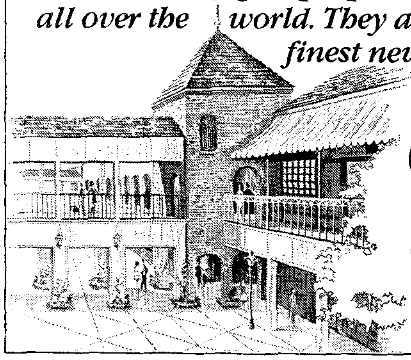

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lobbying for the deal. Yamani, in an interview with the Washington *Post*, hinted that rejection of the deal would mean higher oil prices. The complicated inside Washington maneuvers to win congressional approval were front-page news here in Riyadh for weeks. There was no official comment when Congress finally let the deal go through, on May 15th, but Saudi Radio said: "This heralds a new era in relations between the United States and Israel during which Israel will no longer be able to influence United States policy, which will henceforth be dictated by American interests."

THIS, however, is clearly not the end of the story, or even of the latest chapter. Perhaps the most arresting development in Saudi-American relations over the past year has been a twisting tangle of ambiguous, almost sourceless stories regarding oil production and its limits. The starting point is Yamani's declaration in December, 1976, that production in the first quarter of 1977 would rise to between eight and a half and ten million barrels per day. A month later, Riyadh announced a cutback in production, because of "bad weather" in the Persian Gulf. In February, Yamani announced that Saudi Arabia would not "flood the market" with increased production. On April 2nd, what the American press referred to as "a high-level official Arab source" told newsmen in Washington that oil might not flow in the desired quantities. Two weeks later, in an interview with a Kuwaiti daily, Prince Fahd denied rumors that technical difficulties were blocking plans for increased oil production. On May 11th, a mysterious fire was reported to have hit the pumping facilities at the main Saudi oil fields, and five days later Yamani said that a production increase scheduled for May and June would not take place. On July 10th, Yamani dismissed as fantasy a Central Intelligence Agency report, released in April, which maintained that a world oil shortage in the nineteen-nineties could be averted only if Saudi production rose to between nineteen and twenty-three million barrels per day. The next day, the Planning Minister, Hisham Nazer, said in London that Saudi production was not going to be expanded indefinitely. The day after that, the *Middle East Economic Survey* reported that the Saudis had decided to keep production for the rest of 1977 at eight and a half million barrels per day. In August, Riyadh indicated that production would be cut by at least seven hundred thousand barrels per day, because of the need to test reservoir pressures. In September, Yamani reported that production during the first six months of the year had averaged nine million two hundred thousand barrels per day. He said that it would average eight and a half million during the balance of the year, except that new contracts would bring the level back to roughly nine million two hundred thousand barrels per day. At the same time, the *Middle East Economic Survey* reported that Aramco had plans to raise productive capacity from eleven million one hundred thousand barrels per day in June, 1977, to twelve and a half million by mid-1978; thirteen million by November, 1979; and fourteen million two hundred thousand by January, 1981. It said that there were plans, perhaps not yet approved by the government, for an increase to fifteen million one hundred thousand by June, 1981, and sixteen million two hundred thousand by the end of 1982.

In December, Yamani announced that because of the glut in available oil, Saudi Arabia was cutting 1978 production back to eight and a half million barrels per day. On December 25th, a front-page article by Seymour Hersh in the *Times* reported that United States intelligence sources were telling the White House that Saudi Arabia would be unable to expand future production, because of technical problems, such as corrosion of pipes and a drop in reservoir pressure. Aramco denied this story, and the denial rang true here in Saudi Arabia, where—compared with such difficult places as the North Sea and the North Slope, in Alaska—technical problems have not been all that serious. In January, the C.I.A. announced that it was decreasing its estimate of Saudi capacity from eleven and a half million to eight million eight hundred thousand barrels per day. The agency subsequently revised that figure, saying that it was an artificial Saudi production ceiling, not a capacity figure. But Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, after his visit in January, officially indicated that the Saudis were planning a slower expansion of oil production. He said that Saudi Arabia would not reach a capacity of fourteen million two hundred thousand barrels—Aramco's target for 1981—until 1983 or 1984.

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When it came to solving the world's energy problems, he said, Saudi Arabia would not be "a deus ex machina."

This series of reports, which seems so confusing in Washington, is far less difficult to read here in Riyadh. The Saudis are moving away from their implicit commitment to keep oil production high and prices relatively stable. They are edging off in an indirect, ambiguous, deliberately confusing way. They do not want a confrontation with the United States. They would like, if possible, to avoid even a spell of bad relations. But the die is cast, and not only because there is an oil glut now and the United States has been unable to bring about a settlement in the Middle East or stop the advance of Russia in Africa. The basic fact is that the Saudis have tried a season in the sun, a period of great power in the world, and found it not to their taste. Prominence involves too many risks—especially internal ones. So, in as quiet a manner as possible, the Saudis are going to step out of the limelight. "We don't want to be super-rich or super-powerful," Hisham Nazer says. And the Minister of Industry, Ghazi al-Qusaibi, who has published volumes of poetry, told me, "Maybe it is because I happen to be a poet that I am aware of the tragic sense of history. I know that not all hopes are attainable, and even when they are attainable, not always satisfying. Our role in the world cannot grow much larger. We are merely moving downstream a little in the oil-production business—going from production through refining to petrochemicals. The Saudi family has been in power for two hundred years—with only a brief intermission. We are not like some nouveau riche who suddenly becomes a millionaire. Or perhaps I should say some colonel who never had power but then seizes office and has to prove he can control the world. We know that some things are possible and other things not possible. In my own case, I pray five times a day. I prostrate myself before God. I cleanse myself of any exaggerated importance. That's a potent weapon against the grossly inflated ego."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

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THE CRITICAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the Charlotte (N.C.) Observer*]

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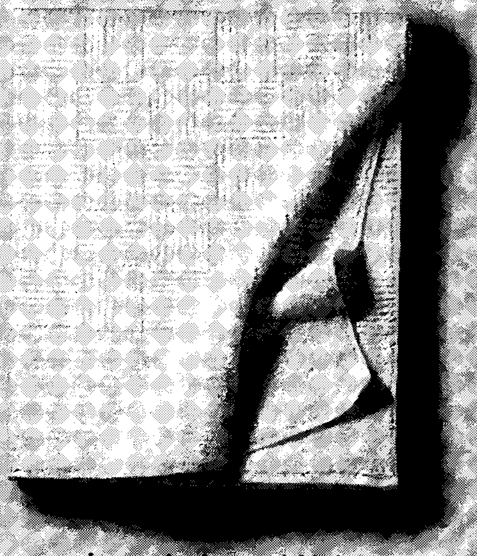
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Krals

Irene Kral, who will be at Michael's Pub until the end of June, is a mandarin singer of a high order. She is obsessed by style. A distillation of Dinah Washington, Carmen McRae, and Anita O'Day, who in their turn were influenced by the Billie Holiday of the early forties, she has a strong contralto, a vibrato of such delicacy and balance that it becomes a little song of its own, and a Byzantine way of phrasing. She has a great fondness for melismatics, and a curious habit of allowing some of her words to cast shadows: she sings "wind" as "wind-ah" and "many" as "many-eeh." Her melodic lines are full of angles and corners and drops: she likes to hold notes just a little longer than one expects and then end them sharply, and she likes surprising, elevator intervals. After a time, her style stands apart from what she is singing, and the listener becomes taken up with following her intricate melodic patterns. Her materials are often of exotic cloth, too. She likes the songs of Fran Landesman and Tommy Wolf, of Blossom Dearie, of John Mandel and Dave Frishberg, and of Bobby Troup, although she will include a bossa nova and a Cole Porter. Her adequate accompanists are Tom Garvin on piano, Brian Torff on bass, and Ron Davis on drums.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral (Irene's older brother) have been singing duets since 1946 and have been married almost as long. Kral plays accompanying piano, occasionally whistles, and writes the arrangements and some of the songs, while Jackie Cain simply sings. They began as mercurial bebop scat singers, and essentially they are still mercurial bebop scat singers. They fashion swift, wordless, leggy melodic lines in unison or in harmony, breaking off for eight-bar solos or for solos by their accompanists, who usually include bass, drums, and vibraphone. The Krals are faultless performers: they look sleek and swinging (he is dark and handsome, and she has a beautiful bird-boned face and impeccable blond hair), and they sound sleek and swinging. Their numbers have a flaglike jubilance, partly because of the constant contrast of their baritone and soprano voices, which release a pleasing, dappled intensity, and partly because of the apparently everlasting youthfulness of their appearance and voices. But unison music has a silhouette sound, and so does scat singing (the Krals do, of course, sing with words, too), and the often extraordinary cleverness of the ensembles gives them a barbershop-quartet blandness. It has long been clear that the center of the group is Jackie Cain. When she is allowed to sing by herself, the results are stunning. She has a big, wide-shouldered soprano, a good, controlled vibrato, excellent dynamics and range, and an outright, Midwestern approach to each song. Like Irene Kral, she resembles indirectly the Billie Holiday of the forties—the declarative, monochromic Billie Holiday, whose sorrowing, bent phrase endings sounded like cast-iron sighs. (Jackie Cain can be heard in superb form on "Concerts by the Sea: Jackie Cain and Roy Kral," which is on Studio 7 Records. She sings two numbers by herself—Mel Tormé's fine "Born to Be Blue" and Victor Feldman's somewhat athletic "A Face Like Yours." The seven remaining tracks provide generally glistening demonstrations of the Krals as a team.) But Jackie Cain's excellence sets up a quandary. If she were to go out as a single, there would be no more duo, nor would there be many jobs, for the American public still hasn't caught up with the host of marvellous singers it has in its midst. If she remains in the duo, there will be only glimpses of her clear, golden work. Perhaps a compromise can be worked out. Let her sing the first half of each set, or an occasional whole set, and let her sing not contemporary materials but solid Wilders and Kerns and Arlens and Porters. Whatever happens, the Krals should avoid the sort of nonsense they fell into recently at Michael's Pub when, making one of their rare New York appearances, they did a program of songs meant as a celebration of Humphrey Bogart movies. (Since the record-distribution system in this country is far less well organized than communications were between Rome and Britannia, be advised that Studio 7 records can be obtained from 131 East Magnolia Boulevard, Burbank, California 91502.)

We do not hear enough of the singer Marlene VerPlanck, either. She makes her way primarily in the studio and jingle world—and for a very good reason: there is no more proficient singer. She does not have a formidable voice or range, but her diction is pure, she has a startling sense of dynamics and dramatics, her intonation is almost perfect, and she swings very hard. She also works very hard, but the only time she reveals any inner workings is in slow ballads, when her vibrato sometimes gets loose and her voice refuses to expand enough to sustain her long notes. She is not a singer who lavishes emotion on her listeners; the intensity she brings to her songs is consumed by their technical demands. Marlene VerPlanck was one of the first singers to be chosen for Alec Wilder's superb radio series built around the best American songs and the best American singers. An album taken from her program has been released by Audiophile Records, and it is first-rate. She does thirteen numbers, eight of them buoyant songs by Hugh Martin ("Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," "An Occasional Man," "I Know Your Heart," "What I Was Warned About," "You Are for Loving," "Tiny Room," "Ev'ry Time," and "You'd Better Love Me"). She is particularly effective on "I Know Your Heart," "An Occasional Man," and "You Are for Loving." Her accompanists are Loonis McGlohon (piano), Terry Lassiter (bass), and Jim Lackey (drums). McGlohon, who played for the whole series of radio programs, is a subtle, funny, and adept accompanist. (Audiophile records can be obtained from 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Decatur, Georgia 30032.)

When Teddi King died, last fall, she had finally arrived at the start of her true career. She had passed through several careers—as a big-band singer, as a Las Vegas pop singer, and as a jazz singer. She had always had a sumptuous voice, and had studied singing for a year in Boston in the late forties. She had always admired the work of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey and Lee Wiley. But in the seventies she fell under the spell of Mabel Mercer, and, possibly for the first time, became aware of lyrics and the inner structure of songs, and the inextricable relationship between the two. Her diction became clearer and she became less "jazzy;" she began to settle into a serene and radiant way of singing. She was a tiny person, but her voice seemed to grow and grow, and by the time she finished a seven-week engagement at the Café Carlyle in January and February of 1977 she had become a singer rivalling Mabel Mercer at her best. Teddi King did not work much after that, but last October the producer Sam Parkins took her, with Dave McKenna, into a recording studio to make a demonstration record that might tempt the big record companies. A program of songs with Ira Gershwin lyrics was chosen, and in an hour and fifty minutes they cut eight songs, among them Kurt Weill's "My Ship" and "This Is New," Harold Arlen's "Here's What I'm Here For" and "Fun to Be Fooled," the Gershwins' "How Long Has This Been Going On," and Vernon Duke's "I Can't Get Started." The results, filled out by five McKenna solos, have been released as "Teddi King: This Is New," on the Inner City label, and it is in many ways the best record she made. It is very much a live recording. There are all sorts of mistakes. She swallows words, her pitch is occasionally weak, certain songs are too long or too short, and the recording balance is uneven. But she is wholly relaxed and in superb voice (one wishes her vibrato had been less flamboyant), and McKenna, whom she loved to work with, is beside her at every turn. The album is what recordings used to be before they became works of the imagination—an actual *record* of how a performer sounded on a certain day in a certain place. As such, it is invaluable, for a month later she was gone.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Jimmy Carter and Jerry Ford held press conferences within hours of each other, and there was hardly "a dime's worth of difference," as George Wallace used to say, between them on foreign policy.—*Mary McGrory in the Washington Star.*

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—There are three Democrats running for the Senate here these days and to the naked eye it seems that, as George Wallace would say, "there ain't a dime's worth of difference between them."—*Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover in the Washington Star, same day, same page.*

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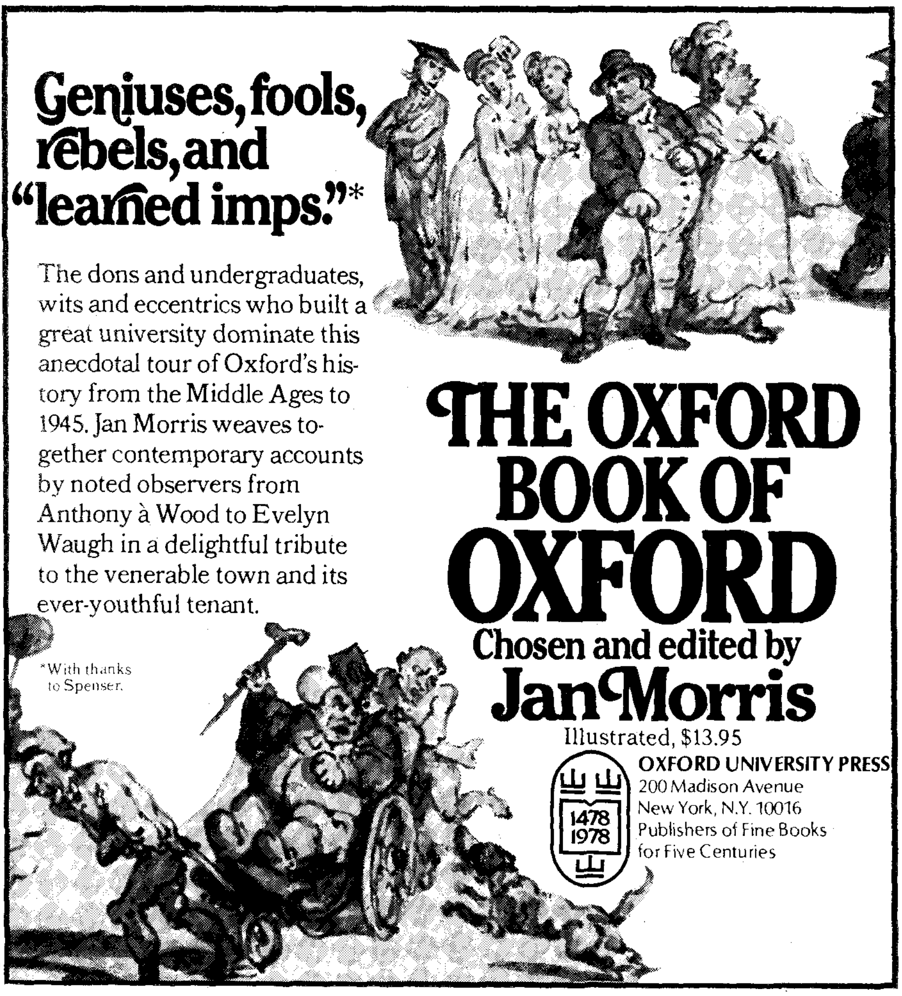

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*With thanks to Spenser.

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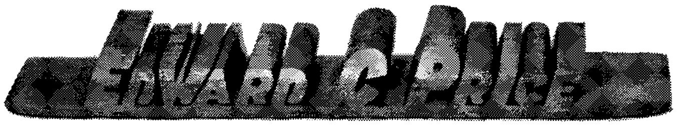

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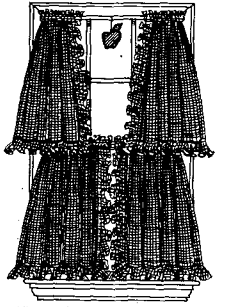

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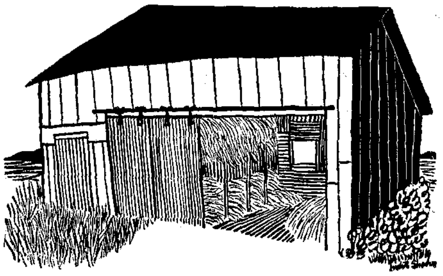
A REPORTER AT LARGE

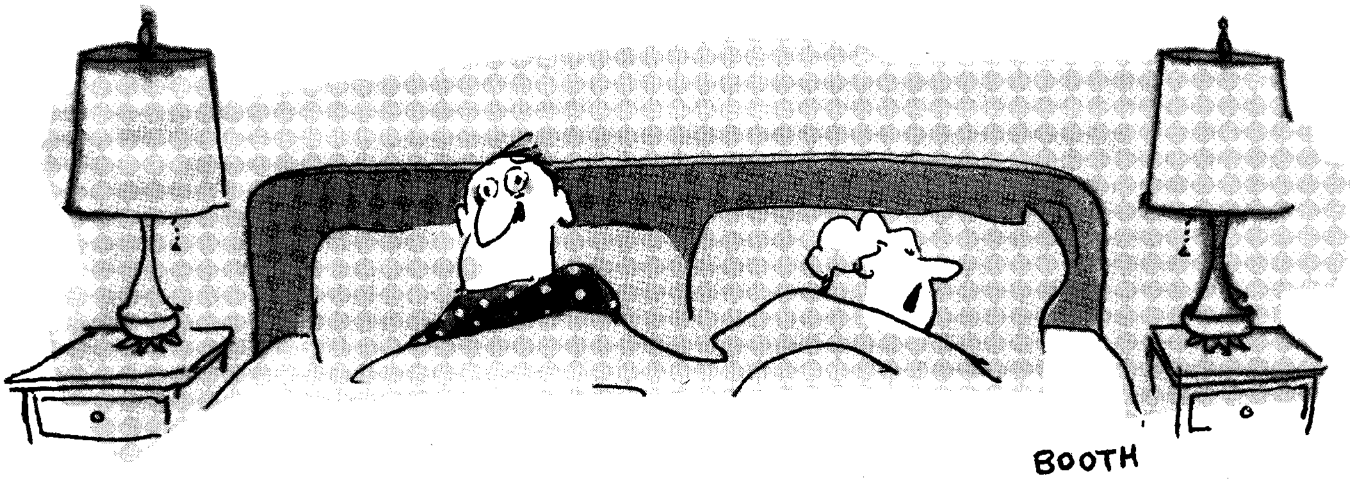
A TENDENCY TO LEGISLATE

ON Monday, May 22nd, the House of Representatives, in approximately one hour and forty-five minutes, passed six pieces of legislation. The debate on these bills took about forty minutes altogether, and the rest of the time was consumed by roll-call votes on them. When a bill is considered on the House floor under regular procedures, hours, or even days, can be required to complete work on it, but these six bills were considered under what is known as the suspension calendar—a process that has come into increasing use. About a fourth of all House legislation of any consequence—that is, excluding private bills and routine matters that carry by unanimous consent—is handled this way. The normal rules of legislating are suspended, debate is limited to twenty minutes for each party, amendments from the floor are prohibited, and a bill needs the approval of two-thirds of those voting. The theory is that this is an efficient way of clearing noncontroversial proposals, but the suspension procedure is also used for other purposes: to slip bills through or to deny members an opportunity to amend them, under the pretense that if a bill is on the suspension calendar it is by definition noncontroversial. The speed of the process causes members of the House to cast their votes in even more ignorance than usual of just what it is they are deciding. Of late, members of the House, their docility on this particular Monday notwithstanding, have been growing increasingly wary of the suspension process, and that wariness is a symptom of a deeper unease—an unease about the sheer amount of legislation that comes before them. As government grows, so does the number of bills to reauthorize old programs, to change them, to tinker with them, to find flaws in the way the executive branch is administering them. A program, once enacted, rarely dies. And, at the same time, members of Congress keep coming up with new ideas for things for the government to do. There being many more members of the House than of the Senate, many more bills get pushed onto the House calendar. At the end of each session, the congressional leaders put out a list of bills passed that year, and the presumption is that the more bills that have been passed the more has been accomplished.

As the volume of legislation rises, so does the pressure to get bills on the suspension calendar; otherwise, a bill's sponsors must take their place in the long line of those waiting to bring legislation to the House floor under the regular procedures, and, because of the limited time, many bills don't make it. (This year, because it is an election year, the House plans to adjourn by the first of October.) In late May, a staff member of one of the House leaders said to me, "Everybody and his dog are trying to get on the suspension calendar." Technically, the Speaker of the House decides what goes on the suspension calendar, but most of this work is done by members of his and the Majority Leader's staffs. A committee chairman simply writes a letter to the Speaker asking that a bill be put on the suspension calendar, and, if possible, he is obliged. Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill has set "guidelines," which include stipulations that bills on the suspension calendar should be neither controversial nor expensive, but, although the guidelines help to establish an appearance of orderliness, they are not necessarily followed. In mid-May, for example, two of the bills on the suspension calendar were the Comprehensive Rehabilitation Services Amendments of 1978, a large piece of legislation authorizing at least seven billion dollars in spending over the next five years and initiating a number of new programs for assistance to the handicapped; and the Comprehensive Older Americans Act Amendments of 1978, authorizing more than four billion dollars over the next three years and also initiating a number of new programs. Under the rules, members had little opportunity to study the bills and no opportunity to offer amendments, and were faced with the choice of voting for or against the aging and the handicapped. (They voted for them, by 361–6 and 382–12, respectively.) Earlier, the leadership brought up under the suspension rules an Administration proposal to increase federal assistance for college-tuition payments. The idea was to ward off a proposal, popular in Congress but opposed by the Administration, for tuition tax credits, but House members saw through the stratagem and it flopped. Generally, the idea is to not bring up bills that might fail to get the necessary two-thirds vote, because, from the point of view of the chairman of the sponsoring committee, that prejudices a bill's chances if it is brought up again, under the regular rules, and, from the leadership's point of view, a defeat reflects on its expertise in reading the mood of the House.



AT twelve-twenty-five on May 22nd, the first bill on the day's suspension calendar is brought up. Putting bills on a given day's suspension calendar is, of course, a way for the leadership to do favors for the members sponsoring them. Of the six bills to be considered under the suspension rules today, four, all having to do with the subject of timberlands, are sponsored by Representative Jim Weaver, Democrat of Oregon, who is facing a challenge in a primary tomorrow. Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois and Chief Deputy Whip, is in the chair. About forty of the four hundred and thirty-five House members are present, and of those a high percentage are reading their mail or the newspapers or chatting with each other as the "debate" proceeds. Only about a half-dozen members are listening to the first speaker—Representative Carl Perkins, Democrat of Kentucky, the chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee. The press gallery is virtually empty. Perkins brings up a resolution blocking the consolidation of several advisory committees by the Office of Education. (Such consolidations can be blocked by a vote of either the Senate or the House.) In recent years, Congress has got in the habit, when it establishes new programs, of requiring the creation of executive-branch advisory committees, particularly in the fields of health, education, and welfare. The high-minded reason given is that the advisory committees bring independent judgment to the administration of the programs, but in reality the committees become creatures of the programs, of the bureaucracies that administer them, and of the client groups that benefit from them. In any event, memberships on them are considered prestigious and useful, and they provide opportunities for members of Congress to push for appointments of their



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friends and benefactors. Jimmy Carter, as a Presidential candidate, it will be recalled, pledged again and again that he would reduce the number of government agencies from nineteen hundred to two hundred. Of the nineteen hundred or so, about twelve hundred turned out to be advisory committees, almost a third of them attached to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The Department was directed by the new Administration to eliminate a hundred such committees, and so the Office of Education proposed to consolidate the National Advisory Council on Equality of Educational Opportunity with the National Advisory Council on the Education of Disadvantaged Children, and to consolidate the Community Education Advisory Council and the National Advisory Council on Adult Education with the National Advisory Council on Vocational Education. But these changes were opposed not only by some of the client groups, which lobbied against them, but also by members of some of the advisory committees that were to be merged and by members of their staffs, who stood to lose jobs.

The Education and Labor Committee, protective of legislation it has spawned and sympathetic with the programs' client groups, has unanimously approved a bill, which Perkins is now bringing up, to block the merging of the advisory committees. He routinely reads a statement giving lofty reasons for the legislation. John Buchanan, Republican of Alabama, who is also a member of the Education and Labor Committee, speaks in behalf of the bill; there is no further discussion, and ten minutes after the "debate" on this issue begins, it is over. Harold Volkmer, a freshman Democrat from Missouri, who has made a habit of demanding roll-call votes on suspension bills, does so now; a sufficient number of members agree, and, in accordance with custom, the vote is postponed until all of the day's suspension bills have been considered.

Next, Jim Weaver brings up H.R. 11777, the first of his four bills—this one to consolidate and also to expand several programs that provide federal assistance to private owners of forestland (the coöperative tree seed-and-plant program, the coöperative forest-management program, the coöperative tree-improvement program, the forestry-incentives program, the urban forestry technical-assistance program, the insect-and-disease-control program, the rural-community fire program, the coöperative forest-fire program, and the white-pine blister-rust-protection program). Weaver quickly and sketchily explains what the bill would do, and says that it represents the efforts of the United States Forest Service and the Extension Service of the Agriculture Department, and also of ten private organizations, including the American Forestry Association and the National Forest Products Association—that is, of the bureaucracies that administer the programs and the interest groups that benefit from them. William Wampler, of Virginia, the senior Republican on the Agriculture Committee, says he supports the bill, and, three minutes after the debate on H.R. 11777 began, it is over. Representative Ronald Mottl, a Democrat from Ohio who is in his second term, demands, as has become his practice, a roll-call vote. Weaver's next bill, also backed by the two federal agencies and the ten private organizations, would expand the Forest Service program of research into forest and rangeland "renewable resources." The existing limit on spending for the program—twenty million dollars a year—would be removed. In five minutes, the debate on the bill is concluded. The debate on the next bill, which would authorize spending of up to fifteen million dollars a year for ten years to provide extension services to private owners of forestland, takes two minutes, and the debate on Weaver's fourth bill, which would ex-

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pand a program that supports volunteer work on forestlands, takes seven minutes.

Then ten minutes is spent on a bill to extend and expand a program that provides special training and employment opportunities in the federal government for veterans of the Vietnam era and certain other disabled veterans. At five minutes past one, the debate on all six bills is concluded, and the voting begins. Under the suspension system, the first vote is allotted fifteen minutes—giving members time to reach the House chamber from their offices and committee rooms in the adjacent House office buildings—and each one after that is given five minutes. (Under regular legislative procedures, every vote is allowed fifteen minutes.) During roll-call votes, the names of members of the House appear in lights along the wall behind the press gallery; the members insert a card in one of a number of electronic machines scattered around the floor and push a button to indicate how they are voting, and a green light next to the name indicates a "yes" vote, a red light indicates a "no" vote. On each side of the chamber is a scoreboard that gives a running tally of how the vote is going and how many minutes on that vote remain. What these pieces of machinery say is often more important in helping members make up their minds on how to vote than is the content of the proposal they are voting on.

The system that has evolved for voting on the suspension calendar contributes to the members' relative ignorance of what they are deciding, and is an example of the kind of logic that determines so much of what happens on Capitol Hill. Until not many years ago, the suspension process was used only every other Monday, and in 1973 Tuesdays were added. Last year, the number of days was increased again, to Monday and Tuesday of each week. In earlier years, by and large the bills were approved simply by voice vote. Since many members do not make it back to Washington from their home states until late on Monday, in 1974 the practice of postponing any roll-call votes on the day's suspension calendar until all of the bills had been debated was instituted. When legislation is being considered under the regular procedures, members might be inclined to hang around the House floor between votes on amendments, and therefore learn what the amendments—and the bills—are about, but there is little incentive to be present during the debate on the suspension bills. And, increasingly, roll-call votes, rather than just voice votes, are being demanded on suspension bills. (The rules stipulate that a roll-call vote must be taken if one-fifth of those present ask for it—a number that, given the attendance during consideration of bills on the suspension calendar, is not difficult to achieve.) Some Republicans began demanding roll calls because they were angry over recent changes in the rules which prevent them from demanding quorum calls at will—both as a tactic for delay and as a means of harassing the Democratic majority. Most members are concerned, for fear of what election opponents might say, about keeping their roll-call voting records high, regardless of how unimportant some of the votes may be. Therefore, some Democrats, annoyed because last year the House leadership began holding more frequent Friday sessions during which roll-call votes were taken, began (particularly if they had missed the Friday sessions) to demand roll-call votes on Mondays, so that they could improve their voting records. And therefore the House leaders, for their part, in order to protect those members who do not return to Washington on Monday in time for the votes, if at all, this year limited to six the number of bills that could come up under suspension of the rules on any one day, with some exceptions. (As each session of Congress nears its end, all kinds of odd things happen in the final rush, and the number of bills brought up under suspension on any one day increases.) At one point, Rostenkowski proposed holding all suspension votes on Tuesday, but that was apparently going too far, and the idea failed. The fact that there are more roll calls may inconvenience the members, but it does make them take more responsibility for bills passed under suspension; otherwise, just a few people could (and, in the past, often did) approve them. A high-minded reason given for limiting the number of suspension bills to six is to allow the members more opportunity to study them, but one learns to look beneath politicians' high-minded reasons.

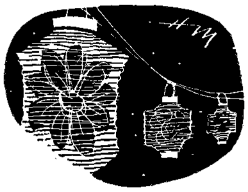
IN the Speaker's lobby, off the House floor, a member on his way to vote on the first of today's six bills says to me, "I'll be glad to tell you what I think about the suspension system after I vote. Of course, I don't know what

I'm voting on.” There are available weekly and daily notices from the Democratic Study Group, an organization of House liberals, explaining what is in each of the bills that will come up. There are also Democratic “Whip Advisory” sheets on each bill and similar information sheets for Republicans. But apparently few members have, or take, the time to read these. When legislation is being considered under regular procedures, members with a particular interest in it station allies at the doors leading into the chamber to tell the incoming members what the question is and how they would like them to vote. On suspension bills, generally nobody bothers. As the members stream in for the first vote, the official doorkeepers enlighten them only to the extent of saying, “First of six.” In the Speaker's lobby, Representatives Edward (Ned) Pattison, of New York, and Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut, both Democrats in their second term and both among the more thoughtful members of the House, talk to me, after voting on the first bill, about the process I have been witnessing.

Says Pattison, “This is a symptom of the incredible overload that we deal with every day. There's no way that a member of this body can honestly say that he fully understands what he's voting on.”

Says Dodd, “There's a bill up; there's a presumption it's noncontroversial.”

Says Pattison, “If there's any place in this body where you almost completely rely on the system, it's this. As I stuck my card in, I asked the guy in front of me how he had just voted. He said, ‘Yes.’ I asked him, ‘What's it about?’ He said, ‘Damned if I know.’ ”



Says Dodd, “I asked someone what it was about. He said, ‘It's all right. They're all noncontroversial.’ ”

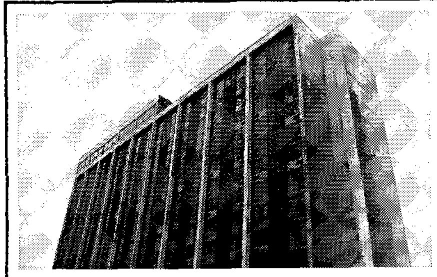
Pattison explains, “I go over the weekly D.S.G. report on Monday morning. That's one time when you have a chance to read those things. But if nobody's lobbying me on one of the bills or raising hell, then I tend to go along. The first thing people do is look at the tally board. If the vote is two hundred and seventy-five to one, they vote ‘yes.’ ”

Dodd, who is a deputy whip, says he has raised objections in whip meetings that too many bills are brought up under the suspension system. “They just don't get scrutiny this way,” he tells me. “Taking them up under the regular system would consume more time, but it would also give them more scrutiny. Clearly, we should have a suspension system, but there should be tighter constraints on how it's used.”

In a few minutes, the resolution objecting to the consolidation of the advisory committees is approved. The next votes come quickly: the timberland bills are passed by votes of 373–2, 373–3, 377–7, and 378–5, and the veterans' bill passes 388–0.

A little later, in the House dining room, a member who does not wish to be quoted by name, a progressive Democrat, lists some of his complaints about the suspension system. “I think it's being abused,” he says. “Look at the consideration last week of the Rehabilitation Act amendments under the suspension rule. That's a program a lot of us support strongly in total, but it also has some very controversial aspects, and it has dozens of sections. Among other things, it contains a formula that Perkins and some of its other sponsors did not want to see tampered with by an amendment on the floor. There is a special vice in using the suspension process on a bill like that—one that has strong general support. Members have a choice only of voting it up or down, and very few are going to vote against the handicapped.”

He goes on, “The dynamics of a vote on suspension are not entirely complimentary to the House. If a bill is rolling up a substantial majority, they'll support it. On the other hand, if there starts to be a number of votes against it, then members will start to inquire around, or simply vote against it. They'll look at the board to see who's opposing the bill. If it's one of the more respected Democrats, they may wonder why, and they'll oppose it, too. The process is like a teeter-totter, with everyone jumping on one end or the other. And it's not true that costly bills are kept off the suspension calendar. There has been too much of a tendency to use it to accommodate committee chairmen. The leadership ought to examine the bills more and see if they're being brought up under suspension simply to avoid amendments. It's not unknown for the leadership itself to bring up a bill under suspension in order to avoid troublesome amendments. Some of us argue that we should be reëxamining programs every few years. But when you bring up something like the Reha-



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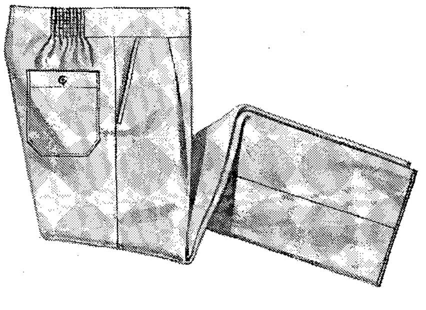

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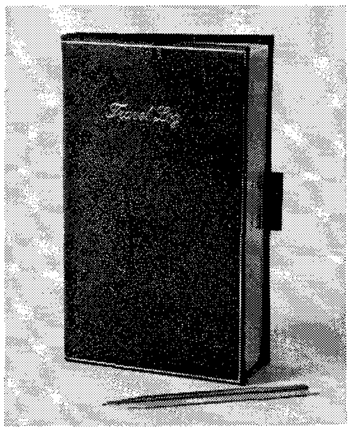

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bilitation Act under suspension, you're boxed in. There's an increasing feeling that we're just passing a lot of laws—that the machine grinds out some jerry-built proposals, that the committees are the sausage machines of legislation. Members feel that they're voting on too much, that there are too many bills. You hear more talk about how maybe it would be better if we just passed the annual appropriations bills and quit."

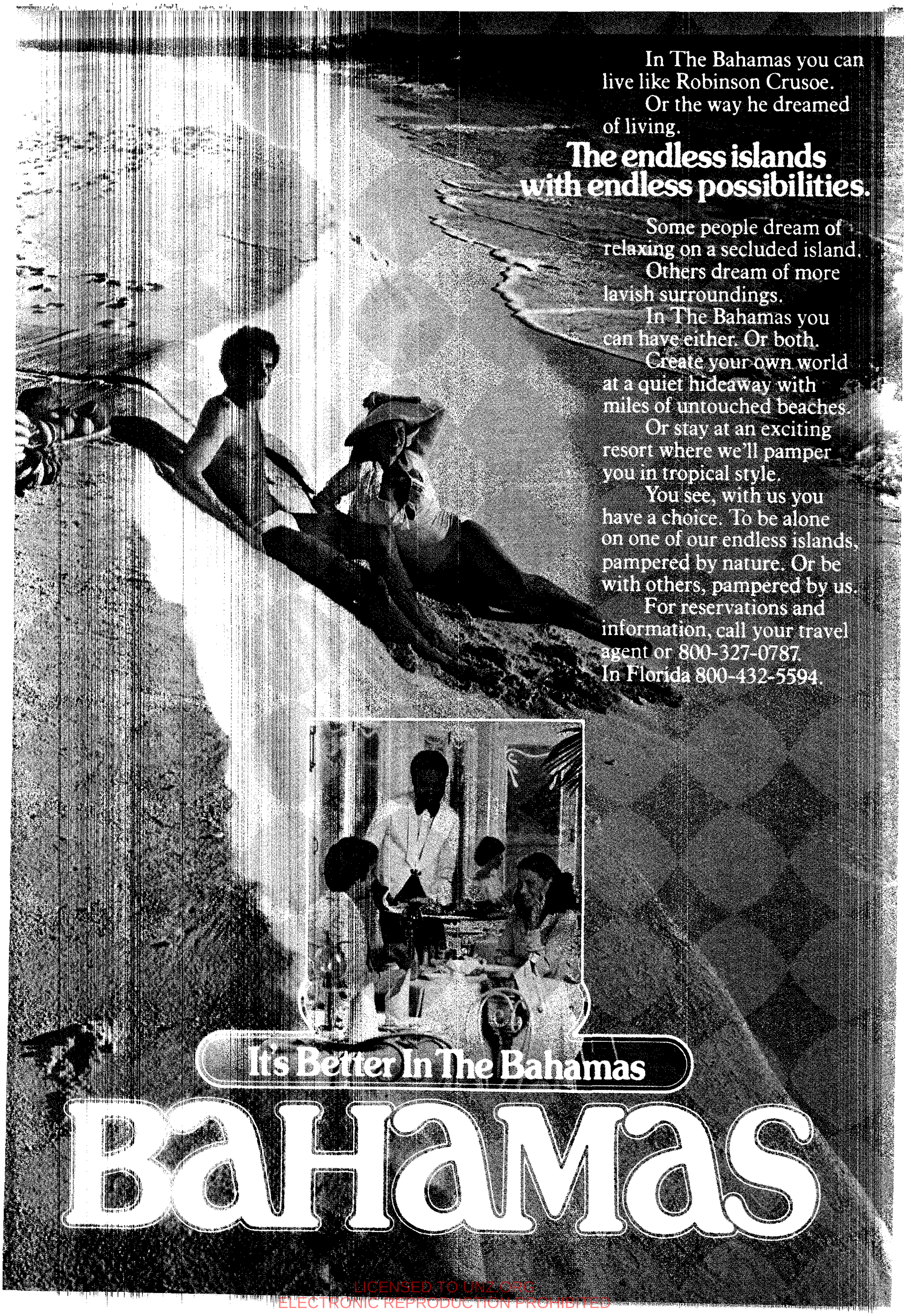
One of the results of the various ways in which the House has been "democratized" in recent years is that more legislation comes to the House floor. Committee chairmen used to exercise more control over their committees, and the House Rules Committee, which approves bills for floor debate under the regular rules, used to exercise independent authority, but all that has changed. Moreover, the committees tend to be self-selecting, and are not as much divided along ideological lines as might be supposed. In large part, members go on committees because they favor the things that those committees can do. People representing rural areas go on the Agriculture Committee, and so forth. Once they get on the committees, they pursue legislation to further the interests that they went on the committees to further. Interest groups suggest legislation—or sometimes a member even gets an idea on his own—and hearings are held, and then, the case for the legislation having been made, like as not there is a bill.

The Democrat I have been talking to says, "The subcommittees push out legislation, the full committees pass it on, and the Rules Committee sends it on to the floor. We're swimming weakly against a tide of legislation. Some of the younger members are so disturbed about the amount of legislation we're passing that they're starting to sound like old curmudgeons. You can sense a weakening of the old liberal faith. More people are raising questions, asking, 'Are we really going to help matters if we pass that bill?' There is a growing resistance among Democrats to some of the programs the Administration and the committee leadership are pushing. Once in a while, it erupts. I have a feeling on bill after bill that if someone on the majority side would take up the cudgels the outcome would be different. But there is still a tradition that you stay within your own garden. Your colleagues on other committees are not happy if you suddenly come out of nowhere and oppose their bills. If you really wanted to oppose a bill under suspension you'd have to organize people to work the doors, and it's a major project. Besides, it's part of the culture of this place that if you take that aggressive a role you have to have a better reason than that you just think it's a bad idea. They understand if it affects your district—that's O.K. Otherwise, members say, 'What's Joe doing opposing this bill?' You risk being typed as a gadfly."

He continues, "Members are increasingly nervous about suspensions. They don't want to walk in and feel that they're being snowballed, and the five-minute vote cuts short the consultative process—the time to ask their colleagues what they think. There are just too many votes, too many issues, too many meetings, too many attention-demanding situations. We're going to committee meetings, subcommittee meetings, caucuses—a caucus of the class with which you were elected here, the rural caucus, the steel caucus, you name it—and we're seeing constituents and returning phone calls and trying to rush back and forth to the district, and then we're supposed to understand what we're voting on when we get to the House floor. It gets madcap from time to time."

Later in the afternoon, I talk with some other members, as they go back and forth to the House chamber to vote on other legislation. John Anderson, Republican of Illinois and chairman of the House Republican Conference, says when I ask him about the suspension process, "It's a terrible way to legislate. Last week, we took up a three-year authorization of the Older Americans Act, with a total authorization of over four billion dollars. We couldn't amend it. The excuse was that we have so much to do that we can't handle the volume under the regular rules. Maybe that suggests we're overlegislating. The suspension process is totally bad, unless it's done under some very rigid rules, like allowing it only for proclaiming National Pickle Week and things like that."

Barber Conable, Republican of New York, says, "One of the abuses is the system of taking the suspension bills up all at once and postponing the votes until the end. The theory of that is that it keeps us from having to run back and forth. But everyone knows that while the suspensions are being debated you can go to lunch or do an errand downtown. Members cynically take advantage of the fact that they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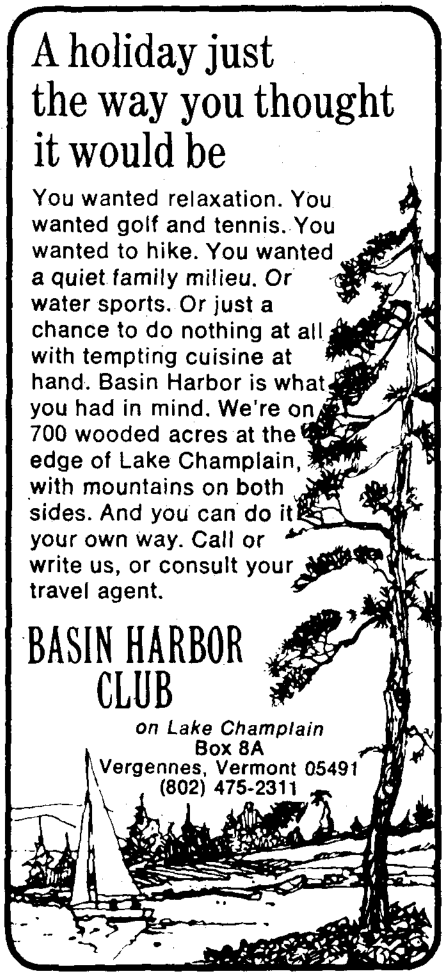
won't have to vote for a specified time. Chances are that those will be the least informed votes on the floor of the House. We tend to stay around and listen to the debate on amendments. The assumption is that the bills on the suspension calendar are 'noncontroversial.' But the controversial part is the amendments the leadership is preventing debate on. I say that even if we have to run back and forth a lot, it would be preferable to do that, rather than vote on a laundry list in the most uninformed way. A lot of members would stay and hear the debate rather than do a lot of running. And toward the end of the year there's real abuse. The Rules Committee, with great fanfare, announces that after a certain date it won't send any more bills to the House floor. At that point, the leadership will bring up all sorts of things under suspension, for resolution under pressure. That leads to all kinds of frustrations and resentments."

Another member, who is close to the House leadership, expresses apprehension over my questions about the suspension process. When I comment that I have the feeling that the day's bills had rather whizzed by me, he smiles and says, "That's the idea."

On the following day, some of the uneasiness about the nature and amount of legislation to be considered bursts through, and the House rejects two of the bills on the suspension calendar. The first is a bill entitled "Establishing the Aboriginal Hawaiian Claims Settlement Study Commission, and for Other Purposes." Though the bill would only establish a commission, the end result could be paying descendants of the original natives of Hawaii the value of land including Honolulu, plus interest. (An official of the Office of Management and Budget has told me that the Hawaiian claims could end up costing the government thirty-five billion dollars.) Moreover, there has been a growing rebellion against bills coming out of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs—as this one did—that endorse Indian or other aboriginal claims to certain areas. When the roll is called on today's bill, it is clear at once that it is in trouble. The lights next to the names indicate that such members as Robert Giaimo, Democrat of Connecticut and chairman of the House Budget Committee, and Thomas Foley, Democrat of Washington and chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, along with a number of other progressive Democrats, are voting against it. The tally boards on the sides of the House chamber show that the vote against the bill is strong, and as the members come into the chamber they look at the boards, sniff the breeze, and, seeing that the bill is going to fail to get the necessary two-thirds vote, eagerly join in the kill. At the end of each roll call, members are given the opportunity to change their votes, and now a number of them, not wanting to pass up the chance to vote against something, change their vote from yes to no. In the end, the bill fails by a wide margin to get a two-thirds vote. Bills considered under the suspension rules seldom fail by a narrow margin. Next, the members, acting on similar group instincts, vote down a bill that would have established a new Office on Domestic Violence in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and authorized appropriations of a hundred and twenty-five million dollars over the next five years to make grants for local programs establishing shelters and services for victims of domestic violence. (The bill defined "domestic violence" as "any act or threatened act of violence, including any forceful detention of an individual, which results or threatens to result in physical injury, and is committed by a person against another person to whom such person is married or has been married or with whom such person is residing or has resided.") The bill would also have established a new advisory committee—a Council on Domestic Violence. The early voting on this bill, too, shows that some certified liberals are going on record against it, and the herd follows. Whatever the merits of the bill, here is an excellent opportunity to cast a vote against a new federal program and additional federal spending. And, again, a number of members, when they see which way the vote has gone, change their votes from yes to no. This bill not only fails to get a two-thirds vote but doesn't even get a majority. The four other bills on today's suspension calendar pass with no difficulty. One of them, backed by members from California, calls on the Administration to press the European Economic Community to ease import restrictions on dried prunes and certain processed fruits and vegetables—something that the Administration says it is already doing. Another would permit working parents to take



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After the votes, one member says to me of the grandparent-baby-sitting tax credit, "It's dumb. You shouldn't pay a relative to baby-sit and then take a tax credit for it. It's too easily abused. But we didn't think it was worth the fuss to try to beat it."

Representative Fortney Stark, a liberal Democrat from California and a member of the Ways and Means Committee, which reported this bill, had—as rarely happens on suspension bills—filed a statement in the committee's report giving his objections to the bill, but he did not bother to argue against it on the House floor. In a conversation later, I ask him why. He replies, "It would have been like trying to beat motherhood."

Today, following the votes, Ned Pattison, talking about the two bills that were voted down, says to me, "That's the psychology of it. If the vote starts to look close, people start questioning. You assume there's controversy, and if there's controversy it's not something you want to vote for."

Morris Udall comes off the House floor to the Speaker's lobby and explains to me, "There's no logic to why these votes go the way they do. There's a momentum that starts. Some bills will go roaring through, and on other days if some start to get in trouble they'll go down. Members are always looking for an excuse to vote no, and so if they see that one of these bills is going down, everybody jumps to join the pack."

Another member tells me, "I'm just so tired I could cry. The pace is so damn heavy around here. We waste so much of our time racing back and forth having roll calls on bills that pass three hundred and sixty-three to three."

Another member says of the bills that have been defeated, "You have just seen a good indicator of the mood of the House these days."

Says another, a liberal Democrat, "I just think we're passing too much damn legislation."

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

Try to parse this sentence: "When *anyone* crosses the street, *they* take the chance of being run over." Or: "In this land of the free, *everybody* is entitled to *their* rights." Here we have two examples of a plural pronoun referring to a singular substantive, which, as any third grader can tell you, is a grammatical solecism of the first magnitude.
—*Philip Dunne in Newsweek.*

As soon as he takes the lollipop out of his mouth.

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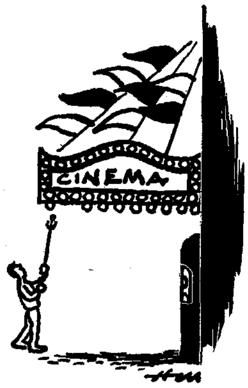
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Second Wave



IN spite of keeping a profile so low that it barely breaks the surface of the waves, the fictional island town of Amity we came to know in "Jaws" has suffered badly from the effects of the thrashing plastic shark into whose gullet the Robert Shaw character so horribly disappeared, legs first: the peaceful resort seemed less inviting to visitors once they found out they were likely to be swallowed. In the interim, the people of Amity have decided on a public-relations approach. Keep off the subject of teeth. Think positive. By the time the ineffably dopey "Jaws 2" opens, thinking positive has led to thinking about "condominiums," a word that might have been invented by one of Nixon's aides. A mushroom growth of the things springs up at what is called Amity Shores. Propping up this example of positive thinking, Amity now also offers a bonanza of a placebo, guaranteed to take anyone's mind off sharks or anything else: its very own new Holiday Inn. This is opened at a party attended by local worshipfuls who bow the knee to the town's rebirth, make merry, applaud when Miss Amity cuts the official dedication ribbon. We feel as distant from a marauding shark as we would be if we were sitting around a boardroom table discussing how to promote the positive aspects of pollution (cheaper than smoking; faster than asking for a match).

"Jaws 2" is a movie split down the middle. On our right, the problem of improving Amity's image: the luscious girl who cuts the ribbon does much to obliterate the shark from our minds, and the ersatz horrors of the Holiday Inn gala would make any fun-lover forget chewed people. On our left, the problem of the shark: a problem that appears to abide solely in the head of Police Chief Martin Brody (Roy Scheider), a gentle man who goes readily to sea in crisis although he is prone to seasickness. But the very day after the Holiday Inn P.R. handsprings Brody gets word that a posh boat from which two people were skin-diving has been found empty, with no trace of what happened to the skin divers. Fear rises in him like damp up a castle wall. In such circumstances, "condominium" begins to sound like the obscene word of resort life. Meanwhile, there are scenic tours, tourists streaming off the ferries from the mainland, local kids rigging their sailboats for races. An aging woman sitting on her beach porch watches a couple of girls offshore: one water-skiing, the other piloting the boat that is towing her. The water-skier falls. The boat goes back to pick her up. Suddenly, the boat is in flames and explodes. Brody's vision of the potential grimness of life in Amity, unaltered by all the ribbon-cutting and Holiday Inn promotion, is lit up in outline. All the horrors are stupidly fabricated. Brody—in great peril—goes after an endangered plank that has the remnants of a body sticking to its bottom; he looks horrified but triumphant. You wouldn't think the plank was evidence of a massacre. Everything in this picture is reduced by the filmmakers to toy-size endeavors. They become as foolishly marketable as the shark.

"Jaws 2"—directed by Jeannot Szwarc, a Frenchman who has been here since 1964; written by Carl Gottlieb and Howard Sackler; and based on Peter Benchley's original characters—throws a sop to cynics, with its emphasis on local power politics and the finances of a holiday resort. The once unsophisticated dignitaries and power chiefs are worried about the town's "image," as the current term has it. These characters are much more worldly in "Jaws 2" than they were in the first "Jaws." There is another big difference—one of poetic temperament—between the two films. In the first, grownups and kids seemed to be living on one island, in one world; in this sequel, the grownups are distant, power-playing figures, linked only by Brody to the condescendingly seen world of children, who seem approximations of the children in TV commercials who want a third helping of a brand-name product and get brand-name gravy all over their faces. The adventure sequences of the film rope Brody into the children's world. The adults disbelieve him, even fire him; the children are joined to him in a story that has something in common with the famous Arthur Ransome books ("Swallows and Amazons," "We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea," a dozen others). Ransome's books became such huge best-sellers partly because they attributed to children true initiative and no reliance on grownups, apart from a very few adults who respected them in danger: adults who are represented in "Jaws 2" by Brody. The children in "Jaws 2" may be on their own, battling the great white shark that is shadowing the wake of their boats, but they are different from Ransome's children in their emotionalism. If there were a children's union, it should take the case of "Jaws 2" to court for defamation of character. We seem to be in a world where a child's brains and self-respect have no chance against neurotic facility and TV-trained spoiledness. The film represents the child characters as if they were patients of a dentist professionally "good with children." It suppresses their natural and moving nervous energy by diverting them with cuddly toys. It magnifies their hysteria about danger—showing their hands gripping the chair when the arm of the drill gets near, as it were—and diminishes their native stoicism and dignity.

"Jaws 2" is a curious mixture. Its kids'-adventure level is the one of battling the shark. Its adult level, attached with patronizing knowingness, is the one of Amity trying to revive itself as a money-making resort whose motto is that there is nothing in the world to fear. Its third, thoughtful level is the worthwhile one: it lies in the performance by Roy Scheider as the kicked-out police chief, an underdog with a nose for danger and with real tenacity when he is at the bottom of the heap. Most of the rest of the cast looks on, looks at the carapace of things; Roy Scheider is a born actor, and seems always to be contemplating the temper of things.

"GREASE," which must be one of the least inviting titles in film history, will probably be one of the more successful movies of the year. Why grease? Not grease for motorcars, not grease for suntans, not grease from Thanksgiving turkeys. This grease is the evocative grease of yesteryear, the grease that boys of Elvis Presley's era used in combing their hair into bouffant waves at the top and ducktails at the back. These are the days of strapless dresses, leather jackets, petting in cars at drive-in movies, primitive rock-and-roll orchestration, teachers' encouraging speeches about how one of the girls may someday be another Mrs. Roosevelt and one of the boys another Vice-President Nixon. In other words, we are in the fifties. Randal Kleiser's film, from a screenplay by Bronte Woodard, is based on the long-running Broadway musical by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey: the musical that everyone near New York who was under twenty in the fifties has seen dozens of times, and that to the rest of the public seems to represent one of the least admirable periods of our recent history. In the film, John Travolta plays a high-school hero called Danny, who is in love with Sandy (Olivia Newton-John), a beauty with hair tied back by a ribbon and with a soft singing voice that even the mike held so close to her mouth can't make raucous. There are numbers with words in them about "tears on my pillow" and "love is not a toy" which are of a kind with the rah-rah sentimentality about high-school sports ("We're not going out there just to win, we're going to bring back glory"). The dilemmas seem very much of the past: girls wanting not to "make themselves cheap," boys wanting to be desirable even though they "act cool" to girls, boys always taking the lead, their girls being very much *their* girls and always present to applaud. Three of the best numbers—"You're the One That I Want" and "Hopelessly Devoted to You" (music and lyrics by John Farrar), and "Sandy" (music by Louis St. Louis and lyrics by Scott J. Simon)—are particularly eloquent about the rules of American high-school society. They convey a distinct notion of what constitutes womanliness and manliness, and one would expect this to be anathema to the young generation of the seventies, but the film is obviously well calculated commercially. What makes for its appeal? Its professionalism? Its vivacity? Perhaps. And perhaps, too, the sheer fact that the people it shows are not as permissive as their equivalents would be now. They live in a closed society, carefully observing a self-imposed system of regulations and denials. No smoking, no drinking, true love. There is not much respect for mind. The John Travolta character's instincts are minor instincts of the heart. He comes out as an agreeable, strong, manly, but inertly stupid and unobservant young man involved in a sham courtship and incapable of a dangerous thought. He is Hamlet's opposite. One wonders if it would be possible to make a hit show or film now about the rancorous energy of Hamlet's temperament, his way of showing his thwarted love for Ophelia, his intellect. It doesn't seem likely. Instead, we have the easy homesickness for the past and the pure ozone purveyed by the dancing and romanticism of "Grease."

—Penelope Gilliatt

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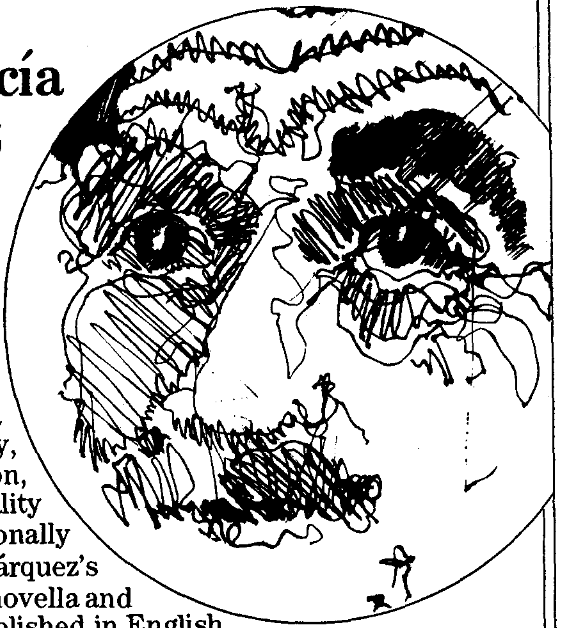

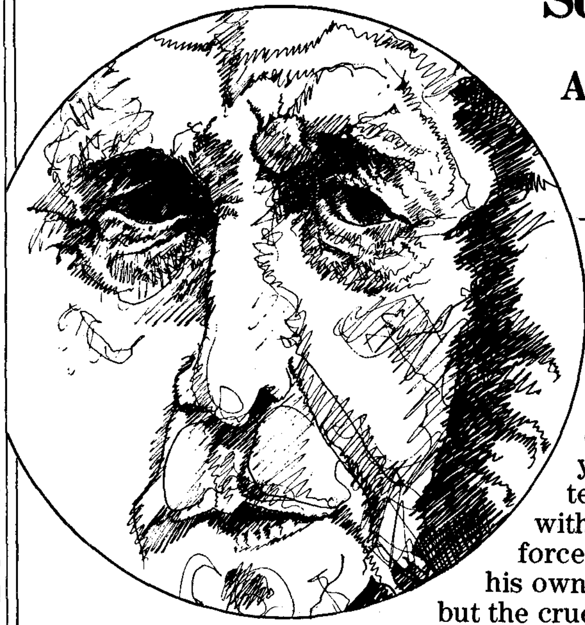

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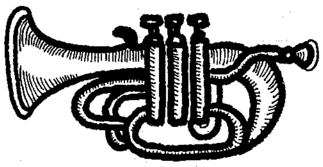
MUSICAL EVENTS

Trees and Music

LAST year, the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, then in its second season, impressed me as being one of the best companies in this country. This year, the impression was confirmed. In the course of a three-week season, three operas were done—"L'Arbore di Diana," by Vicente Martín y Soler, "Albert Herring," and "La Bohème"—and the *Spielplan* was so laid out that all of them could be seen on a three-day visit. (I stayed four days, because "L'Arbore di Diana" is no longer a repertory staple and is a piece worth hearing more than once.) The company performs in the Loretto-Hilton Theatre of Webster College, about eight miles from downtown St. Louis. The theatre, with an airy, light-filled foyer, stands on a tree-studded lawn. This year, a tent in which dinner was served before the shows and drink during the intermissions and afterward was an addition to the civilized, friendly atmosphere that prevails. There were also a few picnickers on the lawn. Opera Theatre is not a copy of Glyndebourne, but it does have some points of resemblance. In fashioning a company specifically for St. Louis, Richard Gaddes, its director, borrowed good ideas from Glyndebourne, from Santa Fe, and perhaps from Wexford, and added several of his own. The theatre, holding nine hundred and fifty people, is larger than Glyndebourne's but has a smaller orchestra pit, and it is not quite ideal for opera. The listeners sit on three sides of a thrust stage (though most of them are frontally placed). The acoustics are patchy and not as warm as they might be. But the productions are devised to make a virtue of the intimacy and designed to minimize the disadvantages of the protruding stage—indeed, to take positive advantage of it wherever possible. The theatre has a lively feel to it, and so does the whole enterprise. The casts are chosen from among America's best young artists (except in a few roles where the ballast of maturity is needed). A concern for detail and for all the aspects of opera-giving and opera-going is everywhere apparent—from the assembling of keen, expert musical and stage staffs, so that the works will be as well prepared and as well presented as possible, to the casting of young people both efficient and attractive to be ticket-sellers, ticket-takers, barmen, and barmaidens. (The Met could learn a lot from St. Louis about the art of making visitors feel welcome the moment they step into a theatre.) The program book is well printed. The company photographer is excellent. These front-of-house merits are not just trimmings but contributory evidence of an approach to opera which is at once serious, zestful, and complete. All operas, of course, are sung in English. The orchestra, drawn this year from the St. Louis Symphony, was better than before.



RECENT stagings of "La Bohème" have focussed attention on matters of time and place in this veristic opera. The Met's latest production claims to be set in 1880, and the Statue of Liberty looms over the second scene—complete with her right arm, which in 1880 was really standing in Madison Square Park, having preceded the rest of her over here, on a fund-raising drive. In the English National Opera's new staging of the piece, the Café Momus is on the Right Bank, which is where it was in life—despite Puccini's heading "In the Latin Quarter" to Act II. The director and the designer of the St. Louis "Bohème," Bolen High and Gerald Allen, had noted that, although the opera is commonly given a late-nineteenth-century setting, the score specifies "about 1830." One doesn't usually think of the action of "La Bohème" as being before that of "La Traviata" (which in most librettos is dated "about 1850;" the 1953 score, however, "revised and corrected," says "about 1700"). An 1830 date for "La Bohème" is puzzling, because in that year Henry Mürger, from whose "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" the libretto is drawn, was only eight. Mürger wrote about himself and his friends; the eighteen-forties are indicated. The "Scènes" were running in *Le Corsaire* in 1848, the year Dumas's novel "La Dame aux Camélias" appeared. So Mimi and Marguerite Gautier, the original of Violetta, are contemporaries. To a director who wants to get the background right, it matters whether Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon is on the throne. It matters even more to one who views Violetta or Mimi as the victim of a particular society. I have not yet encountered a production of "La Bohème" that attempted to present the piece as "a triumph of Socialism," which is what the Goncourts called Mürger's work, but no doubt the attempt has been made. Any detailed fidelity to the original would be inappropriate. Puccini and his librettists made their changes deliberately. The director who consults Mürger discovers as Rodolphe

> a young man whose face could hardly be seen for a huge, bushy, many-colored beard. To set off this prognathic hirsutism, a premature baldness had stripped his temples as bare as a knee. A cluster of hairs, so few as to be almost countable, vainly endeavored to conceal this nakedness.

He would not cut a romantic figure in the opera.

There was no silliness or misguided authenticity in the St. Louis "Bohème." It differed from a conventional presentation of the piece in ways determined by the nature of the theatre and of the company. The six principals were all young, scarcely older than the characters they portrayed, and that lent both freshness and poignancy to the drama. Sheri Greenawald was a delicate, intelligent Mimi, aiming at truth of expression rather than vocal or physical glamour; she was touching, credible, and musically precise. Vinson Cole, a Rodolphe bearded but not bald, was a tenor much improved since last I heard him—smoother, more shapely in his phrasing, more of an actor. He must still guard against Pavarotti-like moments of sacrificing character and sense to sound. Sheila Barnes was a bright, unexaggerated Musette, and Stephen Dickson a cheerful, unexaggerated Marcel. (Since the opera was sung in English, Italian names are not apposite.) James McKeel and Joseph McKee were Schaunard and Colline. It was an unusually even performance; one was aware of six characters brought together, and of the way they lived—not just of a soprano and tenor with supporting cast. Mr. Allen's simple, open settings, against a backdrop of Paris, looked good. There were no walls: Stephen Ross's skillful lighting defined spaces, but, inevitably, dramatically important entrances—Mimi's in Act I, Musette's in Act IV—lost their effectiveness. The size of the pit imposed a more serious limitation: there was room for only thirty-six players, and Mario Parenti's reduced instrumentation was used. One became aware how much Puccini's emotional eloquence depends on the orchestral

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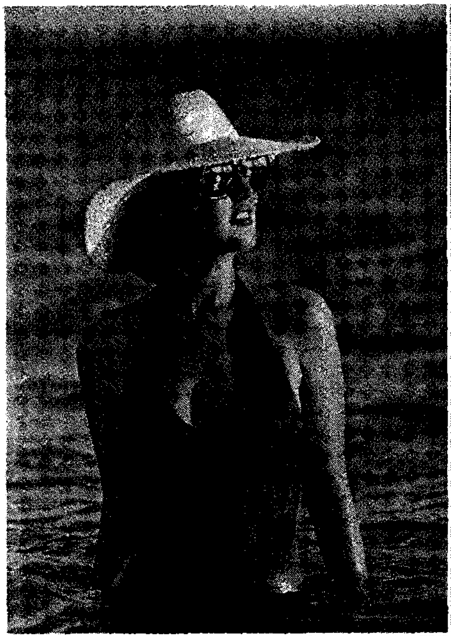

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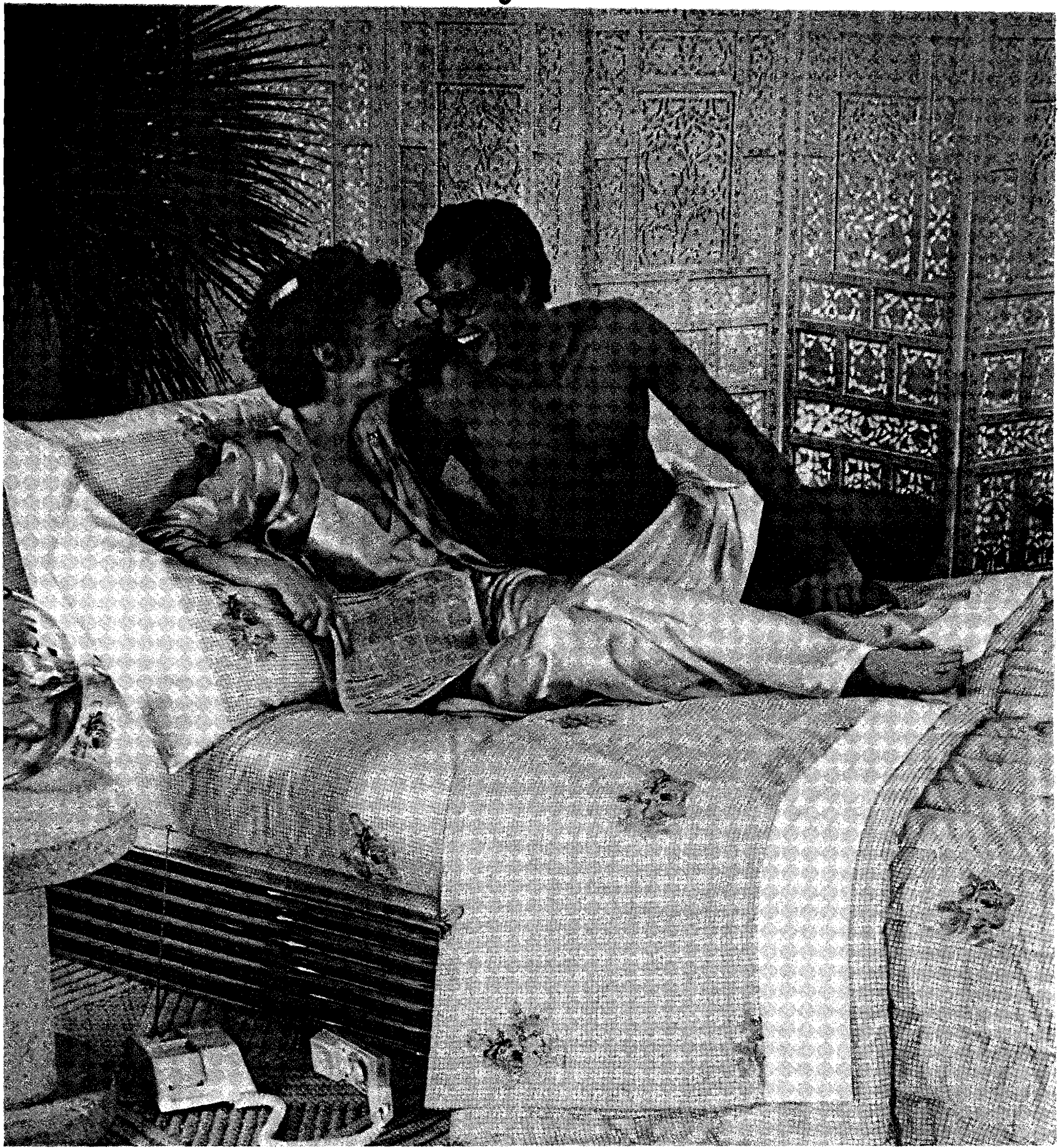

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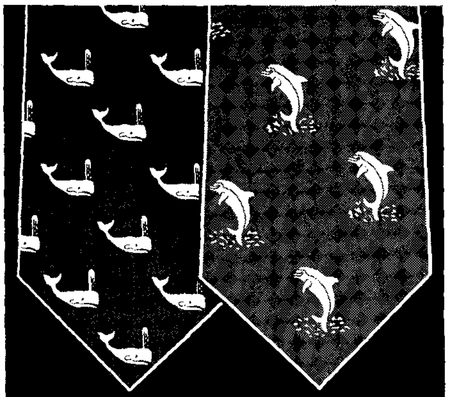
sound. Bruce Ferden's conducting was lyrical and lively.

ONE need not go to St. Louis, however, to see "La Bohème." The two other works were the attraction of the season—complementary comedies, one from the twentieth and one from the eighteenth century, both of them spun around the serious theme of chastity. I'll write about "Albert Herring" next week. "L'Arbore di Diana" was the third of five operas that Martín composed to librettos by Lorenzo Da Ponte. It had its first performance, at the Vienna Burgtheater, in 1787—twenty-three years after the settlement of St. Louis. The second Martín-Da Ponte collaboration, "Una Cosa Rara" (1786), had appeared six months after, and been far more successful than, the Mozart-Da Ponte "Le Nozze di Figaro." *Rara est concordia formae atque pudicitae.* Lilla, the heroine of "Una Cosa Rara," is that rare thing, a woman both beautiful and chaste. She is firm as rock, *come scoglio*, in her love for Lubino, even though the Infante of Spain himself (in the tender accents of Mozart's Ferrando), his friend, and the local Podestà all woo her. Da Ponte is not a disinterested witness, but other accounts—and the Burgtheater annals—confirm the one he gives in his memoirs of the first night of "Una Cosa Rara":

> From the rising of the curtain, everyone praised such grace, such sweetness, such melody in the music, and therewith such novelty and interest in the words, that the audience was caught up in an ecstasy of pleasure. On an attentive silence never before lent to any Italian opera there followed a frenzy of applause, cries of delight and joy.

The following year, Salieri, Martín, and Mozart all wanted Da Ponte librettos. Salieri asked for an Italian adaptation of his French opera "Tarare" (and so once again, as in "Figaro," Da Ponte Italianized a Beaumarchais text). For Mozart, Da Ponte says, "I chose 'Don Giovanni,' a subject that pleased him mightily." For Martín, "I wanted an attractive theme, adaptable to those sweet melodies of his, which one feels in one's soul but which few know how to imitate." At random, he gave the composer a title, "The Tree of Diana," but "had not the slightest idea what that tree was to be." When Martín called for his scenario, the poet stalled him for half an hour and then produced a plot. "Una Cosa Rara" had dealt with women's fidelity; "L'Arbore di Diana," like "Così Fan Tutte," shows their frailty. The goddess Diana has in her garden a wondrous tree. Its fruits glow with mystic radiance and sweet music sounds from its branches when nymphs chaste in deed and thought pass beneath them. But that fruit turns blacker than coal and rains down upon any lass who has been lax in observing her vows—"disfiguring her face, bruising her body, or breaking her limbs in proportion to her crime." The god of love will have none of this. Disguised as a girl, he enters the garden, incites the gardener to seduce Diana's nymphs, and brings to the grove two more young men, the huntsman Silvius and the beautiful shepherd Endymion, who wins the goddess's heart. When the Rite of the Tree is next celebrated, storm and earthquake ensue; the Reign of Chastity is ended and that of Love begins. The subject, Da Ponte remarked, combined "some merit of novelty" with "the timeliness of fitting admirably with certain policies of my august patron and sovereign." Joseph II had lately issued "a decree, holy indeed, abolishing the barbarous institution of monasticism" throughout his dominions. There were some shocked comments after the première of "L'Arbore di Diana;" it was remarked that such a libretto could never have reached the stage in Maria Theresa's day. But Joseph, it seems, both got the point and enjoyed the piece. Almost as successful as "Una Cosa Rara," it was soon being played all over Europe.

Once his three subjects had been decided, Da Ponte settled down to work twelve hours a day with a bottle of Tokay on his right hand, a box of Seville tobacco on his left, and an inkhorn between. His Calliope was the housekeeper's sixteen-year-old daughter, summoned by a bell, whenever inspiration flagged, to bring a biscuit, coffee, or other consolations of which she was *perfetta maestra.* Mornings he devoted to Martín, afternoons to Salieri, and evenings to Mozart—as if, he remarked, he were absorbed in turn by Petrarch, Tasso, and Dante's "Inferno." (So much for the assertion that "Don Giovanni" was intended to be merely a comedy!) "L'Arbore di Diana" and "Don Giovanni" were produced in October, 1787, and "Assur," the new version of "Tarare," three months later. Da Ponte thought "L'Arbore di Diana" his best libretto. He was wrong—right to think it graceful, piquant, amusing, and "voluptuous without being lascivious," wrong to consider it interesting from beginning to end. The promising initial idea is dissipated in a flurry of scatterbrained



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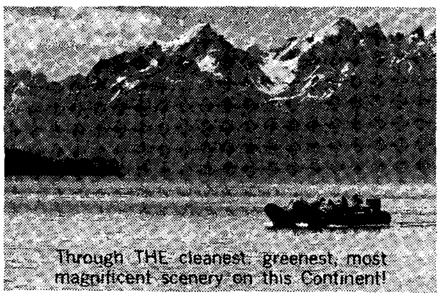
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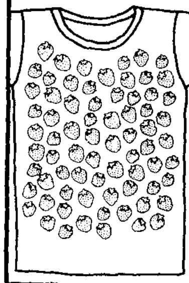

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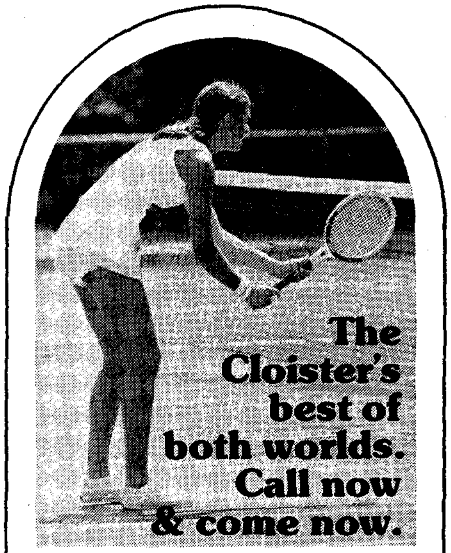
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flirtation; what might have been a "Love's Labour's Lost" or a precursor of "The Princess" becomes something like an untidier "Princess Ida." Comings and goings for the eight characters are unmotivated except by a determination to shuffle and deal the eight voices in as many patterns as possible. Diana has three principal nymphs: Britomartis, Clytie, and Chloe. When they sing with the gardener, Doristus, they are like the Queen of Night's Three Ladies with Papageno. One of them joins the three men to provide a quartet of different texture. Besides many pretty arias, in many veins, there are duets, trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, and a septet, and, of course, finales written to the formula that Da Ponte described so vividly:

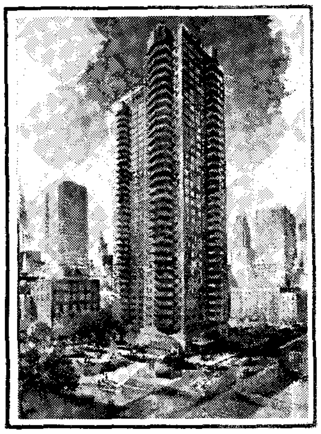
> Everybody sings, and every form of singing must be available—the adagio, the allegro, the andante, the intimate, the harmonious, and then—noise, noise, noise. . . . The finale must produce on the stage every singer of the cast, be there three hundred of them, and whether by ones, by twos, and by threes or by sixes, by tens, and by sixties; and they must have solos, duets, terzets, sextets, thirteenets, sixtyets; and if the plot of the drama does not permit this, the poet must find a way to make it permit, in the face of reason, good sense, Aristotle, and all the powers of heaven and earth!

"L'Arbore di Diana" is no "Figaro" or "Così Fan Tutte" in its dramatic working or its delineation of character. It is not even a "Cosa Rara" (which has an unusual shape: in the first finale, all knots are apparently neatly tied, and then in Act II their strength is tested). Its libretto, like Da Ponte's for "Così Fan Tutte," provides the framework for a sequence of attractive musical numbers; unlike it, it goes no further, no deeper. Da Ponte evidently knew his composers' strengths, and Martín was no Mozart. (If he had been, he would hardly have won such immediate success.) In music his characters are charmingly portrayed, but not profoundly. "Figaro" and "Così" take their listeners to the brink of tears; "Una Cosa Rara" and "L'Arbore di Diana" remain untouched by even the possibility of tragedy—except at one point in each opera. In Act II of "Una Cosa Rara," Lilla has an aria, "Consola le pene," that strikes deep. In the second finale of "L'Arbore," Diana sings a larghetto, "Fra quest'ombre taciturne," owning to herself that she loves Endymion. It begins like a Mozart concerto slow movement. Through gently pulsing string triplets, two flutes play and then the goddess sings a rapt, beautiful melody. But it is all over in twenty-two measures. None of the numbers in "L'Arbore di Diana" is extended—except Diana's allegro-maestoso bravura aria "Sento che Dea son io," in Act I. With its huge leaps and its brilliant coloratura running up to high D, it sounds as if it were composed for Mozart's first Fiordiligi, Adriana Ferraresi del Bene (who was Da Ponte's inamorata). But although Ferraresi did make her Vienna début as Diana, that was only in 1788. The first Diana was Anna Morichelli—and one contemporary critic remarked that in this showstopping aria Martín merely assembled all her favorite pieces of spectacular vocalism. The first Amor was Luisa Laschi-Mombelli, Mozart's Countess in "Figaro"—the one who ran up to the high C's in the second finale. (Later, he adjusted the part for Cavalieri, and gave the top line to Ferraresi, the new Susanna.) In 1787, Doristus was Stefano Mandini, Mozart's Count, and Britomartis was Maria Mandini, his Marcellina. Vincenzo Calvesi, the first Endymion, went on to become Mozart's Ferrando.

Don Giovanni's supper band plays an air from "Una Cosa Rara" (improving on the tune as it does so). Those are not the only measures of Martín which reappear in Mozart's music. Some of the shared figures and turns of melody are mere tags, the small change of the later eighteenth century; others suggest a more direct derivation. Borrowing seems to have been mutual: Martín evidently found ideas in "Figaro" besides providing them for "Così" and "Die Zauberflöte." He could write melodies, but he had none of the commands of expressive harmony, expressive counterpoint, and searching development which set Mozart above him—and above Paisiello, Anfossi, Cimarosa, and all those whose tuneful, thin-textured scores delighted the Viennese public. At the least, "L'Arbore di Diana" affords a measure by which to judge Mozart's genius in transforming the commonplaces of opera buffa into something specific. It tells us more about Da Ponte, and

shows how strongly Mozart must have influenced the dramaturgy of the operas they worked on together. It throws new light on the abilities of the singers for whom Mozart composed. But, beyond that, the opera in its own right provides a good deal of innocent pleasure by its graceful tunes, its Rossinian high spirits, and its exquisitely deft, sometimes adventurous orchestration. One of Amor's arias is accompanied by the extraordinary sound of violins scrubbing out an arpeggio figuration *sul ponticello* beneath an oboe and flute melody; I can think of nothing in Mozart or Haydn quite like it.

The St. Louis cast was lively. Elizabeth Hynes was a clear, bright, touching Diana. She needs to work on her trills. The three nymphs, played by Erie Mills, Brenda Warren, and Susan Quittmeyer, were attractive and witty; Miss Mills made much of Britomartis's minuet aria, and Miss Quittmeyer made even more of the catchy, heady ländler in which Chloe decides to throw discretion to the winds. Sunny Joy Langton was a twinkling, accurate Amor. The three men were not quite on the same level. John Aler, the Endymion, has a sweet tenor and a refined style, but he is no kind of actor. Gimi Beni, a mature, ripe, and, admittedly, accomplished buffo, was miscast as the lusty young gardener. He suggested Don Pasquale where a young Papageno is needed; the girls refer to Doristus as a "*garzon.*" Ronald Raines portrayed Silvius in a confident musical-comedy manner—effective enough, but not quite right for the piece. For that matter, the whole style of the production was not quite right—but the women were more skillful than the men in reconciling its demands with those of Martín and Da Ponte. Colin Graham, who directed, and John Kavelin and John Carver Sullivan, who designed, displayed an unworthy lack of confidence in the opera's ability to entertain on its own terms. They decided to deck it out with additional, irrelevant jokes, derived from the choice of a chic Edwardian setting. The women's dresses were 1910 neoclassical; Silvius was kitted up for cricket; the décor was Fabergé built large. The effect was pretty—and would have been prettier still if Mr. Kavelin had not mounted the comedy against a backcloth and wings of funeral black—but inappropriate. In every opera audience, there seem to be people who prefer not to listen to the music, and Mr. Graham played up to them: whole sections of the score were drowned by applause for stock comic



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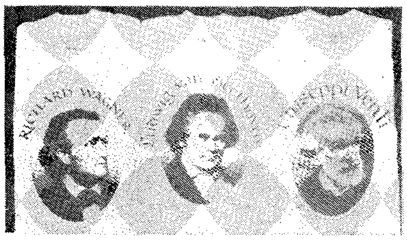

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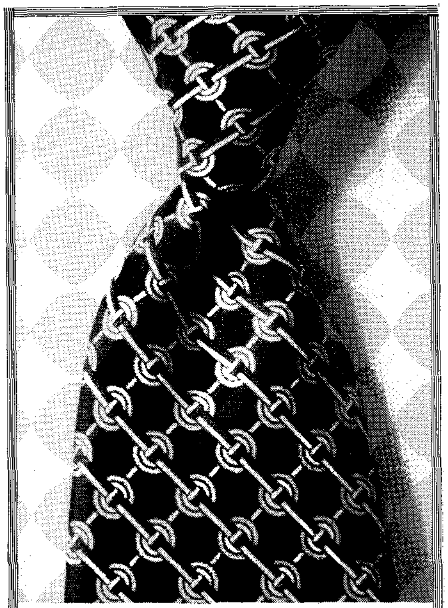

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antics. All the same, the execution was dapper, and "L'Arbore di Diana" survived. Claude White conducted, neatly and ably, but sometimes a little too fast, as if he shared the director's insistence on pushing ahead with the jokes. Comic operas become more, not less, animated when the music is given space to breathe, when lyrical melodies unfold slowly and fast numbers dance along with a lilting, supple gait. The orchestra's playing was neither loving enough nor always quite in tune.

A Martín revival was inaugurated by Roy Jesson, a scholar and conductor whose career was cut cruelly short by a fatal illness just when it was beginning to flower. For Opera 61, one of the British troupes specializing in off-center repertory, he edited, translated, and conducted "Una Cosa Rara," in 1967; it was broadcast, and the work was taken up abroad. In 1972, he did the same for "L'Arbore di Diana." St. Louis used the Jesson score and translation. One hopes that the work he began will be continued; curiosity is whetted about the two operas Martín wrote in St. Petersburg with Catherine the Great as his librettist (one of them is said to be a five-act satire on Gustavus III, the hero of "Un Ballo in Maschera") and the two he wrote in London with Da Ponte.

—ANDREW PORTER

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crevice of a molar, a piece
of lead shot, twice brutally painful—

and for a second time the bird flies
in your mind and the long stiff
feathers brush the long brown leaf
on a cold autumn morning. Then
a sip of Pouilly-Fuissé, cool
on the tongue, soothing. Sounds
from the kitchen again are muffled, vague.

—BIN RAMKE

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Henderson darted around picks and generally stayed between himself and Collins, denying the 6-6 guard his favorite baseline jumpers.—*Washington Post.*

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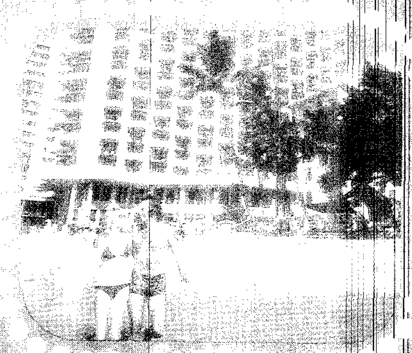

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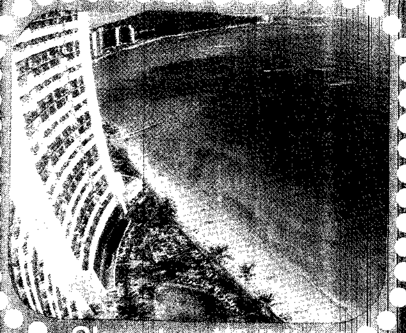

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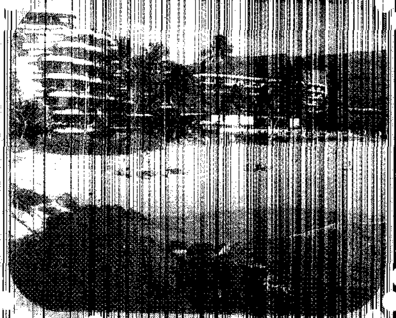

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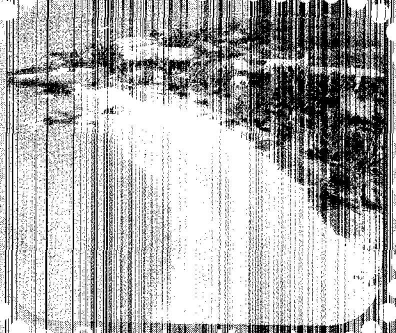

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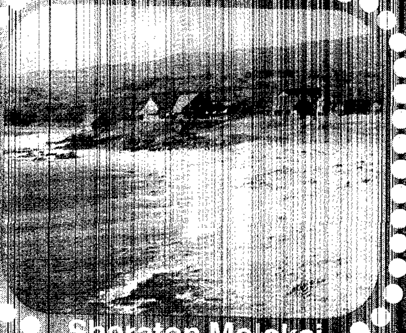

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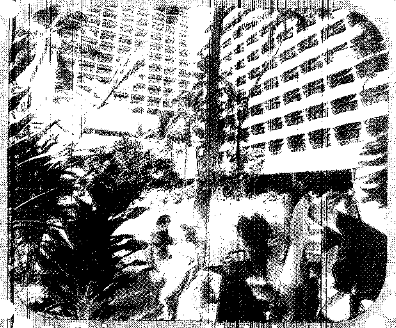

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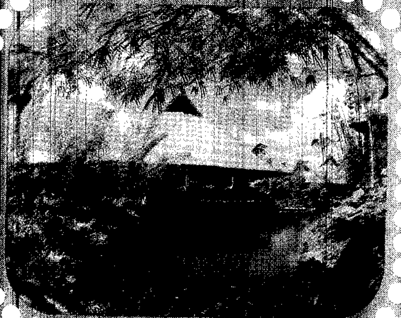

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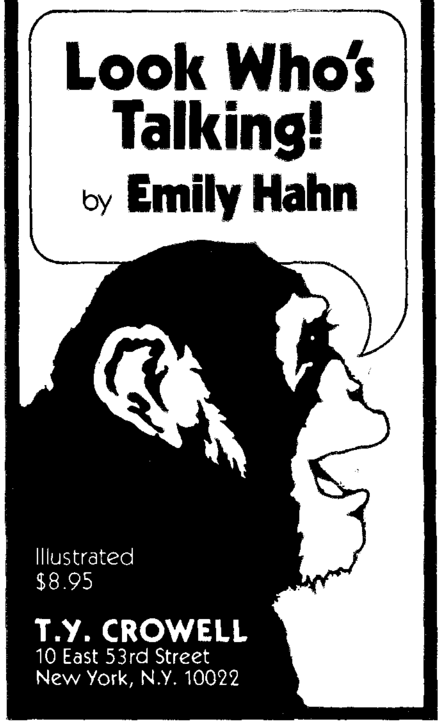

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THE RACE TRACK

August Rematch?

A COUPLE of weeks ago, in as gruelling a race as I've seen in many a day, Steve Cauthen, on Affirmed, beat Jorge Velasquez, on Alydar, by a head, and won the Triple Crown. Both Affirmed and Alydar came out of the Belmont Stakes none the worse for their tough race—a tribute to the skill of their trainers' conditioning. The two horses will probably meet again in the Travers Stakes—which used to be called the Travers Midsummer Derby—at a mile and a quarter at Saratoga Springs on August 19th, but neither of their trainers has confirmed this plan yet.

Cauthen and Velasquez met in another important Belmont race last Saturday—the $117,100 Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs on the grass—but they didn't fare so well. Tiller, owned by William Haggin Perry, won the race by two and a half lengths, over Proud Arion, in track-record time of 2:12⅖. Velasquez' horse, Bowl Game, who was the favorite and who carried top weight of 124 pounds, was third, and Cauthen, on Family Doctor, was way down the track, in seventh place. Tiller was in sixth at the final turn, but without much urging from his jockey, Fell, he charged ahead in the stretch and coasted to the finish easily.

On Sunday, The Rokeby Stable's Upper Nile set a new record for the Nassau County Handicap by galloping the mile-and-a-furlong distance in 1:46⅖. He trailed by eight lengths midway through the race, but Velasquez rated him beautifully and brought him on at the turn into the stretch. Nearly on Time, who had set the pace for most of the contest, was three lengths behind Upper Nile at the finish, and the favorite, the Loblolly Stable's Cox's Ridge—winner of the Metropolitan Handicap on the Memorial Day holiday—was third. It turned out that Cox's Ridge was running with a slight injury—as well as top weight of 131 pounds, giving the others from thirteen to twenty-one pounds—which may help to explain his disappointing performance.

TWO-YEAR-OLD racing returned to Belmont last week. On Wednesday, five came out for the running of

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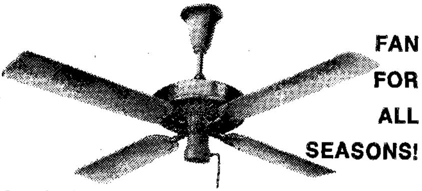

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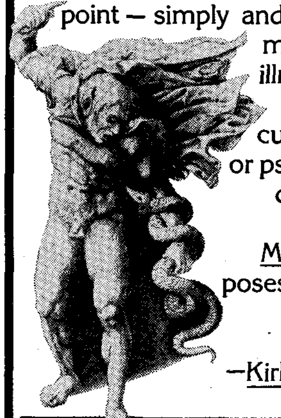

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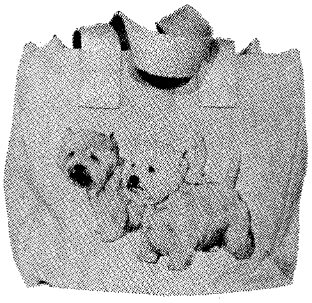

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the Youthful Stakes, the first stakes race of the season for two-year-olds. It was won by Coup de Kas, a son of Kaskaskia, who won it in 1967. Months ago, knowing horse-watchers had the sturdy dark-bay colt tagged as a speed horse who would go on to develop stamina. After a short struggle with Miroman, the 7–5 favorite, ridden by Fell, Cauthen put Coup de Kas firmly in the lead at the quarter and kept him there the rest of the way. Miroman was second, three and a half lengths behind, and Jose Binn was third.

ONLY in the movies does a hundred-to-one shot win a derby. But it actually happened in the running of the mile-and-a-furlong Ohio Derby at Thistledown, an attractive track at North Randall (a suburb of Cleveland), last Sunday, when Special Honor came up on the rail in the stretch to win in a typical movie finish over Battonier, winner of the Illinois Derby a few weeks ago. Star de Naskra was third. The winning time was 1:47⅘, a new record for the event, and the mutuel payoff—$203.20, $150.80, and $31—also established a new Ohio Derby record. Steve Cauthen rode the favorite, Believe It—who finished third in the Kentucky Derby and in the Preakness—but could manage no better than sixth in the field of ten starters. —AUDAX MINOR

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*For purposes of this provision, the tennis season shall begin on June 1. Any divorce or remarriage after that date shall have no effect on the dues structure until the following year.

—*Proposed amendment to the bylaws of the Racquet Club of Ann Arbor.*

It might have an effect on a person's game, though.

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A miniature waistcoat, which once belonged to "General" Tom Thumb, the 31-inch dwarf who was a 19th century show attraction in America and Britain, was sold for £130 at Phillips yesterday.

The eight-inch waistcoat, in beige cashmere with woven flowers, was bought by the Theatre Museum, which is housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum. But Janet Steen, research assistant for the museum, said yesterday the museum did not know if it could find room to show it.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

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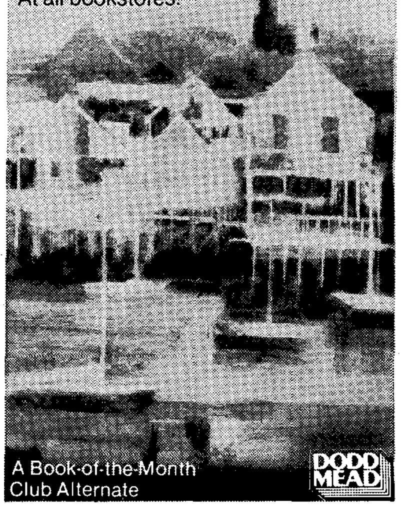

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BOOKS

What We Don't Know

FOR "The Encyclopaedia of Ignorance" (Pergamon; $30 hardcover, $15 paperback), the editors, Ronald Duncan and Miranda Weston-Smith, had a marvellous idea: they selected fifty-six distinguished scientists—mainly British—in all fields and asked them to write about the questions that they wished they knew the answers to in their respective specialties. Of what are we scientifically ignorant? The editors say in a brief preface, "Compared to the pond of knowledge, our ignorance remains atlantic. . . . We have invited scientists to state what it is they would most like to know; that is, where their curiosity is . . . focussed." They add, "We found that this approach appealed to them." Indeed, as one of the contributors, the astronomer William H. McCrea, notes in an afterthought to his excellent essay "Origin of Earth, Moon and Planets," "there are compensations in writing about ignorance: there can be no completeness and no author is likely to complain if one fails to quote his particular contribution to the sum total of our ignorance."

Neither of the editors is a scientist. Mr. Duncan is identified in the jacket copy as a poet and playwright, and Miss Weston-Smith as "the granddaughter of the great cosmologist E. A. Milne." And perhaps for this reason the contributions are uneven in terms of their level of difficulty. Some of them ("Ascorbic Acid and the Glycosaminoglycans: an Orthomolecular Approach to Cancer and Other Diseases," by Ewan Cameron and Linus Pauling, and "Some Unsolved Problems in Higher Arithmetic," by Heini Halberstam) require a very high level of technical mastery to read at all, and some (the brilliant essay on pain by Patrick Wall, and the equally fascinating essay on sleep by Wilse Webb) require next to none. Because of this unevenness, the editors' aim of addressing the book to "the informed layman, though possibly at university level," has in my view not been realized. But they *have* succeeded in assembling a remarkable collection of essays, which, taken together, summarize the present state of scientific research.

Scientific ignorance has a special quality. The more one knows, the less one seems to know. Each question answered breeds new and more difficult questions—questions that could not even have been formulated before the most recent discoveries were made. This feeling was poignantly expressed by Newton late in his life when he said to a nephew, "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself, in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." If "The Encyclopaedia of Ignorance" had been compiled fifty, or even ten, years ago, it would, of course, have included many questions to which we now know the answers; it is those answers that have led to the questions that scientists raise today. To take an example: fifty years ago, there was no clear understanding of why the sun shines. That it is due to nuclear-fusion reactions was the discovery of Hans Bethe and Carl von Weizsäcker in the late nineteen-thirties. But, as Douglas Gough points out in the essay "The Solar Interior," this discovery has created a new puzzle. In the course of the production of solar energy, neutrinos should be emitted, and some of them should be detected on earth. But in elaborate experiments, begun in 1968, the chemist Ray Davis, of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, was for several years unable to find any neutrinos; he has now detected some, but at a level lower than that predicted

EDITORIAL REPLIES

by the standard theory. Perhaps this means that the generation of solar energy proceeds by fits and starts. Perhaps it means something else. Scientists do not know.

Or take the matter of DNA. It was only some twenty-five years ago that biologists finally became convinced that DNA was the essential chemical responsible for heredity. In 1953, James Watson and Francis Crick identified the double-helix structure of DNA, and made possible the formulation of the "central dogma" of biological heredity. But, as Crick notes in the essay "Developmental Biology," that formulation has raised as many problems as it has solved:

> We understand how an organism can build molecules (even very large molecules) in great variety and with great precision, although the largest of them is far too minute for us to see, even with a high-powered microscope; yet we do not understand how it builds a flower or a hand or an eye, all of which are plainly visible to us. We understand much of what goes on inside a small cell, such as a bacterial cell, whose dimensions are no more than a few times the wavelength of visible light, yet we are ignorant of many important processes in our own cells, and indeed in the cells of most animals and plants. How these cells unite together to form tissues, the tissues to form organs, and the organs to form the whole organisms, we can describe but we cannot yet fully comprehend. . . . Developmental biology, then, is an area of the greatest biological importance where our ignorance is more striking than our knowledge.

The process of sleep is another matter that, in the editors' words, lies "on the edge of knowledge." In his essay "Sleep," Wilse Webb writes, "An almost universally held answer to 'why' we sleep was stated clearly by Shakespeare: '. . . sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.'" But Dr. Webb cannot accept the common idea that we sleep to rest, or to "restore ourselves": "Our intensive search within the 'mechanics' of sleep has failed to find what, if anything, is being restored. Simply, nothing has been found to happen during awakening which is reversed during sleep."

Even a "classical" biological subject such as Darwinian evolution poses unanswered questions of a fundamental nature. In the essay "The Limitations of Evolution Theory," the mathematical biologist John Maynard Smith introduces the following problem:

> Suppose that at a time 200 million years ago, during the age of reptiles, some event had occurred which doubled the rate of gene mutation in all existing organisms; we must also suppose that for some reason the rates did not fall back to their original levels. What would have been the consequences? Would the extinction of the dinosaurs, the origin of mammals, of monkeys and of man have taken place sooner, so that roughly the present state was reached in only 100 million years? Or would the rate of evolution have stayed much the same? Might it even have been slower? The short answer is that we do not know.

The difficulty is that "it is rarely possible in evolution theory to think of a single decisive experiment or observation which will settle a controversy." Dr. Smith continues, "Our understanding of evolution depends on a combination of clearly formulated theories and wide comparative knowledge. For example, to understand the evolution of genetic mechanisms, we need on the one hand clear theories which predict that particular types of mechanism should evolve in particular situations, and on the other we need comparative knowledge of the associations between ecology and taxonomy of particular species and their genetic systems." And he concludes, "It seems to me that there is no single idea in biology which is hard to understand, in the way that ideas in physics can be hard. If biology is difficult, it is because of the bewildering number and variety of things one must hold in one's head."

These examples give some idea of the richness and diversity both of this remarkable book and of our scientific ignorance. But I have not mentioned the most puzzling mystery of all. Why do we want to know? What is consciousness, intelligence, memory? Can these be described by chemistry and physics? Most scientists probably think so. Yet when Albert Einstein, on a visit to the California Institute of Technology in the nineteen-thirties, was told by the great American geneticist Thomas Morgan of his hope of bringing physics and chemistry to bear on what were then some of the major biological puzzles, Einstein is said to have replied, "No, this trick won't work . . . How on earth are you ever going to explain in terms of chemistry and physics so important a biological phenomenon as first love?"

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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[*From the Times*]

Representative Edward J. Markey, Democrat of Massachusetts, asked why the Navy had refused to give information on deceased workers. Admiral Rickover said that it had been done on the advice of counsel under provisions of the Freedom of Information Act.

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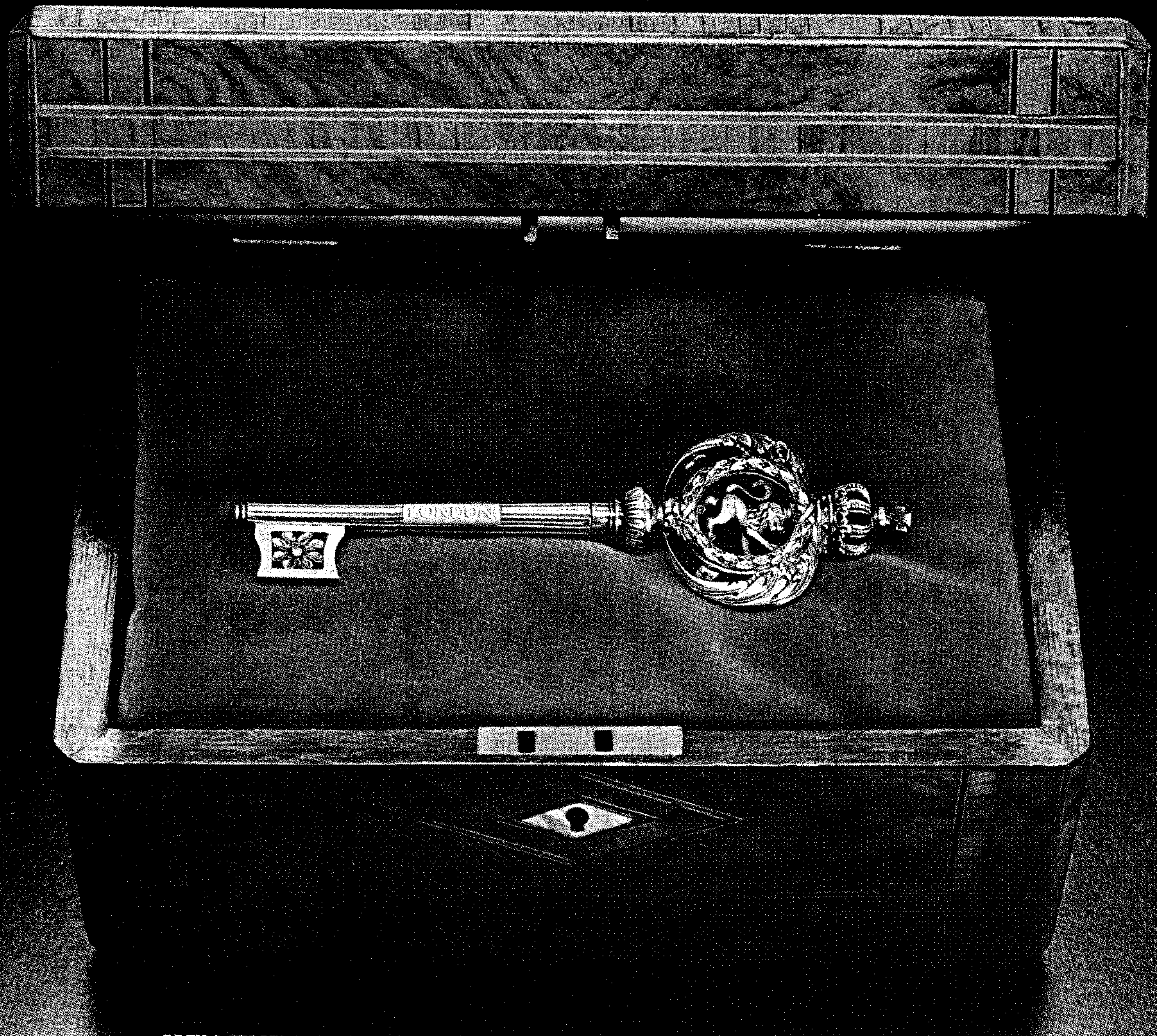

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